THE TRIBUNE
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The Tribune.

All kinds of Fancy and Job Printing
At reasonable prices neatly and quickly performed by the DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY (Ltd), TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

VOL. V. DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888. NO 40

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items cents per line each insertion.

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS Co., (LIMITED), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

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From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 2

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital

OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.
RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases. Operations made as painless as possible.

OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT McDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
Deseronto, Ont.

*3-5

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, *Proprietor*

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
DESERONTO

SAVING, BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY
—OF THE—
KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel Cat low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTOM, at the Rathbun Co's. office.

5 CENT MUSLINS.

We are showing a nice range of Cheap White Lawns at 5 cents; some nice things in Painted Muslins; some lovely things in Painted Lawns, Indian Linens, Bishops and Victoria Lawn, etc.

We are anxious to clear out the balance of our Wool, Union, Tapestry and Brussels Carpet this month and will give some rare bargains in them.

We will sell a Brussels Carpet worth $1.25 for $1, and other Wool Brussels Carpets as low as 80 cents.

Tapestry Carpets, all qualities, at reduced prices.

A GRAND TABLE LINEN, soft finish, Satin, all Linen, Damask, Cream, at 50c., worth 80 cents.

CREAM SEERSUCKERS at 6c. per yard. All other colors in Heavy Seersuckers at 9 and 10c.; 10c. Stripe Shirtings for 8c.; 10c. Ginghams for 7c. Low prices in Shirtings Cottonades and Cottons. The above named are a few bargains we obtained as a result of over production by our manufacturers and their constant desire to realize.

WE ARE GIVING grand value in Black and Colored Silks and Satins specially imported.

WE ARE GIVING grand value in Broche Dolman goods.

We are showing a fresh shipment of our Elegant Cashmeres in those lovely new shades, Etax, Equinoxe, Cordone, Santal Floreal, Paradis, Neptune and Automne with Moire Stripe Silks, Gimps, Braids and jets to match.

We are noted for good cheap Dress goods.

We are noted for Silks and Satins, Velvets and Plushes, the best value in the Central District.

We are noted for fine Lace Embroideries, etc., we show now a grand range of Flouncing and Skirting Laces in Cream, Beige and Coffee shades at never before-heard-of prices.

We are noted for Hosiery and Gloves, we carry the finest assortment and at the closest prices.

We are noted for Cloths, Tweeds and Gents Furnishings.

We are noted for stylish, tasteful Millinery.

We are noted for grand value in Men's and Women's underclothing of all kinds.

We guarantee the value of everything we deal in, such are our facilities for buying and selling, and to such a state of efficiency has our Manufacturing Department been brought up to, that we guaranteed satisfaction to our customers or no sale.

You will find us willing to oblige in every possible way, we give samples when desired, we take back and exchange goods whenever possible to do so, we want your business, and will do anything fair, reasonable and honorable to keep it, our trade is rapidly increasing but we have facilities for very much more, and will not rest till we get it.

We manufacture Clothing to order.

We manufacture Dresses and Mantles.

We manufacture Millinery.

We manufacture Furs of all kinds.

HINCH & CO.
NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,

extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c.

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

EARLY - - PLANTS

Bay : View : Ranche.

CABBAGE, CAULIFOWERS, TOMATOES,
LETTUCE, ORNAMENTAL BEDDING PLANTS
GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT BUSHES.
Apply to Bay View Ranche.
DESERONTO, ONT.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lardor Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

To the Editor of the TRIBUNE.

DEAR SIR:—In one of the items of your correspondent from this Reserve he refers to base ball playing on Sunday and states that the offenders are under the "eye" of the Missionary, as if he were responsible for acts of all transgressors.

In the first place those who set about to break the law generally manage to evade the eye of the Missionary for they not only know that they are disobeying his instructions but they are sure that he will make a complaint to those authorities to punish.

The duty of a missionary I believe is to exhort, advise and explain the laws of God. During my former Incumbency of this Parish, when there were no legal officials near, I did what lay in my power to teach my people to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and I am sure those who succeeded me did the same. Since my return, after an absence of 15 years, I have renewed my efforts in that direction, and if the Mohawks are guilty of a breach of the law your correspondent, before insinuating that the Missionary is careless, should ascertain who have the power to enforce the laws and make his complaints to them.

Clergymen while advising their people to keep the commandments have no authority to compel them, and therefore should have no responsibility for their infringement.

I am, Sir,
Yours Truly,
G. A. ANDERSON,
Missionary to the Mohawks.
Mohawk Parsonage, July 3rd, 1888.

THE CATECHIST'S TOMB.

The TRIBUNE has on several occasions drawn attention to the neglected condition of the tomb of that godly man, Mr. John Hill, at one time Catechist to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte, for many years he laboured among his people with rare devotion, instructing them by word and example. His son John succeeded him as catechist and finished before his death a revised edition of the Mohawk Prayer Book. Another son Isaac John Hill also laboured for over a year as a catechist. In addition to their labours as catechists, the Mohawk nation are also indebted to these men for considerable grants of land which they deeded to the Mohawk nation. These facts are probably unknown to the present generation of Mohawks. Now that they are known nothing more need be said to emphasize the necessity of taking prompt action towards placing the tomb in a more creditable condition. We append a few notes taken from the Church Register, the entries being made by Mr. Givins at one time Missionary to the Mohawks.—

Elleanor Hill, wife of John Hill, Sr., of the Mchawks, aged 48 years, died on seventh of May, 1840, and was buried on tenth following by me,

SALTERN GIVINS.

John Hill, Catechist to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte, aged 60 years, died on 17th June, 1848, and was buried on the 19th of the same month by me,

SALTERN GIVINS.

Buried John Hill, aged 32 years, who died in the month of February, 1847.

NOTE:—Mr. John Hill was the son and successor of John Hill, who died in 1840, and who had served as Catechist to the Mohawks for the long period of 30 years. The deceased, his eldest son, was a young man of a pious and exemplary character. He had made respectable advances in knowledge and from his diligent and virtuous course of life promised to be a marked character among his people. He was highly esteemed by a very extensive acquaintance among all classes. He finished shortly before his death a revised and complete edition of the Mohawk Prayer Book published at the expense of the New England Co., at Hamilton, and it was thought on his return from that city in the spring of the year he contracted from exposure a cold which brought on consumption of which indeed it would seem there was a hereditary taint in his family. It terminated fatally on the 13th February, 1847. His loss was severely felt by the tribe and neighborhood. He left one brother Isaac the last of the family.

S. GIVINS.

July 25th, 1848, buried Isaac John Hill, aged 32 years.

NOTE:—Mr. Isaac J. Hill had officiated as Catechist to the tribe for 1 year and 4 months with great excellence, being peculiarly calculated and well qualified for the office. His influence among his brethren was rapidly extending and had his life been spared promised in all human probability to be one of important bearing on the interests of his people in a worldly as well as religious point of view. It pleased the wise Disposer of events however, to cut him down in the flower of his age, by confluent small pox which he contracted on a visit to the Caughnawagna Indians of Lower Canada. His loss will be deeply felt by the community generally and by none more than the writer of this who found him a most agreeable and efficient fellow-labourer.

S. GIVINS.

BEGIN ON THE COLT.

There is no danger of handling and feeding the colt too early. The handling properly should begin as soon as the colt is dropped. When two months old, halter it and teach it to lead. The earlier this work is begun after the colt is made docile by handling, the easier it is. As soon as the colt has become acquainted with the halter, tie it up and rub and brush it. This must be done gently until the colt is accustomed to it, and will submit quietly to a more vigorous use of the cloth and brush. The thrift of the colt is wonderfully increased by a daily grooming. This extra thrift brings such a good return that the grooming is well paid for. It pays to give the colt meal, wheat bran, and oats as soon as it will eat them; and if it can get at them it will learn to eat very soon. A good plan is to put up a box behind or at the side of the dam's stall, low enough for the colt to reach into it easily. In this put a little bran and meal each time the dam is fed. The colt will soon learn to eat this, when oats may be added. You cannot begin to feed and train the colt too early.—*American Agriculturist* for July.

TYENDINAGA COURT OF REVISION.

The members of the Court of Revision for the Township of Tyendinaga met at the Town hall, Melrose, May 29th, 1888. After being duly sworn, the appeals against the assessment were heard and the following changes made, viz:—

John Dunwoodie, reduced $260; T. D. Appleton, reduced $200; Ann McMichael, reduced $50; Philip Davis, reduced $200 on E½ lot 12, 2nd con. south, and Thomas L. Davis and William Davis placed on roll as L. S.; Lester Ross placed on roll for S. W. cor. of E½ lot 12, 2nd con. south, $200; C. G. Seay, placed on roll as tenant for lot 16, 4th con.; John Baldrick, reduced $100; H. J Lennox, reduced $250; Lauucelot Dawson, reduced $200 on lot 22, 3rd con. S.; James Darcy, reduced $250; Charles Long, raised $200 on lot 6, 3rd con N.; Peter Williams had added to his assessment the S. E ¼ of lot 7, 2nd con. I. R. $500; R. W. Loyd, reduced $300; Ed. Walsh, reduced $200 on lot 29, 1st con. J. R.; John W. Berry, reduced $120; James Fraser, reduced $300. A few other unimportant changes were made; the Clerk was authorized to make the necessary alterations and additions to the roll, and the Court closed its session, resolving itself into a council board.

On motion the following remissions in taxes were made on account of errors in assessments:—William Gillespie, $4.60; B. Hinchey, the taxes on lot 13, 1st con. I. R.; John McLaren, $9.74.

A grant of $3 was made to Mrs. Lucas. The assessors paid their salary, $150; and the following bills ordered to be paid. W. R. Aylsworth, Township Engineer, $5; Michael McGuinness, gravel, $3.30; the Clerk incidental expenses, $5; E. Welch, plank for culverts, $6.29.

Council adjourned till June 5th.

Council met on Tuesday, June 5th, members all present.

On motion of Mr. Nash, seconded by Mr. McLaren, it was resolved that the Municipality appropriate for roads and bridges this year, $1200, subject to the reduction of the County grant; that each ward receive $200 for appropriation, and that $200 be expended on the side road leading from the 3rd line to Wyman's bridge.

The appropriations for the several wards were made as follows:—

Ward No. 1, $20 on Milltown side road; $16 on J. W. Berry's road division; $25 on the road at Matthew Hills; $10 on H. Hinchey's hill; $15 on the road at John Battise's; $20 on the road at S. Graves'; $15 on W. Drummey's side road south of the railroad.

Ward No. 2, $20 between lots 12 and 15 on the 5th con.; $20 between lots 15 and 16 on the side road north of the 4th con.; $10 between lots 15 and 16 on the side road north of the 3rd con.; $40 between lots 10 and 11 on the side road south of the 3rd con; $15 between lots 10 and 11 north of the 3rd con.; $10 on Thurlow boundary, south of the 2nd con.; $10 at lot 4 on the 3rd con.

Ward No. 3, $25 on Fretts' hill; $30 on the 3rd con. between lots 25 and 30; $20 on Richmond boundary at lot 25; $20 at lot 30 on the 4th con.; $10 between lots 25 and 30 in the 3rd and 4th concessions; $15 on W. Sullivan's road diuision; $10 between lots 25 and 30 in the 2nd con.; $10 for culvert at lot 30 in the 3rd concession.

Ward No. 4, $40 between lots 15 and 16 on the 7th concession line; $25 between lots 10 and 11 on the 5th con. line; $30 on the 6th con. west of Read; $10 on the Hungerford boundary; $20 north of the 7th con.; $15 on the 5th con. north of S. Tripp's; $20 between lots 20 and 21 on the 8th con.; $20 at lot 20 on the 8th line; $20 on the 9th line near Kennedy's.

Ward No. 5, $20 between lots 31 and 33 on the 7th con.; $10 between lots 35 and 36 in the 7th con.; $10 at Albert cheese factory; $50 between lots 25 and 26 on the 8th con. swamp; $15 at lot 28 on the 9th con.; $15 at lot 26 on the 8th con.; $15 at lot 25 on the 9th con.; $20 on the centre road north of the 7th con.; $12 between lots 33 and 34 on the 6th con.; $17.50 between lots 31 and 33 on the 7th concession.

On motion the following bills passed in committee and were placed on the pay list. W. E. Pearsall, commutation statute labor, $5.20; T. S. Carman, printing, $15.30; R. F. Pegan, coffin for pauper, $5; W. Watson, use of hall for Municipal Election, $3; W. Leverton, plank for culvert, $1.32; M. McGuinness, 203 yds gravel and plank for culvert, $11.25; C. Bresnihan, balance on job road work, $3.50.

On motion it was resolved to expend $245 for right of way and for repairs on the side road leading to Wyman's bridge.

On motion there was granted Mrs. McCarty $4.

Council adjourned till the first Tuesday in August.

A. B. RANDALL,
Township Clerk.

LONSDALE.

Mr. Robert Winters and his two daughters, Emma and Sarah, are visiting at his daughter's, Mrs. Williams and friends, in Deseronto, and enjoyed the celebration of Dominion day in that Town.

Mr. Francis and his men have arrived to repair the North bridge in this place, it being considered unsafe.

Lonsdale School is sending a large number of pupils to the promotion examination at Deseronto. We wish them all success in their ambitious undertaking.

The times being so hard all kinds of business appear to be tried for a livelihood. The latest is the following:—A few days ago the mail coach with the first consignment of Plymouth Rock poultry arrived here, said to be shipped from a southern hennery by a hotel keeper. By some mistake they got their liberty and could not be caught. The speculation did not prove very profitable Not being insured, all were lost, except a small number of eggs, which remained in the cage. No doubt some one will have an addition to their stock, or a feast on roast chicken.

READ.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The marriage bells have been ringing once more. On Monday, Mr. David Walsh, son of the late Michael Walsh, was married to Miss Maggie Hefferman, daughter of Mr. Timothy Hefferman. The ceremony was performed at St. Charles' Church by the Rev. Father McCarthy. The bride and bridegroom are general favorites and we wish them every happiness in conjunction with their hosts of friends.

The Rev. Father McCarthy and a committee from this mission attended the receptions to Bishop Cleary on his return from Europe. The following were the members of the committee:—John Hanley James Meagher, John Meagher, W. Corrigan and John Egan.

The following members of the choir were also in Kingston at the Bishop's reception. The Misses Sullivan, M. McGurn, and P. Sullivan.

The race course has been finished and is in good working order. On the 22nd June there was quite a friendly contest thirteen horses running and our local sports are making good use of the course in anticipation of the fall races.

Mr. Patrick Cowan's oldest daughter died very suddenly after a short illness. She was only 18 years of age.

SHANNONVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Susie Loveless, of Holden Missou, is visiting her parents of this place.

Miss Lena Earle is visiting at her father's Mr. W. Earle.

Mrs. M. B. Lake is paying a visit to friends in Bloomfield.

Mr. J. S. Kerr is doing business in the store lately occupied by Mr. R. T. Pegan.

Miss Anna J. A. Randall has gone to spend the summer months with friends in York Co. and Woodstock.

Rev. W. H. Peake has left for Morven, his new field of labor, while Rev. E. D. Lewis, of Norham, has taken his place here.

Our Tuesday evening prayer meeting was a very interesting one, as our old friend Mr. W. Hyde from Dakota took an active part in it, and related some of his experience in that place. Mr. Hyde is here on important business; we learn, and we hope that he will return to Dakota far happier than he has ever been before.

There was quite a family gathering at the residence of Mr. Chas. Laroy, on Wednesday evening the 27th to welcome the newly married couple Mr. Herbert Laroy, and Miss Matilda Walroth, who were married that day at Collins Bay, we wish them much happiness and prosperity through life.

Mr. A. S. Valleau and family of Deseronto came to our town a few days ago hoping "he said" to find a cooler atmosphere, but he was sadly disappointed poor man; how he suffers, however the extreme heat has not effected his lungs as his voice appears quite strong.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. J. S. Kenney, of Rochester, N. Y., arrived on Tuesday on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. Ed Gabourie, of Watertown, N. Y., has been visiting at the home of Mr. C. Scanlan this week.

Mrs. Burnip and daughter left last week for a visit of a couple of weeks with friends at Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Sweeney and her sister, Mrs. J. Walsh, of Rochester, N. Y., who have been visiting friends left for home last week.

Mr. John McGurn who has been living in Michigan for the last twenty years, is renewing acquaintances here.

The popular annual S. O. E. excursion from Belleville and local stations to Kingston and Alexandria Bay takes place on the 18th of this month. The train will pass Marysville about 8 a. m.

Crops of all kinds are still suffering from drouth and the outlook for farmers is poor indeed. Each year now seems to be worse than the preceding one and it a change for the better does not occur soon this section must necessarily become like portions of the New England States deserted for newer and more fertile soil in the west.

SHEDS FOR CATTLE IN SUMMER.

Take the country over and shelter for farm animals is as necessary in summer as winter; for while in the North the greatest need of shelter is in the winter, in the South it is in the summer. Even in the North the cattle should have summer shelter. For protection from the sun, a wide spreading tree is perhaps best. There are considerations other than the comfort of the animals for providing such shelter. If they can be in a cool place while their food digests, they will digest a higher per cent of it and assimilate it better. Whatever adds to the comfort of animals adds to their thrift and therefore to their profitableness. There should be other summer shelter than trees, for trees do not protect from rain, and there are cold rains in summer which do much hurt to animals exposed to them. Hence the necessity for sheds. These may be open—are best open, since they will be the cooler; and may have a straw, clapboard, or board roof. If boards are used for the roof, they should not be nailed fast, but weighted down with heavy poles. Then they may be turned every few weeks to correct the warp made by the sun. Have these sheds large enough to accommodate all the animals. The sheds for the hogs or sheep are best made only four feet high, thus keeping out the cattle or horses, which are apt to drive the swine and sheep out into the rain when they can. If there is any doubt about the wisdom of having these shelters, notice how quickly the animals will get to them when there is a cold rain or hail storm, or in the heat of the day.—*American Agriculturist* for July.

RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, as she hid her blushing face on her father's shoulder, "would you object to Mr. Hankinson as a son-in-law?"

"N no, I guess not," said the old gentleman, apathetically; "he might as well be costing me something in groceries as in gas and hard coal."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Any person thinking of purchasing a first class organ or piano would do well to write to H. Bull, box 89, Belleville, who sells the genuine Bell organ and Heintzman piano Prices low and payment very easy.

VICTORIA AND HER FAMILY.

A French Portrait of Our Queen—State Interests always First with Her.

BY C. T.

IS, June 22,—In the gallery of the alace o' Hampton Court is a picture beh o England, signed Lucas von Hecre. The Flemish painter represents the great Queen holding in her right hand a globe, draped in a robe of brocade, which shows to advantage her splendid figure, and gazing with supreme disdain upon Venus, Juno and Minerva, as one who might say; "Who are ye, forsooth, to dare comparison with me?" And the three goddesses hide in confusion their diminished heads, as though to reply: "Nothing much to speak of, please your Majesty!" Neither physically nor morally does the present incumbent of England's throne, Victoria, Empress of India, and senior member of European royalty, pretend to resemble her who has left such imperishable memories in British history, for good as for evil; her portraits abound and they all resemble one another in that they depict the features and carriage of one who might have been a simple tradeswoman, utterly mindless of dress and ornament, but all marked with a rare degree of energy and will. Take, for instance, the two portraits which she herself selected as illustrative of "The Biography of the Prince Consort," dictated by her to her confidential secretary—Victoria at the age of twenty-eight and Victoria aged two-and-forty. In the first, a miniature by Thornburn, we see her with the Princess Helen in her arms, the type of maternal solicitude and of—untidiness, at least so her toilet would be qualified if she were not the sovereign of a great nation. Painted, I believe, from a photograph, she is seated on a garden bench with the Prince

STANDING IN FRONT OF HER,

and the group reminds one of those other groups which you can see any fine Sunday afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, and any holiday when the sky is clear at Rosherville Gardens. As the chronicler from whom I quote remarks, "Juno, Venus, and Minerva would have no apprehension about the judgment of Paris in face of such a rival."

Queen Victoria is not ornamental as a woman, but as a sovereign, she certainly commands respect, and she is unparalleled in her jealous anxiety to aggrandize the family of which she is the chief and to increase the prestige of her country. She has been called "a Louis XI. in petticoats, a Machiavelli in corsets. She has more than once outwitted Bismarck and caused to pale before her frown the Emperor William of glorious memory." Perhaps she is not of this and perhaps again she is not, but one thing is certain, when reasons of State and policy are not an obstacle, she dissembles none of her sentiments; she never dissimulates, but speaks out her mind freely without a care for what others may think, all of which is charming when one happens to be a favorite and not nearly so nice when one is not so; as poor Lady Flora Hastings found to her cost, when Victoria was merely a girl. However, in any case, this peculiarity has its advantages—friends and enemies know exactly what they have to expect and can shape their course accordingly. The late Cel. Baker has only himself to thank if he died in exile; he knew that his sovereign was inflexible in questions of morals and manners. Prince Albert was her idol yet the Prince was obliged to "walk a chalk line" with his august spouse, who made him understand very soon that, after all, he was nothing save her reflection, and the Consort never repeated his attempt to get out of bondage, when, after staying too late and getting too jolly at the banquet of some London guild he found the gates of Buckingham Palace

CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT

and was fain to ask hospitality of a friend in chambers. Still, she did adore her husband, and was so inconsolable after his death that the report of her intended abdication was circulated, and that lively Radical, in 1868, Sir Charles Dilke, moved in the House of Commons that her Majesty be offered the alternative of reigning ostensibly, or of "passing the hand"—the Crown—to the heir apparent. When, a dozen years later, Gambetta's friend became Under Secretary of State at the Foreign Office he did not need to repeat his motion; he found her Majesty not only very much disposed to reign and show herself in public, but very outspoken also in her regrets to have been forced to part with Lord Beaconsfield, the person for whom, after her children and her husband, she entertained the most sincere affection. In her heart Queen Victoria is a dyed-in-the-wool Conservative; she supports the Liberals only because she is a constitutional sovereign.

Rank, birth and social position have no influence upon her likes and dislikes; a Prince and a peasant have equal claims to her consideration if the one or the other has merited her confidence, and every one must remember how even her own children were obliged to submit—when there was no political question involved—to the authority of John Brown, that Highland gillie whom the caprice of a moment attached to her house hold as a simple valet during her excursions through Scotland in company of the Prince Consort. But [if the Queen's "likes" are freely manifested, so are her "dislikes," as Louis Philippe had cause to feel in 1848. Her Majesty gave an asylum to the runaway Orleans Princess, but she said openly that the revolution which

SENT THEM INTO EXILE

was their punishment for the disgraceful, dishonorable behavior of the Tuileries in the matter of the Spanish marriages, was the other object of her antipathy is Mr. Gladstone, although he has been half a dozen times her Prime Minister and may be again. Yet her repugnance is nowhere so strongly manifested as toward the French, not so much perhaps as a nation as in their literature, fashions, and customs, and above all their women and theatres, which to her mind represent the abomination of indecorum and iniquity. She used to come here when Napoleon III. was thought to be the arbiter o f Europe's destinies, but it was always against her will, in obedience to reasons of state, and I remember the sullen looks which she cast at the crowd when, seated by the side of the Empress Eugenie, the two sovereigns passed in review the victorious troops of the Crimea. Victoria was as dowdy as her companion was elegant, and the crowd's comparisons were not flattering to the imperial guest.

Of the Queen's nine children eight are still living; as a French humorist remarks, "The royal family of England is as fertile in olive branches as her subsoil is rich in coal; there is no fear that either will be exhausted." And all those eight are married, seven of them having children, so that her Majesty has quite a little army of Princes and Princesses, children and grandchildren —14 in London, 5 at Darmstadt, 6 at Berlin —besides a strong annual contingent of great-grandchildren, who flourish like young bay trees. More than half of this family, inclusive of the male and female consorts of her children, reside in England on pensions "from a grateful and admiring people;" the balance is spotted about in Germany, yet,

THOUGH LOST TO DIURNAL VISION,

it is none the less dear to memory, and is quite under the royal thumb, spite of distance; as all have come to learn, when matters do not go precisely as her Majesty likes, she makes her relatives a flying visit, and after a short private conversation the most recalcitrant "knuckles under" submissively. Germany, as you are aware, has always been next to England, the land of her predilection. Her father, the Duke of Kent, was of Hanoverian stock; her mother was a Saxe-Coburg, and so was her cousin and husband, Prince Albert, whence it happens that, during his life, she could not do too much for the Saxe-Coburgs, but for the last 15 years her proclivities are toward Darmstadt, whose sovereign espoused in 1862 the Queen's second daughter, the late Princess Alice, who died in 1878, leaving five children. "You must marry her sister," quoth the Queen, and the Grand Duke would have so done if there had not been in the way that British law, which says: "A man shall not wed the deceased wife's sister." Abrogate that law, said the Court, and the House of Commons did abrogate it, and even abrogated it several times, when the House of Lords refused acquiescence, and the Queen was forced to see the Grand Duke of Hess did not marry the Princess Beatrice, and those who knew him best pretend that he was uncommon glad that the interdiction remained in force. The Grand Duke had other views. At the Court of Darmstadt it was

A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

Mme. de Kolemine, the wife of a Russian Secretary of Legation. Louis IV. fell in love with Mme. Kolemine, and, with her husband absent, she obtained a divorce on the solemn understanding that the said Louis would marry her. It was a risky thing, to do; morganatic marriages always cause criminations and recriminations. Nobody knew what William of Prussia might think about it, nor what Victoria might do, and in point of fact Louis was more frightened of his mother-in-law than of the Emperor of Germany, who had free notions on a great many things. It behooved to manœuvre skillfully and discreetly, and all the more so that the Grand Duke, then on the verge of 50, was about disposing of his own eldest daughter by order of the Queen to Prince Louis von Battenberg, then a commander in the British Navy. On the 30th of April, 1884, the Battenberg wedding was celebrated, and on the same day the Grand Duke of Hesse gave his left hand to Alexandra Czarpaka, the divorced wife of Mr. Colemine. All Hesse trembled when it heard of this union; Queen Victoria was furious, and appealed to the Emperor, who, at first disposed to be lenient, was advised by Bismarck to be severe; the Grand Duke got scared and broke down; the marriage with Alexandra was turned into the street, and, on the 9th of July following, the Hessian courts pronounced the nullity of the marriage for "vice of form." Louis IV. had neglected to obtain, previous to its celebration, the imperial sanction.

These Battenbergs are beginning to become notorious of late years, thanks to Queen Victoria, and, to a good deal, to their original insignificance. In 1851 Prince Alexander of Hesse, an uncle of the reigning Grand Duke, married the daughter of a Voivode, the Countess von Huncke who was

CREATED COUNTESS OF BATTENBERG

and if the Almanack de Gotha does complaisantly class them in the category of sovereign families the "Annuaire Genealogique" of sovereigns simply inscribes them in the list of morganatics. But the Queen cares naught for that; she likes everybody connected with the house of Battenberg, whether by a right-hand or a left-hand alliance; and so, after favoring her granddaughter's union with the eldest Battenberg, she gave her daughter to Henry of Battenberg, with the title of Royal Highness, and the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the British Army as a wedding gift and went all the way to Berlin to promote the union of her granddaughter Victoria of Prussia to Alexander of Battenberg. For once, however, her Majesty has been obliged to yield, as was an inflexible, so long as the only probable consequences of the proposed marriage seemed to be that the Czar and Russia might be offended by it, the Queen and the Parliament and the press were its champions and promoters. But Bismarck was there; Bismarck would not have it at any price, and if the marriage represented by him to be a gross political blunder were, notwithstanding his remonstrances, consummated, why, then, Frederick III. might look for another Prime Minister, as he surely declined to accept the responsibility of the inevitable consequences, &c. The London and the German newspapers rather effect to much indifference to the future of Prince Battenberg for full credit to be given to their assertions; the Queen took no special interest in the matter. The truth, probably, is that Lord Salisbury advised her Majesty not to oppose the Chancellor, with whom it is Britain's interest not to quarrel, and the sovereign followed the advice, in this, as in all other things, sacrificing her personal affections and sympathies to duty. With her Majesty the first of all considerations are the interests of the millions over whom she reigns.

The remarkable substance known as potteline is formed by a mixture of glycerine, tannin and gelatine, to which may be added the sulphate of baryta or zinc-white; the resulting mass may be colored by the addition of vegetable colors. While boteline is hot it can be molded, and when cold it is susceptible of every kind of manipulation, such as turning, filing, bo ring, etc., and takes a very fine polish.

The most popular title of the Dunkards is "the Brethren." They are quiet and harmless people, numerous in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Maryland and Virginia. Their doctrines are similar to those of the Mennonites. They baptise by trine immersion, pratice feetwashing, and in some instances make the wearing of long beards a religious duty. They use the kiss of charity, love-feasts, anointing with oil, etc. The belief in universal redemption, through not an article of faith, is generally held by them.

The funniest thing in town, says The Lewiston Journal, is the mishap of a gentleman whose wife runs the store bill. He has been in the habit of having his cigar bill charged up as potatoes, and, the other day, his wife took her pencil and began to reckon. She finally found that they had been whooping it up at a regular starch factory rate in potatoes. Why, they had eaten over ten carloads of potatoes this winter and the past year and she just didn't believe that the account was right. The grocer and the smoker are just now between the upper and nether mill stones, and it is hard to tell who will be pulverised the finest at the close.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHAT ROSIE FOUND OUT.

Little Rosie, walking slowly past the verdant meadow sees
Many cows, and some are standing, others lying 'neath the trees.

In the road stands little Rosie, caring not for dust or mud,
While her eyes are bent upon them as they calmly chew their cud.

Great surprise her face expresses, for awhile her lips are dumb;
Then she cries out: "mamma! mamma! all those cows are chewing gum!"

THE MAID, THE DUDE, THE HORSE.

"Where is the white horse, my pretty maid?
For I see your hair is a white horse shade."

The maiden to whom these words were said
Was a pretty girl whose hair was red.

'Twas said in a crowded thoroughfare—
Nearly every kind of a horse was there.

The long line of horses the maid reviewed,
Then to her annoyer, a real hard dude:

"There isn't a white horse within a mile,
But the donkey is 'round," she said with a smile.

The dude grew red, and wished he was dead
"What is your hurry," kind sir?" she said.

Merit will tell: even in strawberry baskets the best rise to the top.

Germany has had three generations of Emperors in nine months.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but the cheese is mite-ier far than either.

It must be a very good brass-band that can play all the airs a drum-major puts on.

It is said that bald-headed Indians are becoming common, and the plug hat of civilization is thought to be responsible.

Judge—Do you know where you will go to, little boy, if you swear to what is not true? Boy (of radical tendencies)—No; nor you either.

"Oh, take me, take me away," sings a poet in a Boston newspaper. Yes, take him away. Stand not upon the order of your taking, but take him at once.

How doth the busy little hen
Delight to cluck, I wonder!
To ramble o'er the onion beds
And scrach them all to thunder.

A young man who tried to sing bass
Made such a horrible fass,
That the rest of the choir
Arose in tis oir
And fitted him out of the plass.

A gentleman met a boy and asked him what o'clock it was. Being told it was just 12, he expressed some surprise and said he thought it was more. "It's never any more in these parts, sir," said the boy simply, "it begins again at one."

An interesting report of the death of a native was recently made by a coroner's jury in India. The nat've had had the misfortune to meet a tiger and the report says:—"Pandu died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pondu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or left hand."

The Rev. M. Reed of Colorado, who ran as the Democratic Congressional candidate in that state two years ago, was once interrupted in the midst of a public prayer by a man who shouted "Louder!" Reed stopped short, looked at the interrupter, and said coolly; "I wasn't addressing you sir, I was addressing the Almighty." Then he went on with his prayer.

The higest amount which has been paid to any retired officer now living is $104,000, recieved by Gen. J.C. Robinson since he left the army. Gen. Sherman, who was retired four years ago has received since then nearly $60,000 in pay and allowances. Rear-Admiral Selfridge has received more retired pay than any other navy officer. Since his retirement, in 1866, he has received from the government about $100,000.

During the General Conference many of the delegate preached in the various Methodist churches of New York and Brooklyn. In one of the more fashionable churches of the latter city the fervent ejaculations once so common are supposed to be entirely eliminated. One of the visiting preachers, however, evoked the old spirit. He had preached for one hour and a quarter and then said, "I am sorry I cannot enlarge on this point." Whereupon a brother startled all the people on his vicinity by a vigorous exclamation, "Praise the Lord."

Elephants' Memories.

An elephant's memory is tenacious. A friend is never forgotten, nor is a foe. An elephant in India, one stormy night, broke loose from the stable in which it was nightly housed, and escaped to the jungle. Four years after, a drove of wild elephants was conducted into the enclosure prepared for their confinement. The keeper of the lost elephant, having climbed on the railings to inspect the captured herd, fancied he saw the runaway among them.

His comrades laughed at him; but when the keeper called the animal by name the elephant came at once close to the barrier. The keeper went into the enclosure; and, commanding the elephant to kneel down was delighted to find his order obeyed; where upon the man led his former charge forth from its wild companions.

In 1874 a menagerie visited Tenbury, Eng, and "Lizzie," the female elephant, having drank, while heated, a largequantity of cold water, was attacked with severe internal spasms. Mr. Turley, an apothecary, relieved the animal's pain by applying a large blister to her side.

Five years afterwards, the menagerie again entered Tenbury, and Mr. Turley stood in his store door to watch the procession pass down the street. As soon as the elephant saw him, she crossed over to where he was standing, placed her trunk in his hand, held it firmly, and grunted out a sound which plainly said: "I'm glad to see you."

When, at night, Mr. Turley visited the menagerie, the elephant was so delighted that she embraced him with her trunk, and then drew his attention to the side whereon the blister had been applied.

In 1881, the menagerie visited Tenbury for the third time, and Mr. Turley, being among the spectators, was at once recognized by Lizzie, who trumpeted forth her joy. He spoke to her, and she, placing her trunk around his legs, gently lifted him from the ground.

While Mr. Turley, was examining one of her hindlegs, which had been treated for some disease, the elephant held one of her forelegs towards him. The keeper explained that the leg had been lanced by a veterinary surgeon, and the operation had so hurt the animal that she struck at the man with her trunk. The elephant evidently wished to show Mr. Turley that she admired his kind gentle treatment, by which he relieved her of the colic pains.

Three Emperors in Three Months.

Germany has had three Emperors within about one hundred days. The bells tolled at the death of the aged William in March, and their dull echo had hardly died away when they were tolled a second time for Frederick.

The career of William I. was like a romance. His earliest recollections were of bloodshed—an unequal struggle between Prussia and Napoleon, flight, defeat, despair, an empty treasury and a crushing debt imposed by the victor. He had old fashioned, obsolete ideas about the divine right of kings, was convinced that his crown was the gift of the Almighty and that he was responsible to the Almighty rather than to the people for his use of authority. Brave enough to excite the unbounded enthusiam of the Germans, not wise enough to see that the drift of modern times is in the direction of the masses, he was never in close touch with them, chafed against and resisted their demands as unwarranted encroachments.

Frederick, his son on the other hand, seemed made in a different mould. To him the populace was a conception, and his few public acts were a prophecy that had he lived Germany would have been industrially prosperous, her energies bent toward the victories of peace rather than the glories of war. He had the Hohenzollern obstinacy, not to be overcome either by the diplomacy or the threats of Bismarck, and certain clear convictions as to public policy which promised to make his reign memorable as that of a statesman rather than of a soldier. Under his *regime* Europe would have had no war if it could be averted with honor. Commerce would have received a new impulse, wealth increased, mills and manufactories multiplied and legislative concessions been made to a people who have become restive under imperial restrictions.

With William II., not yet thirty year sold, it is too early to predict the future. He is every inch a soldier, with the fire of youth and ambition in his veins, haughty, autocratic and anxious to make a career. Not even Bismarck's admonitions suffice to restrain him, and the opportunity which Europe just now presents to such a man with a well equipped army behind him is a serious temptation. Complications may be avoided by tact or increased by the lack of it. The Iron Chancellor has his confidence, and the shrewd and foxy old diplomat may pilot his disciple over the rough spots with safety But the Hohenzollern nature is hot, its impatience when curbed is proverbial, and its dogged determination is only equalled by its courage.

The signs of the times during the next few months will be watched with interest by every nation on the Continent.

Electric Light in Burmah.

Major E. C. Browne, an Englishman, writing about the acquisition of Burmah by the British, describes the effect upon the natives of the first exhibition of the electric light. "A great ray of soft light," he says, "shoots across the heavens from horizon to horizon. A flood of light is cast on a spot in the village, but it is off with more than lightning rapidity to illume another. It heaps and bobs and bounces about the earth in the most uncanny fashion. The village is illuminated. A visit every portion of it and seems to enter at the doors and windows. At first the people rush away, but finding that in many cases the light follows they throw themselves down with their faces to the earth. In a few minutes the village and river banks are cleared, and the terrified people take refuge in the bush or at the backs of the house. But this only lasts a very short time. Curiosity is stronger than prudence. So far the light has struck no one dead. Perhaps it may be harmless; so the children, clinging to each other, venture into the glare, then run to their mothers' arms, screaming half with fear and half with delight. Some of the big boys then rush out, have a good stare, and having dared so much once more disappear. The light has again confidence next to the children. Their curiosity cannot be restrained any longer, so they get together in groups and hide their faces and scream and giggle. Some of the more cheeky ones actually put out their tongues at us and begin dancing and capering about. The men, last of all, moodily emerge from their cover, and not half liking it walk cautiously about and gradually the village is gay."

After the Waltz.

Miss Whirligig (rather plain)—"Oh, Mr. Firefly, I cannot express to you how indebted I am for the pleasure of that waltz."

Jack Firefly (wishing to be pleasant)—"Don't mention it, Miss Whirligig. I'm sure the pleasure was all on your side."

An Overdose.

Brown—You don't look well, Robinson; what's the matter, sick?

Robinson—Yes, smoked too many cigars to-day.

Brown—How many have you smoked?

Robinson—That one you gave me last night.

Sisters Enough.

She had promised to be a sister to him.

He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters.

"Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child."

"I am he responded; "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door.

His Preference.

"Is there anything more lovely in all this world," said a gushing young mother to a bachelor who had been victimized into holding the baby.

"Now tell me," she went on, as he stood mute and helpless, "is there anything more delightful to have about you than a dear, little innocent creature like this?"

"I think I should rather have a parrot," was the timidly spoken reply.

"A parrot! How dreadful! why would you rather have a parrot?"

"Because you can sell a parrot or give it away."

Tact and Tactics.

Mrs. Matchmaker—"Edith, if you ever expect to catch Mr. Richley you must say fewer sharp things. Skirmishing drives the men away. A little more tact and a little less tactics, my dear."

Edith—"You good mamma! Your tact is so much better than your tactics. Don't you know that every engagement is preceded by a skirmish!"

A Stupid Mistake.

Customer (in restaurant)—A broiled spring chicken, waiter, and a small bottle vintage '74.

Waiter—Yes, sir. (Later)—Find everything right, sir?

Customer—No; you've make a mistake. You've brought me spring wine and a '74 vintage chicken.

TRUE LOVE TRIUMPHED.

An English Curate and a French Nun United After Years of separation.

A romantic story covering two continents has just come to light as the sequel of the settlement of a young couple in a handsome villa in Englewood, a suburb of Chicago. The young man—he is but twenty-nine now —is the son of an Episcopal rector of note and influence in Yorkshire, England, and he for a time was curate of the parish. Adjoining the glebe a landed proprietor named Molineaux, whose family was of French descent, resided. They were strongly Roman Catholic in their religious belief, however, and this erected an icy wall between the neighbors. While attending to some parochial work the young curate met Miss Marie Molineaux, who was then only eighteen years of age and was engaged in a somewhat similar charitable errand at the very cottage he was visiting. It was a case of hopeless and infatuated love at first sight, for the girl was remarkably beautiful and the mission she was engaged in fully revealed her natural disposition.

The young man went to Capt. Molineaux and told him he could resign his curacy if he would give him the hand of his daughter. The fury of the old gentleman knew no bounds; but notwithstanding his opposition, the lovers continued to meet, and finally, to end it, the Molineaux family moved away from the neighborhood, leaving no clue to their destination. The young curate, after trying in vain to discover the whereabouts of his lost idol, relinquished all further attempts at pursuit, and with a nearly broken heart, he gave up the ministry, and with a small fortune he inherited came to America to embark in mercantile affairs, thinking in his new occupation he would forget his consuming sorrow. One day, while travelling on business, he was crossing a ferry crowded throughfare in Quebec and was run over, meeting with a serious accident. He was taken to one of the hospitals in the city which was visited by the sisters of mercy. While yet suffering in his bed in the surgical ward, he felt a soft hand upon his forehead. Before he could open his eyes a little stifled scream startled him into thorough wakefulness, and a figure in black dropped upon her knees by his bedside, burying her face in the counterpane. It was little Marie.

Seeming to collect herself with wondrous fortitude the Sister of Mercy quickly arose and hastily prepared to go. The patient clutched at her garments and caught the cross attached to the beads suspended from her waist. The fastening snapped and he retained it. She ran out of the ward, causing not a little comment among the other patients who knew her and had been anxiously awaiting her cheering and comforting words. Days elapsed before she returned. She visited the old cot, but it was empty. The patient had been discharged, she was told by his invalid neighbor. She hurried back to the office, and just entering a cab at the front steps was her lover. With a shocts across the heavens from horizon to shocts across the heavens from horizon to horizon. A flood of light is cast on a spot in the village, but it is off with more than lightning rapidity to illume another. It heaps and bobs and bounces about the earth in the most uncanny fashion. The village is illuminated. A visit every portion of it and seems to enter at the doors and windows. At first the people rush away, but finding that in many cases the light follows they throw themselves down with their faces to the earth. In a few minutes the village and river banks are cleared, and the terrified people take refuge in the bush or at the backs of the house. But this only lasts a very short time. Curiosity is stronger than prudence. So far the light has struck no one dead. Perhaps it may be harmless; so the children, clinging to each other, venture into the glare, then run to their mothers' arms, screaming half with fear and half with delight. Some of the big boys then rush out, have a good stare, and having dared so much once more disappear. The light has again confidence next to the children. Their curiosity cannot be restrained any longer, so they get together in groups and hide their faces and scream and giggle. Some of the more cheeky ones actually put out their tongues at us and begin dancing and capering about. The men, last of all, moodily emerge from their cover, and not half liking it walk cautiously about and gradually the village is gay."

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TEMPERANCE.

SUNDAY SALOONS IN DECLINE.

It is refreshing to read a decision like that of Judge Pugh in the Court of Common Pleas of Franklin county, Ohio. The court had been petitioned for a writ of *mandamus* requiring the police board of the city of Columbus to enforce the law of the state forbidding, if not in keeping open of saloons for business, and the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday." The police board, as defendants, had given two reasons for their failure to enforce the law; that "the execution of the law was not practicable," and that "there was a diversity of sentiment touching the wisdom and rightfulness of the law." These two reasons Judge Pugh characterizes as "remarkable." He holds, in his decision, that "neither the board nor the mayor had the right to decide that the execution of the law is not feasible. They should do their duty, and let the fault to be found to execute the balance of the law, if any should occur, rest where it shall belong." As he second reason given, the judge asks: "Whence does the board or the mayor derive the power to determine that laws may be repealed, as it were, because they think that some people, even a large number of people, are opposed to their execution? Nowhere does such power exist." In conclusion, the Judge says: "A peremptory writ of *mandamus* will issue, commanding the police board to enforce the statue which forbids the saloons being kept open for business on Sunday, and the sale of intoxicating drinks on that day." What a sublime thing is common sense! And official courage and integrity almost sublimer yet!—[Chicago Standard.

In discussing the Anti Saloon Republic Convention which met in New York recently, politicians here have various and conflicting theories as to what action the emergency demands. Senator Palmer, of Michigan, for example, advises a bold course. He says the thing to do is to cut loose at once and forever from the saloon element and clasp hands with its inveterate enemy. A Prohibition plank in the national platform this year is his prescription.

Impressions of California

On my return recently from a six months tour through Southern and Lower California' I was asked many questions as to the people, the land and its productions, and the climate—the latter more especially. While in San Diego, reading the telegraphic reports of the terrible blizzards in the Northwest and along the Atlantic coast, many people observed and remarked upon the beauty of the clear skies, the beautiful sunshine, and the comfortable temperature prevailing there. Some said, "How can it be possible?" Others, "I'm glad I've got away!"

I cannot mention all the good things of California, neither all the bad ones, but a few may suffice.

The climate heads the list of good ones, it being so even along the coast, especially. We often saw summer hats, white vests, shirt sleeves; then thin overcoats, silk hats, and kid gloves on the sweep of the eye. Now and then an invalid from the East, clad with heavy beaver furs, robes, &c., guarding themselves against more horseness or an imported irritating cough.

Healthy people do sometimes get sick in California (as in other countries) by presuming too much on climate, leaving off wraps and coats, or eating and drinking too freely without much exercise. But, as a rule, it requires fewer handkerchiefs to keep the nose clean, less fuel to keep warm, less food to live, and less effort to create a cheerful per acre is no uncommon thing around Los Angeles, Pasadena or Riverside. Lemon groves, figs, walnuts, vineyards of raisin grapes, all speak well for California. Alfalfa fields, too, were especially interesting to me, when informed of the possibilities which seemed incredible. Six and seven tons per acre per annum of green succulent fodder, always cured without rain, makes cake and pie and pudding for sheep and milch cows every day in abundance. This crop is raised on the lower lands, where they are flooded immediately after each cutting or as soon as the crop is removed, which occurs four or five times each year. And that hay is often sold for fifteen dollars and over per ton.

The people of California in many respects are unsurpassed; but, as a rule, all things considered, they do not equal the society on the eastern side. The Pacific coast is infested with more roughs who carry firearms and demand your life on trivial occasions, than in the East.

Particular in the Use of Words.

Persons who try to correct children in the use of words are often amazed at the results.

A little girl who made frequent use of the word "guess" was corrected for it and told to say "presume" instead. A lady friend noticed the very admirable set of the little girl's apron, and asked something in regard to the pattern.

"Mamma does not cut my dresses and aprons by a pattern; she just looks at me and 'presumes,'" said the small lady.

A Sympathetic Heart.

"Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp; I'm hungry and cold. I slept outdoors last night, and the rain came down in sheets."

"You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman kindly, as she motioned him to the gate.

A Just Sentence.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—I see a man has been sent to prison for fifteen year fer robbin a crib.

Old Mrs. Bentley—He deserves ev'ry year on it. The idee of stealin' an innercent little baby.

Domestic Economy.

Minister (dining with the family)—So your mamma doesn't want you to eat more than one piece of pie, Bobby?

Bobby—No, sir; except when we are visiting. Then I can have all I want.

Sunday Saloons in Decline.

It is refreshing to read a decision like that of Judge Pugh in the Court of Common Pleas of Franklin county, Ohio. The court had been petitioned for a writ of *mandamus* requiring the police board of the city of Columbus to enforce the law of the state forbidding, if not in keeping open of saloons for business, and the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday." The police board, as defendants, had given two reasons for their failure to enforce the law; that "the execution of the law was not practicable," and that "there was a diversity of sentiment touching the wisdom and rightfulness of the law." These two reasons Judge Pugh characterizes as "remarkable." He holds, in his decision, that "neither the board nor the mayor had the right to decide that the execution of the law is not feasible. They should do their duty, and let the fault to be found to execute the balance of the law, if any should occur, rest where it shall belong." As he second reason given, the judge asks: "Whence does the board or the mayor derive the power to determine that laws may be repealed, as it were, because they think that some people, even a large number of people, are opposed to their execution? Nowhere does such power exist." In conclusion, the Judge says: "A peremptory writ of *mandamus* will issue, commanding the police board to enforce the statue which forbids the saloons being kept open for business on Sunday, and the sale of intoxicating drinks on that day." What a sublime thing is common sense! And official courage and integrity almost sublimer yet!—[Chicago Standard.

In discussing the Anti Saloon Republic Convention which met in New York recently, politicians here have various and conflicting theories as to what action the emergency demands. Senator Palmer, of Michigan, for example, advises a bold course. He says the thing to do is to cut loose at once and forever from the saloon element and clasp hands with its inveterate enemy. A Prohibition plank in the national platform this year is his prescription.

Impressions of California

On my return recently from a six months tour through Southern and Lower California' I was asked many questions as to the people, the land and its productions, and the climate—the latter more especially. While in San Diego, reading the telegraphic reports of the terrible blizzards in the Northwest and along the Atlantic coast, many people observed and remarked upon the beauty of the clear skies, the beautiful sunshine, and the comfortable temperature prevailing there. Some said, "How can it be possible?" Others, "I'm glad I've got away!"

I cannot mention all the good things of California, neither all the bad ones, but a few may suffice.

The climate heads the list of good ones, it being so even along the coast, especially. We often saw summer hats, white vests, shirt sleeves; then thin overcoats, silk hats, and kid gloves on the sweep of the eye. Now and then an invalid from the East, clad with heavy beaver furs, robes, &c., guarding themselves against more horseness or an imported irritating cough.

Healthy people do sometimes get sick in California (as in other countries) by presuming too much on climate, leaving off wraps and coats, or eating and drinking too freely without much exercise. But, as a rule, it requires fewer handkerchiefs to keep the nose clean, less fuel to keep warm, less food to live, and less effort to create a cheerful per acre is no uncommon thing around Los Angeles, Pasadena or Riverside. Lemon groves, figs, walnuts, vineyards of raisin grapes, all speak well for California. Alfalfa fields, too, were especially interesting to me, when informed of the possibilities which seemed incredible. Six and seven tons per acre per annum of green succulent fodder, always cured without rain, makes cake and pie and pudding for sheep and milch cows every day in abundance. This crop is raised on the lower lands, where they are flooded immediately after each cutting or as soon as the crop is removed, which occurs four or five times each year. And that hay is often sold for fifteen dollars and over per ton.

The people of California in many respects are unsurpassed; but, as a rule, all things considered, they do not equal the society on the eastern side. The Pacific coast is infested with more roughs who carry firearms and demand your life on trivial occasions, than in the East.

Impromptu Concert.

During one of Jenny Lind's tours, she was accompanied, among other singers, by a tenor who stammered so painfully in speaking that he could scarcely be understood, but who could sing without betraying his misfortune. One day, when they were all seated in a railway carriage, waiting for the train to the next town on their concert list, the afflicted member of the company discovered, by looking into the luggage-van, that a certain trunk, containing their "bettermost clothes," had been left behind.

The train was just on the point of starting as the stammerer, in a terrible state of excitement, rushed up to the carriage and began:

"The b-b-b-b—"

Baritone—What's the matter?

Tenor—The b-b-b-b—

Basso—What is it, my dear fellow? What is it?

Tenor—The bl-bl-bl-bl—.

Baritone—Sing it, man, sing it, for pity's sake!

Tenor (in recitative)—All, I fear, is lost!

Basso (shouting)—What's lost?

Tenor—I fe-ar is lost!

Baritone (getting nervous)—What do you mean, man? Go on!

Tenor—The black box!

Basso—Yes! yes!

Tenor—The black box!

Bari'one—What of it, man, what of it?

Tenor—The black box has been for-got-ten!

All the Company (jumping out)—Oh my goodness, we shall have no clothes!

Et Canada Aussi.

Why should not all the states have a law like that recently enacted in the State of New York, by which electricity is substituted for hanging in the infliction of capital punishment? The mode of execution now adopted is revolting to common humanity, and can have no proper efficiency in answering the ends of punishment. Another feature of the new law is that after being sentenced the criminal, up to the time of the execution, is to be in absolute seclusion. We like what the *Nation* says:

The preservation of this mode of execution (by hanging) since executions have become private has been a cruel absurdity. Its horrors have been aggravated in this country, however, by our practice of making the criminal a sort of hero, and surrounding him with a savage pomp, after sentence has been passed. His cell has been open to all comers. Reporters interviewed him every day, and took down his observations on his trial, his denunciations of his prosecutors or jailers, and his maudlin reflections on his situation, and reported the flowers he received and the names of his "callers." All this is now to come to an end. There is to be complete seclusion after sentence. The day of the execution is not to be announced beforehand, and the infliction of the sentence to be witnessed by very few, and, although the body is to be delivered to the friends, wakes and public funerals are not to be allowed.

The blending of grotesque sentimentality with a mere heartless pandering to morbid public curiosity has been a characteristic of criminal procedure in this country growing worse and worse every year. It is fully time that a change were made under the operation of the state laws throughout the republic.

Athony Delmore, a merchant of Akron, O., burst a blood vessel the other evening while laughing at one of his own jokes, and died instantly.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Little Dairy-Maid.

Bright little Betty,
Blithesome and pretty,
Lightly she trips thro' the sweet scented clover;
Rosy cheeks, ruby lips,
Dainty shaped finger tips,
Sweet little mouth as one e'er could discover.

Lithely she skips along,
Trilling her carol song,
Calling the kine from the mead o'er the water;
Loving and dutiful,
Modest and beautiful,
She is a dairy-man's dear little daughter.

Trim little dairy-maid,
Mother's own merry maid,
Scarcely she knows she is winsome and pretty;
Who would not be as she,
Willingly, cheerily,
Loving and helping all—sweet little Betty?

THAT ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Bennie Hartley was playing in the front yard when his papa came out of the house and started towards to gate, but turning back to Bennie he said; "Now, my boy, don't go out of this gate while I am gone; mamma is absent and she does not like you running the street. Remember and *don't* go out of the gate, do you hear me?"

"Yes sir;" answered Bennie, pausing from his play to answer.

Mr. Hartley was fairly out of sight and then cousin Freddie came along and stopped outside of the fence. "Hallos, Ben!" said he, "what are you doing there?"

"I am playing marbles," replied Bennie, looking up with a merry smile. "Don't you see?"

"Yes, but it's pokey playing alone, isn't it?"

"Somewhat. Come in and play with me?"

"No, I can't. Come down the street with me and have a good game. There are two or three fellows down on the corner waiting for us."

"No, Fred, papa told me not to go out of the gate while he was gone; but I wish I might," and Bennie looked very wistfully towards the street as he spoke.

"Do you want to go very much?" asked Fred.

"Yes, indeed, I do."

"Well, you can mind papa and go too."

"How so?" and Bennie's, face was full of eagerness.

"Why, Uncle told you not to go out of the *gate*, and you need not, but you can climb over the fence and go with me, and then when your father asks you about it you can say, 'I didn't go out of the gate.'"

"But if he asks me if I went into the street I will have to say yes," said Bennie.

"Oh, come on, Ben, and trust to luck," cried Fred.

Fred was twelve years old and Bennie but ten, therefore the former had great influence over the latter. So Bennie scaled the fence, and together the two boys went down the street to the corner designated, and there they had a merry game with some companions.

When Benny went home he had a burden on his conscience that troubled him sadly; what could he say to papa when asked if he had obeyed him? He could say as Fred instructed him, that he had not gone out of the gate; but that would be implying that he had stayed in the yard. O what a trouble disobedience was!

Mr. Hartley came home and asked the question in just the shape to help Bennie along. "Did you go out of the gate while I was absent?" he asked.

"No sir;" answered Bennie, turning away to hide his confusion, "I did not!"

"Well, well, don't run away. Here is a present for you. If you had disobeyed me I should have given it to your cousin Fred;" and Mr. Hartley brought forth a handsomely bound volume of Robinson Crusoe.

"Oh!" cried Bennie, "that's just what I want! Thank you, sir." "You have no right to it," whispered conscience so distinctly that Bennie's face flushed. Papa took all the glow for pleasure and said approvingly, "A reward for *obedience*."

Bennie went out from his father's presence sorrowful indeed. Here was a book which he had longed to own and yet he had no pleasure in it—and why? Because he had no right to its possession—"the reward of obedience," that was surely not for him.

He went to bed unhappy and arose in the same state of mind. At the earliest opportunity he sought Fred and told him all.

"Heigh!" said Fred, "that is a bad fix to be in. If you don't keep the book it will be offered to me, and I am the most to blame. What could I do but confess, and that would come pretty tough on a fellow; I say, Ben, you will have to keep it.

Bennie began to sob and talk about the terrible trouble he was in. That pained the really tender-hearted Fred, and he comforted him the best he could; though the conscience does not take comfort easily unless by right doing.

"Luck he'ped you out," said Fred. "Your father asked if you went out of the gate, not if you went into the street, and you told him the truth, so take the book and be satisfied, and do stop whining like a baby," and Fred drew out his handkerchief and wiped Bennie's tears away, though others kept coming in their place.

"I must tell Papa everything about it," sobbed Bennie, "only I won't tell about you, Fred."

"Do be plucky, Ben, and keep still," entreated Fred.

But Bennie could not be made to promise to keep still, and at noon confessed all to his father on the return of the latter from his business.

"Well, my son, you have made an honorable confession," said the father, "but the book I cannot let you keep; I will give it to Fred at once. You have forfeited all right to it." Bennie was sent for Fred, he went alone into the library where Mr. Hartley was seated; the poor boy feeling if about to hear the executioner's papers read.

Here, Fred, is a copy of Robinson Crusoe" said Mr. Hartley. "Benny disobeyed me yesterday, consequently he cannot have it. I know you have wanted it and so resent it to you with my best wishes."

Thank you, Uncle," said Fred, growing red in the face, but stretching up to his full height and not offering to take the book.

"I don't care for Robinson Crusoe; it's rather childish for me; better for a little fellow like Bennie. I like history, astronomy, and—well, stories about killing people, you know."

"Why do you mean, Fred? You have told me time and time weeks that you fairly longed for Robinson Crusoe, and now when it is offered you will not take it. Why is this.

"Well then—see, Uncle, I have grown in three years and—I—think of giving up my toys by and by soon. Give the book to Bennie, please."

Mr. Hartley laughed outright, but sobering himself he said: "Here, Fred, none of this nonsense; take the book. I understand. You are sorry for Bennie and that is the matter." And Fred found himself going out of the door book in hand, although it was hateful in his sight.

Lacking Bennie's courage, Fred felt that he could not confess, and yet he knew that he ought not to have the present and really wished he dared burn it or bury it out of his sight. It was hateful to him and at the end of a week he went again to his uncle and commenced: "Uncle," said he, "don't you think this book is—is—de—moralizing."

Fred had studied on the great word till sure of pronouncing it rightly and stood in grave wisdom waiting for an answer.

"Well, no! I don't believe it is," said Mr. Hartley; "and I want you to keep it and stop bringing me absurd reasons for taking it back for Bennie. Do you suppose I would buy a demoralizing book?"

Fred saw it was of no use. He would have to keep the book or confess, and confess he could not, so he declared.

But before the next week had expired he one day found Bennie, seated upon the piazza of his father's house, looking deathly in color and moaning with pain.

"What is the matter, Ben?" he cried in fright.

Oh!" cried Bennie, "I turned sick after coming out here, and I guess I will die. Seems to me I must. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Fred helped the child into the house and then ran in haste to his uncle's store, book in hand once more. "O Uncle!" he cried, "Bennie's going to die, he's awful sick! do take this hateful book and keep it for ever."

Mr. Hartley by a few questions soon learned the truth, and Fred was much relieved after his confession was made and the book was taken from him.

Fred helped the child into the house and Bennie was sick from eating something that had disagreed with his stomach, and in a few hours he was on his feet again.

Fred was happy to find that Bennie didn't die, and happier still over his relieved conscience.

Months after the book came into Bennie's hands and both boys enjoyed it together.

The path of disobedience is always thorny and deciet, if ever so well covered, generally comes to the light. Right doing alone truly prospers.

SUMMER SNICKERS.

A woman's strike—spanking the baby.

When are a sour apple and a sweet apple alike? when they are pared.

When is a lamp in a window like a tomb stone? When it is set for a late husband.

"Is life worth living?" has become a society question. We answer: it depends on the liver.

The early bird catches the worm, but the man who stays up all night is generally the one to see "snakes."

Our lady gossip says the reason why tall men best succeed in matrimony is because all sensible women favor Hymen.

You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish it can unfold
A very painful tail.

The marriage was recently announced of Mr. E Strange and Miss Lizzie Strange. This strange event will probably be followed shortly by another, a little stranger.

Editor—"Did you study the constitution while you were at school, Miss Jones? Miss Jones (blushing painfully)—"Oh, no, Sir; I think physiology is dreadfully immodest."

Why is it that the groom always seems frightened at a wedding?" remarked a young woman. "Humph! *He's* got a right to be," was the rejoiner of an old married man within hearing.

A needy nobleman had married a wealthy dame whose figure chiefly resembled a thirty-six-gallon barrel. "Ah," remarked one of his boon companions, "what a pity to see a man of quality married to a woman of quantity!"

Friend—"Don't go on so. All the crying you do will not bring your husband back to life again!" Widow (the fifth time)—"I know it, but I can't help crying. That's the way I am. The least little thing upsets me. Boo-hoo!"

He knew that she painted and padded,
but he
The secret would never betray,
But when as a bride at the altar stood she,
The old fellow "gave her away."

Proprietor (scornfully)—"Drust you for den cents? You dinks I gets me dem zour kraut for noddings, ain't it? I don't was drust mine fadder for den cents." Brady—"Nor would I, bedad. Nor wud anybody who knew the old chafe, bad cess to him!"

Says a clergyman: "No man should begin anything in life that he could not open with prayer." There are a few things that a man would find hard to open with a prayer. Oysters, for instance, or that world-famed receptacle familiarly known as a jack-pot!

"Beg pahdon, mum, but you dropped your veil in the—the lift," said the bell boy to the departing guest, addressing the waiter the effect of his words. "James," said the pleased Madison Avenue lady to her husband, "give the boy a quarter. He takes us for English people."

Londoner, staying at a hotel of the cheap order, sees a notice posted on the walls, "Breakfast 9 a.m." Addressing the waiter he said, "Breakfast and some 'am, "Waiter —"We've got no 'am, sir." Londoner—"What, no 'am! What yer call that air notice, then?"

They met: he poposed; but she scouted the thought;
With passionate order his words they were fraught;
She guessed that again he would fall on his knee
And madly implore her to smile on his plea—
But he was too fly.

"I think, Mrs. Hendricks," said the minister good-humoredly, "that you better let Bobby have another piece of pie. He has been such a good boy and was very attentive in church this morning. What do you say, Bobby?" I say 'amen,'" replied Bobby, and of course he got the pie.

After a heated debate in parliament one of the members turned to Timothy J. Campbell, who he had expected would help him, and said, "why didn't you help us out? You never opened your mouth once during the entire debate." "Oh, yes I did," said Tim, "I yawned through your entire speech.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Little Mary was obliged to stay at home from school on account of sickness. Her mother tried to amuse her by telling her stories about her own childhood, and succeeded so well that the little girl said: "Oh, mamma, I wish I had been born sooner, so that I might have played with you when you were little."

EMPRESS VICTORIA AND THE GERMANS.

The Causeless Opposition that Surrounds Her at Berlin.

The following sketch from the *St. James' Gazette* of the Empress Victoria of Germany to whom all hearts are turned in the hour of her affliction, will be particularly interesting at the present moment.

We were ourselves, once upon a time, ex ceedingly unkind to Prince Bismarck, and we ought to remember this when we criticise our neighbors. Had the positions been reversed and he survived the Queen, I cannot think his lot would have been at all a happy one in England. Two things are singular in the realor supposed unpopularity of the Empress—first that she should be upbraided for being too English, whereas the most Teutonic of princesses could scarcely be more entirely German in blood. She has had, we may say, in her genealogy three English-born and English-feeling ancestors; her great-grandfather, George III, (the first of our Hanoverian Kings who had the least pretension to be English), her grandfather, the Duke of Kent, the son of a German mother; the Queen, the daughter of a German mother; while the Empress herself is the daughter of a German father. It would be difficult to find an affiliation less mixed. Her Imperial Majesty has spoken German from her cradle; she has been surrounded by German servants and governesses. On our side, were it not for the present complete popularity and warm and general sentiment of home regard and possession which the Royal family enjoy among us, it might easily be that we should upbraid the House of Guelph with being too German. Granting the royal necessity for a foreign consort, which it seems impossible to surmount, no less foreign consort than the Empress is could have been imagined. To be sure, that has been no less a necessity in Germany than anywhere else in the world. German princesses have always abounded for all the purposes of the state. Still a princess of Great Britain and Ireland (not to say a Princess Royal) differs in some degree from a Mecklenburg or a Hesse.

Then there is the odious insinuation that the Empress has introduced a strain of unhealthiness among the robust Hohenzollerns. Whence this

PERSISTENT AND PREVAILING SLANDER

comes it is very difficult to say. One sees it cropping up in all kinds of places; among the newspapers of the backstairs; in the very face of the evident fact that a family more vigorous than the Royal family of England does not exist anywhere. The work they *get* through in the most conscientious, business like way would kill off in a year or two a delicate or unhealthy race. Out of all her large family, the Queen has had but one delicate child, thelate Duke of Albany, all the rest of our princes and princesses are hale and hearty; no pale spectres have ever gathered about her Royal Board. They travel, go through the most tedious formalities, bow till our sympathetic necks ache merely to see it, stand till our sympathetic limbs tremble under us, and are ever ready to be called upon for a thousand uninteresting duties. The Queen herself is far from young, as must be allowed. She is a great-grandmother, but there are not many working women who within eight of seventy would be considered capable by themselves or anyone clse of doing the work carried on by our Sovereign without either complaint or applause. The Princess Louise carries her and each other when we find the grandmother of the cottage still toiling. Something must be done for her; that, at least, cannot be allowed to go on, we say. But the Queen always goes on; takes long journeys across Europe, presents herself, after travelling two nights in succession, untired, ready for everything, to throngs of gazing strangers, although we all know that to be stared at and crowded is not naturally agreeable to Her Majesty. And it is the Queen's daughter who is supposed to have brought a strain of weakness to the Prussian house. The old Emperor, like many other younger potentates, was bolstered up periodically with baths and cures. The Queen requires no Gastein, no healing and soothing waters. I heard a whimsical story not long ago of a young servant at Windsor who had been reprimanded for falling asleep before his work was over. It was his duty to put out the lamps. "Nobody oughtn't to sit up so late," the young man grumbled in his self-defence. It was the Queen, busy over work, who kept this faithful attendant out of bed. And the Queen's family are like her. There is not a sickly child among her descendants. It is time that all odious whispers should be contradicted. Let the gossips name a family less subject to illness in any class of society. Never was a slander less in the meantime is easy to whisper about invisible taint where no such thing is.

The War Scare in England.

The death of Frederick has brought this war fever to something approaching a climax. For some months the English news papers have been filled with accounts of new rifles, new high explosives, foreign armaments, and naval comparisons, as if war were looked for on the following week. England has had a war scare which proves to have been absurd had it not shown the strained condition of public feeling. Every Montenegrin uprising, every Balkan intrigue, every Russian interference by Russian agents with the Bulgarian army, every time the Czar's picture has been torn from a wall, or a petty quarrel has taken place on the Franco German frontier, or an English tourist has been arrested for a German spy in France, a flutter has gone through all England, and army has glanced at army startled with fear that the time had come. This sort of thing cannot last forever. Bankruptcy from standing armies is the pleasing outlook on the one hand and war on the other. The fact is, that notwithstanding the universally expressed desire for peace, war would be politically a relief.

"Doubting Thomases."

remarked an eminent divine, "must exist in ratio to the too credulous." The habit of cautiousness is right, as a general thing, in born, but is the result of a naturally generous and confiding nature repeatedly victimized by the cunning and crafty. So the many disappointments, and often injurious effects, arising from the use of various vaunted remedies have induced an undue cautiousness, and, in many cases, entire abandonment of the use of any. We call attention to the remedies of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, which physicians are employing in their practice with the most beneficial results. His "Golden Medical Discovery," for diseases of the lungs and kidneys, heart affections, fever and ague, dropsy, and *all* diseases of the blood, has never failed when put to the test.

Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer.

Are you bilious and dyspeptic?
Does your liver sluggish seem?
Is your slumber often broken
By a hideous, nightmare dream?
Friend, be wise: The Pleasant Pellets
Made by *Dr. Pierce* procure,
And they'll bring you back the sunshine
Of good health, you may be sure.

Jaggs—"Yes, I proposed to her." Baggs—"And she gave you her hand, and with it her heart." Jaggs—"Not exactly. Her father gave me his foot and his sole went with it."

That's What My Wife Says."

"How are all the folks?" asked Brown of Jones. "All well, except my wife," said Jones. "I'm worried about her. She tires out so easily; she complains of a backache about all the time, and she is so low-spirited that she don't seem to enjoy life at all." "My dear fellow," interrupted Brown, "I'll tell you exactly what she needs. My wife had the very same symptons a few months ago, but to-day she is the healthiest woman in town. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured her, and it will cure Mrs. Jones, too. There's nothing on earth like it for the complaints to which the weaker sex are liable. That's what my wife says, and she knows." Guarantee to give satisfaction in every case, or money returned, printed on bottle wrapper.

Those who occupy the highest stations often think with regret of some pleasanter one they left below.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Thoughts shut up want air, and spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, despomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobbacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and nervous debility, and from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any other cause whatever, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

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Bill of the play—Bill Shakespeare.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

When Deacon Pogram visited the theatre for the first time he was greatly shocked at the ballet for a little while. He thought better of it after a time, however, and whispered to Mrs. P., "Marthy, it's awful, I'll allow yer; but my! if we could have suthin' o' the kind down to one o' our parasish socials, wouldn't we draw the folks! We'd wipe out that church debt quicker'n scat!"

A. P. 404

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Second-Hand Bicycles and Tricycles.
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GUELPH Business College, GUELPH, ONT.—This popular Institution, now in its 4th year, is doing a grand work for the education of young men and women in those branches, a knowledge of which is so essential to the intelligent and successful management of practical affairs. Its graduates are every where giving signal proof of the thoroughness of their training, and bearing grateful testimony to the monetary value of its course of study. The Fourth Annual Circular, giving full information will be mailed free. Address M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.
Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.
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Montreal, Que

We Are Building
Large additions to our factory, and as we are removing some of the former buildings, we are
FORCED TO REDUCE STOCK
until the new buildings are erected. We have therefore decided to offer our Choice Stock of second-hand
PIANOS AND ORGANS
AT SACRIFICE PRICES,
FOR 30 DAYS ONLY,
to reliable parties, on payment of one-tenth Cash and one-tenth every three months, until paid for, with int. on balances.
These Instruments have been carefully selected and thoroughly repaired at our factory, and are by reliable makers. Purchasers will have the option of exchange, as we guarantee satisfaction with every instrument.
The following are a few instruments selected from the stock, and from which intending purchasers may form an estimate of the Bargains we now offer:

PIANOS.

6-octave, Mahogany case, by Cutler & Whitaker	$ 60 00
6-octave, Rosewood Case, by Chickering, of Boston	95 00
6-octave, Rosewood Case, by Griffin & Scudder, N. Y.	110 00
6¼-octave, Rosewood Case, by Stodart, N. Y.	115 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by G. T. Hayes & Co.	140 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Jas. W. Vose, Boston	165 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Heintzman Bros.	170 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Dunham, Sons & Co., by Heintzman Bros.	180 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, Weber & Co.	185 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Weber & Co.	200 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Trayer Piano Co., N.Y.	200 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by J. & C. Fischer, N. Y. (Price $600)	215 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Harmonic	220 00
7½-octave, Rosewood Case, by C. E. Thomas (square grand, like new)	250 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Steinway & Sons, N.Y. (Price $675)	335 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Decker Bros. (like new, price $575)	350 00
7-octave, Rosewood Case, by Decker Bros. (like new, price $600)	375 00

ORGANS.

5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, by W. Bell & Co.	$30 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, by Geo. A. Prince & Co.	35 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 4-stop, by Victoria Organ Co.	40 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 6-stop, by Geo. A. Prince & Co.	45 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 6-stop, by Uxbridge Organ Co.	50 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 6-stop, by Mudge & Yarwood	55 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 6-stop, by Canada Organ Co.	60 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 8-stop, by Dominion Organ Co.	65 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 8-stop, by E. G. Thomas & Co.	70 00
5-octave, Walnut Case, Double reed, 8-stop, by Dominion Organ Co.	70 00

And Melodeons at $10, $15 and $20 each.
We shall be pleased to afford enquirers any further information that may be needed.
MASON & RISCH,
32 King St. West, TORONTO.

CHOICE FARMS FOR SALE IN ALL PARTS OF
MANITOBA.
PARTIES wishing to purchase improved Manitoba Farms, from 80 acres upwards, with immediate possession, call or write to G. I. MAULSON, Mc Arthur's Block, Main St., Winnipeg. Information furnished free of charge, and settlers assisted in making selection. MONEY TO LOAN at current rates of interest.

Nervous Debility.
DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of nervous debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

JOHNSTONS FLUID BEEF

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT. During the warm weather it is not good to eat much meat as it overheats the body. Our advice is eat less meat and take instead regularly JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF, which is a perfect substitute for meat because it supplies every constituent of meat that nourishes and strengthens without any of the superfluous nourishment that clogs and irrate the stomach. By it taking it the system will be kept in tone and physical exhaustion and many other evils incident to the summer will be avoided.

MONEY TO LOAN on Farms. Lowest Rates. No delay. Correspondence solicited. E. W. D. BETLEE, Financial Agt. 72 King St. E., Toronto.

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The Celebrated Hancock Inspirator.
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Cut the red circle from the label and send it to a letter stating honest opinion after fair trial. Either a 5, 10 or 25 cent size we will accept the gift.
Any grocer or storekeeper knows where to get it if asked for by you.—*Address*—
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OUR AGENTS Magnificent Parallel Bible. Withrow's Popular "History of Canada," Gough's "Platform Echoes," Dorchester's "Liquor Problem," Sam P. Jones' "Living Words," "The Cottage Physician," Gough's "Sunlight and Shadow," "Mother, Home and Heaven," etc. Popular Books! Liberal Terms! Write for circulars, terms, etc., to WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

Whaley Royce & Co.,
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The Cheapest Place in Canada for
BAND INSTRUMENTS
New and Second-hand.
Agents for
"BESSON and "HIGHAM" Band and Orchestra MUSIC.
Repairing of Band Instruments a specialty.
Send for Catalogue.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. For rates and berths of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.
For freight, passage or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfld.; Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto. Allans, Rae & Co., Montreal; Wm. Brooks & Co., Philadelphia; H. & A. Allen, Portland, Boston Montreal.

WALKER BITTER WORKERS—Storekeepers and others entrapped in Bitter Sweet business will save time and money by investing. Three sizes. Prices on application.
JAS. PARK & SON, TORONTO.

MAY APPLE BLOOD SYRUP
THE Greatest Discovery of the present age for Rheumatism, Sores, Burns, and Chronic all Blood Diseases, and Constitutional Debility. A Perfect Blood Purifier. A new and Handsome Cure, has been benefited by its use: Mrs. M. Keenan, 1126 Robert St., second case of Erysipelas of two years' standing; Ruth. Cornell, South St., daughter cured of Rheumatism after 4 years' suffering; Jennie Birrell, 55 Walnut ave., cured of Weak Lungs and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 96 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Billiousness, used only a fifty-cent bottle; Neal, 8 Agnes St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two small bottles gave her great relief. Sold by druggists. Price 50c. & $1.
F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT
Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888

NEW boating shawls, all shades, prices moderate. Kerr & Wims.

Egar's for fly paper and poison.

Hay is now eighteen dollars a ton.

Strawberries are quoted at 10 cts; eggs 12 to 15 cts; butter 16 to 18 cts.

Trunks, valises and travelling bags—a large stock at The Big Store.

REV. Rural Dean Rollitt, of Montreal, preached in S. Mark's Church last Sunday.

Spectacles, spectacles, and goggles for Widow's Sons at Egar's drug store, Deseronto.

THE school board ask for tenders for taking care of the school buildings. See advt.

MR. C. H. OTTO, of The TRIBUNE Block, will bind books in any style at reasonable rates.

THE Oddfellows are very much elated over their successful picnic. They are the boys to do it.

GO to M. C. Hamilton's, St. George street, for ready made clothing and all kinds of goods.

The Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Davey's Island and Glenora on Saturday afternoon.

The Big Store has a job lot of men's all wool tweed pants to sell at less than the manufacturer's prices.

REV. D. O. Crossley takes his annual excursion to 1000 Island Park on Saturday, August 11th. Plenty of room for all.

REMEMBER that Friday, July 13th, is the date of the Masonic excursion by str. Quinte to Glenora and Davey's Island.

MR. R. S. Bell, editor of the *Intelligencer*, is said to have fallen heir to a handsome fortune by the death of an aunt in the old country.

Mr. J. W. Baker, head miller of the Coldstream Mills, Kalamazoo, Mich., spent a few days in town this week on a visit to his parents, Mr. & Mrs. B. Baker.

Mr. Wm Mitchell has set a number of carpenters at work renewing the foundations and making other improvements on the elevator at the Deseronto Flour Mills.

ON Wednesday, John Stuart, Jr., had three of his fingers badly lacerated by a saw in the shingle mill. Dr. Vandervoort dressed the wounds and the young lad is getting along nicely.

THE farmers of this district, owing to the failure of the hay crop, are selling large numbers of cows and other cattle for the United States market. A good cow can be purchased from 15 to 18 dollars.

ON Wednesday the Quinte carried a large excursion from Napanee to Cape Vincent under the auspices of Argyll Lodge, I. O. O. F. The excursionists greatly enjoyed the trip and celebrated the 4th of July in grand style.

THE Rathbun Company Band are busily preparing for a lawn festival which will probably be held about the 17th or 18th inst. They are meeting with assurances of hearty support from all classes of the community.

THE high school entrance examinations have been in progress this week. Twenty-five candidates are writing in Deseronto, ten of whom are from the Deseronto public school. Mr. Massey, of Blessington, is the local examiner.

A LEGAL gentleman from this town camped out with his family at Grassy Point on Dominion Day. He went out fishing with a hat of limited brim and got his neck so badly scorched that he has been unable to wear a collar ever since.

Mr. Wm. Dawes has sold his yacht "Mischief" to Mr. W. A. Elliott, of Montreal, for a good round figure. The Mischief will compete in races at Montreal on Saturday. She was modelled by Capt. Cuthbert, the well known builder, and is a fast craft which will make a record.

THE Masonic fraternity of Deseronto held their annual excursion to Davey's Island and Glenora next Friday evening, 13th inst. The Quinte has been chartered for the occasion. Music for dancing will be provided, and good order guaranteed. Boat will leave the dock at 8 sharp. Tickets, 25c.

NEXT Tuesday is the "Glorious Twelfth." There will be a grand demonstration at Port Hope, at which the Orange lodges of Deseronto, Shannonville and the Reserve will be present. The Rathbun Company Band has been engaged by the Shannonville brethren to furnish music on the occasion.

ABOUT 11:30 p. m. on Monday parties endeavored to gain entrance into Mr. Ed ward Wilson's house on Forth street. Fortunately they were heard by Mrs. Wilson who alarmed Mr. M. C. Dunn, the next neighbor, Mr. Wilson being away from home, hearing Mr. Dunn's approach the rascals cleared off. Mr. Dunn had been using his gun during the day and left it elsewhere in a case, or, no doubt, as he is a crack shot, he would have given one of them a charge of shot as a memento of their visit.

IT would appear that the church bell is the next cherished institution which must go. An agitation has been instituted against it in large towns and cities, the clangour it makes being voted a nuisance as it annoys the sick and trys the nerves of all. A cheap time piece is now found in the homes of all classes, so that the bell is not required to tell the hour for service. The salvation army drum is found more effectual to gather a crowd, but it is thought that public sentiment will demand the removal of both.

ON Friday last Miss Rathbun after a pleasant voyage arrived at New York where she was met by Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Rathbun and other friends. On Saturday the party reached home by the afternoon express and were met at Deseronto Junction by a number of friends who gave Miss Rathbun a cordial welcome home from her prolonged tour on the continent of Europe. The B. of Q. trainman had their engine gaily decorated with flags in honour of Miss Rathbun's return and the whole party was conveyed into town by the handsome new N. Y. & Q. Ry coach which made its first trip on the occasion.

THE lacrosse ball match between the Ashley Carriage Company, of Belleville, and the Deseronto Club came off on Monday afternoon and was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators. As it was the first match ever played by the Deseronto team, victory was not anticipated. The game was well played, however, but resulted as was expected, in the defeat of the home team by a score of 15 to 7. The boys are not the least disheartened and will try conclusions with the victors at an early day. The victors behaved like gentlemen.

COMMISSIONER MARRIGAN has made a good job of grading on Mill street which now looks quite in style.

MR. WM. MITCHELL has had a conveyor put in the Cedar Mill to carry shingle stuff from the mill so as to be loaded directly on cars.

JOHN MCGIVAN, Richmond, drank and disorderly, was arrested by the Chief last Friday evening. The Reeve dismissed him next morning with a caution.

THERE are still a few parties who have not settled their subscriptions for the current year. All such will please attend to this little matter during the next few weeks.

THE sugar and salt at one of the tables on Dominion day were in vessels of the same kind, and mistakes were common, parties helping themselves to the wrong seasoning for their fluids.

RURAL DEAN ROLLITT, of Montreal, has been in town this week collecting subscriptions for the Sabbath mission for the diocese of Montreal. He preached at S. Mark's church on Sunday.

MR. H. WILMOT, M. P. P. for Frontenac, died suddenly last Monday morning. For some years he had been troubled with heart disease the cause of his death. He was deservedly popular with all classes.

A QUANTITY of rubbish, unseemly and unsavory, has been dumped at the crossing of Second and Main streets, and numerous are the complaints which have been lodged at this office concerning the same.

THE town is rapidly filling up with summer visitors. With good opportunities for reaching all points on the bay, Deseronto is found an exceedingly pleasant place in which to spend the summer vacation.

THE Hero carries an excursion to Kingston on the Twelfth of July, leaving Belleville at 3:30 a. m., Northport 4:30, Deseronto 5. a. m., reaching Kingston in time to witness the grand procession. Fare for the round trip, 60cts.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. Chas. Dryden, Jr., took place last Saturday, the services being conducted by Rev. A. Campbell. The remains were interred in the Deseronto cemetery, this being the first interment in the new cemetery.

HAVE you ever noticed with what seriousness the dancers address themselves to their task at the platform on Dominion and other festive days? Its seldom you see a smile on one of their faces. You will see ten times more talk and jollity at the average funeral procession.

COMMISSIONER MARRIGAN will soon have completed the year's work on the streets. The boardwalks will next engage his attention. More care should be taken in future to the proper management of this department of public works. Much flimsy and useless work has been done in the past.

THE display of bunting in town last Monday was not as profuse as on former Dominion days, quite a number of flag staffs being naked on the occasion, while the juvenile small flag was scarcely to be seen at all. Even though Canada has come of age there should be no lack of these symbols of loyal attachment to our great empire.

A party drove through the ranks of the Salvation Army procession on Monday evening, causing a slight commotion for a few minutes. One of the party was compelled to stop the horses and received a few lashes of the whip in return. The affair will be probably ventilated in the police court at Belleville.

A LADY of mammoth dimensions entered the picnic grounds on Monday through the fence. A lean member of the committee was despatched to intercept her and collect the entrance fee. An exciting race followed but she was eventually run down and the coveted dime obtained. There would have been more fun if the man of the committee had been sent on the mission.

THE ladies of the Methodist and Church of England congregations worked faithfully and zealously on Dominion Day to please their numerous patrons at the dinner tables. Their arrangements were very complete. Mrs. J. M. Poitras had a neat tent in connection with her table. The Methodists realized $13.85 by their tables, and the Church of England $87.00. These are handsome figures.

THE magistrates aver that they are not at all to blame if rowdies who annoy excursions are not punished for their conduct. They are willing to sit quite heavily on any person who is brought before them charged with this offence. Hitherto no one has been arraigned before them on a charge of this nature. The blame attaches altogether to the committees who have charge of excursions or to the proprietors of steamers.

THE str. Hero will on Monday, July 9th, carry an excursion to Kingston in connection with the opening of the new Salvation Army Barracks at that city. The boat leaves Deseronto at 7:30 a. m. Tickets good to return till Wednesday are placed at 75 cts and can be purchased from Capt. Mutton, Deseronto. The opening services will commence on Saturday and continue until Wednesday, and will include parade street processions, presentation of colors, banquet, &c. A grand time is requested.

AS English specialist in the study of intemperance makes the rather strange statement that although women often drink as heavily as men they are seldom attacked with delirium tremens. No explanation is ventured. The natural impression would be that women, being the weaker and more nervous, would quickly succumb to this disease. The statement is made, however, solely with reference to English women, whose nervous systems are not as fine as those of American women.

MR. SPURGEON sometimes tests the abilities of his students by obliging them to go up in the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of their address. On one occation a student, on opening the paper, found this subject set, 'Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own personal qualifications and call, and be delivered himself in the following way—My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to day is a comparison between Zaccheus and my own qualifications, and the first thing we read of a out Zaccheus was that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he climbed up into a tree, which is very much my position now. Thirdly, we read that Zaccheus "made haste to come down," which I joyfully follow his example.

THE Salvation Army had a happy and glorious day on Monday. The Belleville contingent arrived about 9 a. m. by the Annie Gilbert, and headed by their brass band marched to the White Church where a splendid meeting was held, addresses being delivered by Capts. Torrance, Todd, Mutton, Mottashed & wife, Taylor, and Duff, Lieuts Locke, Andrews, Carney and Cadet Waldran. Dinner was served to a very large crowd, the resources of the local corps being taxed to the utmost to provide for the multitude of visitors. In the evening tea was served and afterwards a Jubilee meeting, which was attended by a large number of people, was held the exercises being exceedingly fervent and interesting. The day passed off in a most satisfactory manner to all concerned, the visitors greatly enjoying their stay in Deseronto.

If you want a silk or satin parasol, black or colored, go to The Big Store for it.

Story books, note-paper, stamps, ink, pens, everything at Egar's drug store.

We are rendering several accounts this week. An early settlement is requested in each case.

FOR a cooling and delicious beverage buy a bottle of "Pure Lime Juice," at The Big Store.

AT the promotion examinations several teachers sent up pupils, chiefly in the junior divisions, merely for practice.

MR. T. N. CARTER has engaged some first class workmen. He can give you the best article in boots and shoes.

The Oddfellows took in over $200 by gate receipts, &c., on the occasion of their picnic, Dominion Day, a handsome amount surely.

NOMINATIONS took place in Manitoba on Wednesday, Premier Greenway and ten of his followers being elected by acclamation.

THE crowd on Dominion day was very orderly, a state of things which fortunately obtains on all public occasions in Deseronto.

THE good little Sunday school pupil now yearns for the annual picnic and will be promptly in the class until the event is a reality.

A FIRE was observed raging to the rear of the Powles farm yesterday afternoon. People cannot be too careful about fire this dry weather.

THERE are twenty-six miles of sweat tubes in the body of an ordinary man, and a large church audience perspires a ton of water every hour.

ON Saturday evening the Deseronto carries an excursion from Napanee to Davey's Island. Tickets 25 cts. Do not miss this pleasant sail.

A FRAME house occupied by Wm. Edgar, on the south side of the river, opposite Napanee, was destroyed by fire. Loss $1,000; no insurance.

W. FLACK, of Syracuse, N. Y., while trying to make a trip through the whirlpool rapids, Niagara, in a lifeboat of his own make, was drowned.

THE vital statistics for the half year ending June 30th, have been handed in to us by Mr. R. N. Irvine, and are as follows:—births 34; marriages 11; deaths 11.

A NEW kind of fish is reported to have been discovered in the St. Lawrence river. It is called Baptist fish, because it will not keep for any time out of the water.

A PUPPY becomes a dog, a kitten becomes a cat, a piggie becomes a hog, a mouse becomes a rat, but what makes men rear and pant is when a mortgage becomes an elephant.

ON Thursday, June 28th, Miss Jessie Porter, teacher in the public school, was presented with a handsomely bound volume of the "Royal Path of Life" by a number of the pupils of her department.

AS we have frequently announced no changes in our advertisements can be made after Wednesday at noon. All new advertisements should be in our hands at 10. a. m. Thursday morning.

MISS EDITH COOKE is the successful competitor for The TRIBUNE'S prize for the best essay on "The Canadian Summers stating that her effort gave evidences of greater originality than the others.

MESSRS Kerr & Wims can furnish the ladies of Deseronto with dress goods and everything they require in that line at prices far below what is asked elsewhere. New importations constantly received.

THE sash factory staff are proud of their new flag which was thrown to the breeze for the first time on Monday. It is a large British ensign, with the name of the establishment worked on it in white letters.

A VERY large part of the work of other made slop boots and shoes at fancy prices for such work, when you can get nice hand sewed work made to order at T. N. Carter's shop, Main street, Deseronto, in any style and at prices little if any higher than you pay for factory boots.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH still considers Commercial Union inevitable, and not distasteful to the Imperial Government. The movement will no doubt receive a great impetus by the re-election of President Cleveland. The Republican policy is corruption—a charge of this

THE East Hastings Fair will be held at Roslin, on Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, 1888. Cut this paragraph out, as it will probably be the only announcement of this event which will be given in this section. The directors may advertise their little show in this part of the country.

THE grain carrying trade is almost at a stand still on the St. Lawrence, the trade preferring the Buffalo and New York route which affords cheaper rates of transportation. It seems that there is no return cargo for vessels going to Canadian ports, while all the American vessels are always sure of return freights. The latter can thus carry at reduced rates.

THE star spangled banner was seen defiantly floating to the breeze on the flag staff over the "Inn" on Main street on the Fourth of July. When we remember that the Secretary of the Liberal Conservative Association of Deseronto has his office beneath the roof of that block, we may well anxiously ask the question, whither are we drifting?

IN connection with the Bi-Centenary of Orangeism the brethren of each primary lodge are directed to attend divine service in a body on Sunday, July 8th. On Sunday next the members of the Deseronto and Reserve lodges will attend the morning service in Christ Church, Tyendinaga, when Rev. G. A. Anderson, the Rector, will conduct the services and preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion. All Orangemen, including those not connected with the local lodges, are cordially invited to attend on the occasion. In compliance with the recommendation of the Grand Lodge the collection will be for the benefit of the officiating clergyman.

KINGSTON and 1000 Islands. Ten hours in Kingston and return the same day for 85 cts. The Sons of England, Belleville, will run an excursion from Belleville per the Grand Trunk Railway to Kingston and thence per steamer "Maud" through the fat famed Thousand Islands to Alexandria Bay on Wednesday, July 18th, inst. A special train will leave Belleville at 7:50 a. m. and calling at all way stations reaching Kingston at 10 o'clock. Excursionists will have three hours in Kingston before taking the "Maud" which will leave at 1:00 p. m., and will pass through the beautiful scenery of the Islands to Alexandria Bay, returning in time to reach Belleville at 10 p. m. Fare for the round trip to Alexandria Bay $1.10. Fare from Belleville, Deseronto Junction, Napanee, and all intermediate stations, to Kingston and return 85 cts. Children under 12 years, half fare to Kingston. The excursion held under the auspices of the Sons of England are always successful and pleasant in every sense of the word. Remember the date, July 18th.

Egar's for Insect Powder, Paris Green and Hellebore.

THE Geddie for good pure ice-cream and other delicacies of the season.

MRS. HOWES, of Napanee, has been fined $50 and costs for violation of the Scott Act.

MR. THOMAS HESS, photographer, Picton, is making arrangements to open a branch in Deseronto

Do not forget that T. N. Carter keeps the largest and best stock of boots and shoes in Deseronto.

GEDDIE is making himself the most popular man in town by the excellence of the ice cream he is making this season.

THE Gladstonians were defeated in the Thanet division of Kent only reducing the former majority of 2,000 to 654.

THE police of Napanee have been raiding the disreputable houses in that town and a number of soiled doves have been committed to jail.

THE weather still continues dry and warm. People no longer hope for rain and farmers in this district have given up all hopes of even a half crop.

THE Czar of Russia rules over a territory almost as large as Europe, Canada, and the United States rolled into one. Still he is not content; he wants and will probably secure a large slice of Turkey and Persia.

PRINCE Albert Victor, heir apparent to the British crown, is said to be engaged to a German princess who can play the banjo and is very rich. The young man should encourage imperial federation—and it wants it! The encouragement it can get—by marrying a Canadian.

REV. ROBT. ATKINSON continues to meet with much encouragement in his mission at Milford. A strawberry festival for his benefit held last Saturday evening realized $28. The work of renovation of the church at Milford has been commenced.

As will be seen by an announcement in the proper column our good friend Mr. Herb. C. Foster, formerly of this office, has joined the army of benedicts, having been married on the 21st ult., at Riverside, California, to an estimable young lady of that place. We wish the happy couple all success in their new relation.

LAST Friday Richard Maricle was committed to Belleville gaol on a charge of vagrancy. Yesterday morning the old man, who was about seventy-five years of age, died in that institution. A coroner's jury was summoned who returned a verdict of "died of old age." Richard was a well known character in Deseronto, and his familiar figure will be missed on our streets. During the past eight or ten years he has spent the winters in jail and his summers have been passed as a homeless wanderer dependent on the charity of friends.

THE *Ontario* says that:—Police Magistrate Flint on Wednesday gave judgment in the milk cases of Inspector Whitton against his patrons of Gould factory in Tyendinaga. The defendants both live in the township of Richmond and were fined heavily under the new Ontario Act for the adulteration of the milk. Robert Dowling was convicted on four charges—diluting his milk with water, two charges of skimming it, and one for saving the strippings on the 9th and 15th of June. He was fined $10 and costs in each case, amounting in all to $70.70. Z. A. Grooms was found guilty of diluting his milk on the 15th June and saving the strippings. He was fined $20 and costs in each case in all $59.20. Mr. Bardett conducted the case for the prosecution and Mr. Preston, of Napanee, for the defence.

WE record this week the death of Mr. Daniel L. Walker, who died at three o'clock on Wednesday morning after a few hours illness. The sad news of his sudden death was heard with general expressions of surprise as he had been about the day before. Heart disease was the cause of his sudden removal. The deceased gentleman was a native of Kingston and came to Deseronto many years ago. Few of our citizens have been more deservedly respected by all classes and creeds. He lived a blameless and useful life. For many years he was a class leader and local preacher in the Methodist Church, and in these positions proved himself extremely useful. He leaves a widow and large family to mourn the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father, while the whole community regret the departure of a sincere Christian and worthy neighbor. The funeral takes place to-day at 2 p. m., to the Huffman Cemetery, Napanee, religious services being held first at the White Church by Rev. A. Campbell, pastor of the Methodist Church.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. G. Hooper, of Frankford, was in town yesterday.

Miss O'Connor is enjoying a visit to friends in Oswego.

Mr. J. Carswell enjoyed a day or two in Napanee this week.

Mr. Thos. Hanley, of Belleville, paid us a visit on Tuesday.

Mr. Philip Conley spent Dominion Day at his home in Stirling.

Miss Innes, we are glad to say, is recovering from her serious illness.

Miss Northcott, of Colborne, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Annie Porte, of Picton, has been visiting at Mr. W. P. Bowen's.

Mrs. E. R. Chapman and Mrs. J.J. Kerr are visiting friends in Frankford.

Mr. E. Rodwell, of Perth, has entered on duties in the Big Store.

Mr. Thos. Dryden spent a few days this week visiting friends in Trenton.

Mr. E. Walter Rathbun enjoyed a trip to Charlotte and Oswego this week.

Miss Jessie Porter, of the public school, will take a course in the Ottawa Normal School.

Miss Jessie Whitton, of the Kingston Collegiate Institute, is home for the summer vacation.

Miss Hattie Barnhart, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Barnhart, Centre street.

Mr. Joseph Hoppes, of the electric staff, is spending a vacation by a visit to Oswego, Rochester, and other American cities.

Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Burgess, of Oswego, came over on the Resolute last Wednesday morning.

Mr. Allan Dryden, of Watertown, N. Y., spent a week in town renewing former associations.

Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Gore, of Toronto, spent a few days in Deseronto during the past week.

Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Elliot, of Shannonville, were the guests of Mrs. Jas. Whitton on Dominion Day.

Mr. A. S. Valkau spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Picton and other parts of Prince Edward.

Mr. C. E. Roach, of the Peterboro agency of the Rathbun Company, spent Dominion Day in Deseronto.

Mr. Wm. Deans, of the stenographic staff, has returned from his mysterious mission to Oswego.

Mr. T. H. Nasmith spent Sunday in Kingston and Monday among the fascinating attractions of the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Robert Gault, of the Lindsay agency of the Rathbun Company, took another grant of life, by spending Dominion day at Deseronto.

Mr. A. Z. Valleau, of Selby, has entered on duties at the Central telegraph office.

Mr. & Mrs. Watson, of Flesherton' who have been visiting friends in Deseronto have returned home.

Mr. J. A. Moore, of Belleville, is moving to Deseronto, having obtained a situation with T. N. Carter.

Dr. J. Playfair McMurrich, of Haverford, Pa., is visiting Deseronto as the guest of Mr. F. S. Rathbun.

Mr. Wm Ralston spent Dominion Day in Deseronto, which appears to have strong attractions for William.

Mr. & Mrs G. J. Carter, of Trenton, were in town Saturday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Chas. Dryden, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. Chas. E. Rushmore, and Miss Jean M. Rushmore, of New York City, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Rathbun.

Mr. & Mrs. L. Blaikie and Master George Blaikie, of Toronto, have been spending the week at Bay View Ranche.

THANKS.

The Ladies of the Methodist Church are very grateful to the public for the liberal patronage recorded to them on Monday last at their Dominion Day Dinner. They desire also thus to publicly acknowledge the valuable assistance they received from members of the different churches, both in contributing provisions and helping at the tables. The generous support of the public on the above occasion has enabled the ladies to place in the hands of the General Treasurer of the Church, the sum of $116.35.

Last Warning.

ALL ACCOUNTS that are past one month due, if not paid at once, will be left with the Clerk of the Division Court.

GEO. J. SAGER,
Deseronto.

Reward.

A LIBERAL REWARD will be given to any person who will give information of the names of the parties who took a life boat off the end of the dock near the shipyard some time between Saturday evening and Tuesday morning.

WM. EVANS.

CARETAKER WANTED.

TENDERS addressed to the subscriber will be received up to 18th inst., from any who wish to act as Caretaker of the PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS and PROPERTY agreeably to specification that may be seen with me. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

RICHARD RAYBURN,
Sec'y to P. S. B.

July 5th, 1888. 2—ins.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

Dated the posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont.,
27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,
BOOKBINDER,
over the TRIBUNE office,
DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.
June 7, 1888—37.

GREAT : CLEARING : SALE
—OF—
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Thirty Days
—AT—
CARTER'S,
OPPOSITE THE
O'CONNOR HOUSE, DESERONTO.

THE undersigned offers for sale at greatly reduced prices the whole stock comprising

3,000 PAIRS OF
LADIES' GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S
BOOTS : AND : SHOES,
—OF THE—
BEST MAKES
and Latest Styles.

The goods must be sold to make room for home manufacturing purposes, as he has engaged a staff of first-class workmen, and is now prepared to manufacture Gents' Fine Sewed Boots in all the leading styles.

☞ Leave your orders for a pair of Sewed Balmorals. If they do not fit or suit, we ask no payment.

T. N. CARTER,
April 27-4ins. Main-st., Deseronto.

COME
DIRECT TO US.

Come to us for anything you can get any place else. Come to us for anything you can't get any place else. Others may occasionally do well for you. We can always do well for you. Others may occasionally be able to offer you bargains in bankrupt goods, but our stock is always new and fresh, and you can always get good value for your money. Come direct to us. Ladies will note the following: Ladies SILK HANDKERCHIEFS 25 cents. GLOVES guaranteed pure silk in all shades at 55 cents. Ladies UNDERWEAR in all sizes and qualities. CORSETS in all the different makes. Washing Dress Goods in MUSLINS, LAWNS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS and GINGHAMS. Special line ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS at 12½ cents per yard. Special values in SILKS and SATINS. Our Dress goods and Dress Trimmings still take the lead. Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10c per yard. St. Looms at 7, 8, 9, 10, 12½, 15c per yard. Table Linens at 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60, 75, 90, $1 per yard. Table Napkins from 70c per dozen up. Towels all linen, special line at 10c each. Roller Towellings from 4c per yard up. Boating Shawls in all shades. Parasols in silk, Satin, Alpaca, and Lace.

We have a grand assortment of Clothing and Furnishings for men and boys. Men's Ready-made Suits in All-wool Tweeds from $5 up. Men's Suits Made to Order guaranteed satisfactory from $13 up. A splendid lot of Boys Ready Made Suits to fit boys of any age from five years up. These suits are handsomely made, stylish and very cheap in price. Bring your boys to us for suits. Men's and boys hats in knock abouts, Christy's and straws. Men's and boys Camping Shirts. Men's and boys Collars. Men's and boys Ties. Men's and boys Braces.

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING.

Ordered and Ready-Made Clothing.

ROBINSON & CO
Successors to Downey & C
Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto June 28, 1888

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 43 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LAMB, 6 to 7 " "
BEEF, 5½ to 6 " "
LARD, 10 to 11 " "
EGGS, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 125 cts. to $1.30 per bag.
HAY, 9 to 12 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 40 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 " "
GEESE, 50 to 55 cents each.
Hides 3 to 4 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 90 to 100 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 4 " "
Hogs, live weight, $5.50 to $6.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $7 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, 75 cents to $1.25 per bag.

BIRTHS.

CRAIG:—At the Manse, Deseronto, on the 30th of June, the wife of the Rev. R. J. Craig, M. A., of a son.

MCNAMARA:—At Deseronto, on the 24th of June, the wife of Mr. Alonzo McNamara, of a son.

STRATTON:—At Deseronto, on the 24th of June, the wife of Mr. Walter Stratton, of a daughter.

TREMBLY:—At Deseronto, on the 25th of June, the wife of Mr. Archy Trembly, of a son.

BRANT;—At Deseronto, on July 4th, the wife of Mr. Albert Brant, of a daughter.

CALLAGHAN:—At the residence of Mr. Peter O'Connell, of Kingsford, on the 2nd inst., the wife of Mr. Daniel Callaghan, of Tyendinaga, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WALSH—HEFFERNAN:—On the 2nd inst., at St. Charles' Church, by the Rev. Father McCarthy, Mr. David Walsh, son of the late Mr. Michael Walsh, to Miss Maggie Heffernan, daughter of Mr. Timothy Heffernan, all of Read.

FOSTER—DYER:—At South Riverside, California, on the 21st of June, Mr. Herbert C. Foster to Miss A. Kate Dyer.

DEATHS.

GENDRON:—In Buffalo, June 27th, 1888, Hannah E. Moss, wife of Thomas Gendron, in the 44th year of her age.

WALKER:—At Deseronto, on the 4th inst., Mr. Daniel L. Walker, aged 68 years.

MARICLE:—At Deseronto on the 4th inst., Mr. Richard Maricle, of Deseronto, aged 75 years.

DRYDEN:—At Deseronto, June 23th, Isabella, beloved wife of Mr. Chas. Dryden, Jr., aged 35 years.

WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT.
MRS. T. B. NASMITH,
Centre Street.

HURRAH!

HURRAH! - - HURRAH!

The 24th of May is the Queen's Birthday.

The Corner Grocery in Smith's Block is the birth place of

LOW PRICES.

There you can find everything that is kept in a

FIRST-CLASS -:- GROCERY

Believing in small profits and quick returns, I have decide to sell my goods at the lowest prices, giving the best value for the least money.

TEAS AND COFFEE

a specialty.

MY 35 CENT TEA

defies all competition.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for goods.

Remember the place; first door east of the O'Connor House, Deseronto.

W. H. VANBLARICOM.

May 23, 1888.

MILLINERY

—AND—

DRESS GOODS.

Mrs. Dalton Has just received an entirely new lot of MILLINERY Goods, and is showing all the latest novelties at the very lowest prices. Ladies should see these goods; no necessity to go to other towns.

—HER STOCK OF—

DRESS GOODS

IS VERY COMPLETE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

MANTLE CLOTHS, LACE CURTAINS, TRIMMINGS, GLOVES, LACES, RIBBONS, PARASOLS AND HOSIERY.

Everything in fact, in General and Fancy Dry Goods.

Your patronage is solicited

MRS. DALTON,
Deseronto.

March 22nd, 1888.

GEO. E. SNIDER,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER
in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.
Corner Main & St. George Streets,
Deseronto.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

IMPORTANT TO ALL
Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with

DANDRUFF

D. DORENWEND'S

"HAIR MAGIC"

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

DO NOT DELAY, if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egar, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, Sole Manfr.,
Toronto, Canada.

A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.

A Years' Experience!

After nearly a years experience of Simson's Liniment I have found it to be what I supposed at first it was, a an excellent Liniment to have about stable. I have used it in cases of Cuts, Galls, Bruises and Sprains on my horses, and in every case found relief at once. Cleansing the cuts and galls so that they healed rapidly, and reducing the soreness in cases of sprains and bruises in a short time.

Nothing has presented itself to me that has so effectively relieves and prevents the Horse Distemper. I have also found it of very great service, both in my own family and in the families of my men, in cases for which it is intended to be used.

R. T. WARDEN,
Livery Stable, 31 King Square,
St. John, N. B.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exists thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Pallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company on all their ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.
	No.1	No.3	No.5	No.7	No.9	No.11		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	
Des. lve	7:20	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:05	12:45	
E.End, "	7:29	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50	
Des. Jn. ar.	7:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05	

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	MIX. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED N & W.	EXP. WEST.
	No 2	No.4	No.6	No.8	No.10	No.12	No14
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. J. lve.	5:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End, "	8:45	8:25	10:50	11:55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive.	8:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.) Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER,
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

FOR -:- SALE
OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to

J. E. WALMSLEY,
Belleville,
or to
W. H. VANBLARICOM,
Deseronto,

May 25, 1888.

1888. SUMMER. 1888.

Kerr & Wims

—Have in stock the following special lines:—

NEW DRESS GOODS,
Chambrays, Seersuckers,
Flouncings, Prints, Lawns,
Ginghams, Gloves, Parasols,
Hosiery, Corsets, Lace,
Curtains, White, Cream and Colored.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Hats, Neckties and Gents' Furnishings; styles, and prices right.

Inspection invited.

KERR & WIMS.

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock. Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD
—BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and fa-

milies. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs* of either sex, *Emissions* and all its Affects caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5 by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich.*

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING
TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS
Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

Invention has revolutionized during the last half century. Not least among wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; and one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Call this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Public.

THE TRIBUNE

OFFICE

Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of

Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,

NEW TYPE,

—AND—

OTHER EQUIPMENTS

Have been lately added to

OUR OUTFIT,

enabling work to be

Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY

should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto NewS Co.,

(LIMITED),

DESERONTO, ONT.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Mr. McColl, mathematical teacher of Belleville high school, has resigned.

Thos. Germon, river-driver, had his leg broken while scuffling with a companion.

The Roman Catholics of Queensboro cleared off the debt on their church by a picnic which realized $250.

The camp at Gananoque broke up last Saturday, a free fight or two between citizens and soldiers winding up the event.

Bass fishing is said to be poor in the bay this season owing to the large quantities of these fish which are caught in the seines.

Rev. Mr. Taylor, Methodist minister of Foxboro, took a teaspoonful of iodine by mistake, thus narrowly escaping death by poisoning.

The drive-house and barns of G. Williams, two miles south of Picton, were burned on Thursday of last week. Insured for $2,550.

The Northumberland paper mills at Campbellford will be connected by rail with the Grand Junction railway.

The reflection of the sun from a bright milk-can set fire to a pile of chips in a farmer's yard near Peterboro. Farmers should be careful.

James H. Bellamy, near Colborne, had his leg broken by his team running away.

The stmr. Geneva is doing a large excursion business at Gananoque this year.

Lyn is becoming a great place for producing strawberries.

Co borne gives a bonus to boys who drive wandering cattle to pound.

Belleville's vital statistics for June are; births 17, marriages 9, deaths 7.

The Wheelsman's Meet at Belleville was a very pronounced success. The city swarmed with visitors.

Inspector Grainger has complaints against twelve hotelkeepers of Belleville for selling liquor on Sunday.

Miss Mary Grace, daughter of Richard Grills, Thurlow, was married on the 4th July to Rev. W. J. Hyde, of Dakota.

On Monday night some miscreant blew up with dynamite the mill dam of W. A. Hungerford, Glen Lewis Hungerford. The dam was built by T. C. Wallbridge and had been lately improved by Mr. Hungerford. It was similarly blown up some years since.

This year is the centenary of the introduction of Methodism into Kingston.

A boy named Bruce Claringbold, while fishing at Downey's dock at Conway, fell into the bay and was drowned.

Bishop Taylor, the famous African missionary, will preach at Thousand Island Park on the 15th of July.

Miss Minnie Robins, of Napanee, nearly lost her sight by the fumes from a bottle of heated ammonia.

Belleville's imports for June were $23,032, an increase of $3,185 over last year; exports $43,225, a decrease of $7,120.

Elias Wallbridge, Bath's Island, shows rye seven feet in height and heads of Clawson wheat five hundred inches in length filled with plump grain.

The Belleville papers complain of the amount of crime in that city, such as robberies, &c. They hold certain hotel keepers responsible in much as they harbour a large number of hard cases about their premises. They call on the license commissioners to refuse licenses to these parties.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A socialist plot to assassinate William is feared in Berlin.

Steve Brodie swam from Albany to New York in six days one hour.

The Emperors of Germany and Russia will meet, July 14th, at Kronstadt.

The Thibetans propose holding a conference with a view of establishing peace on the frontier.

During June the U. S. public debt was reduced $13,500,000, and during the fiscal year, $112,900,000.

Austrian troops are being ordered to Galicia because of movement of Russian troops toward the frontier.

The make up of the new French budget committee is against the government, and a crisis is imminent.

J. B. Aldrich was arrested in Chicago on Saturday on a charge of bigamy. It is said he has 23 wives living.

The Rev. Patrick J. Conway, Roman Catholic vicar general, died in Chicago on Sunday.

The French senate has adopted a resolution censuring M. Fereoulat, minister of justice, for dismissing a substitute procureur at Carcassonne. The minister will resign.

Governor Hill will call an extra session of the New York legislature to consider the prison appropriation bill and other important legislature which needs attention.

A. M. Duhamel, an officer of the corporation of Longueil, Que., has disappeared with $30,000 of the town's funds. He had charge of the collection of water rates, and cleared off with the whole year's collection. Duhamel is in New York.

Fields and Boswell, two bank sneak thieves, were sentenced at the Toronto criminal assizes, the former seven years and the latter to four years in the Kingston penitentiary.

At a meeting of printers, Edinburg, it was decided to petition the government to endeavor to secure the withdrawal from the copyright bill of the clause providing that type for copyright books must be set in America.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be definitely and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS:—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste" and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

That same night, as the Squire and Mrs. Meysey sat by themselves towards the small hours—after the guests had unanimously evacuated the drawing-room—discussing the affairs of the universe generally, as then and there envisaged, over a glass of claret-cup, the mother looked up at last with a sudden glance into the father's face and said, in a tone half-anxious, half-timid: "Tom, did it happen to strike you this afternoon that that handsome cousin of Elsie Challoner's seemed to take a great fancy to our Winifred?"

The Squire stirred his claret-cup idly with his spoon. "I suppose the fellow has eyes in his head," he answered bluntly. "No man in his senses could ever look at our little Winnie, I should think, Emily, and not fall over his ears in love with her."

Mrs. Meysey waited a minute or two more in silent suspense before she spoke again; then she said once more, very tentatively: "He seems a tolerably nice young man, I think, Tom."

"Oh, he's well enough, I daresay," the Squire admitted grudgingly.

"A barrister, he says. That's a very good profession," Mrs. Meysey went on, still feeling her way by gradual stages.

"Never heard so in my life before," the Squire grunted out. "There are barristers and barristers. His gets no briefs. Lives on literature, by what he tells me: next door to living upon your wits, I call it."

"But I mean, it's a gentleman's profession, anyhow, Tom, the bar."

"Oh, the man's a gentleman, of course, if it comes to that—a perfect gentleman; and an Oxford man, and a person of culture, and all that sort of thing—I don't deny it. He's a very presentable fellow, too, in his own way; and most intelligent understands the riparian proprietors' question as easy as anything.—You can ask him to dinner whenever you choose, if that's what you're driving at."

Mrs. Meysey called another halt for a few seconds before she reopened fire, still more timidly than ever. "Tom, do you know I rather fancy he really likes our Winifred?" she murmured, gasping.

"Of course he likes our Winifred," the Squire repeated, with profound conviction in every tone of his voice. "I should like to know who on earth there is that doesn't like our Winifred! Nothing new in that. I could have told you that myself. Go ahead with it, then.—What next, now, Emily?"

"I think, Tom, if I'm not mistaken, Winifred seemed rather inclined to take a fancy to him too, somehow."

Thomas Wyville Meysey laid down his glass incredulously on the small side-table. He didn't explode, but he hung fire for a moment. "You women are always fancying things," he said at last, with a slight frown. "You think you're so precious quick, you do, at reading other people's faces. I don't deny you often succeed in reading them right You read mine precious often, I know, when I don't want you to—that I can swear to. But sometimes, Emily, you know you read what isn't in them. That's the way with all decipherers of heiroglyphics. They see a great deal more in things than ever was put there. You remember that time when I met old Hillier down yonder——"

"Yes, yes, I remember," Mrs. Meysey admitted, checking him at the outset with an astute concession. She had cause to remember the facts, indeed, for the Squire reminded her of that one obvious and palpable mistake about the young fox-cubs at least three times a week, the year round, on an average. "I was wrong that time; I know I was, of course. You weren't in the least annoyed with Mr. Hillier. But I think—I don't say I'm sure, observe, dear —but I think Winifred's likely to take a fancy to him—a serious fancy—and he to her—what are you and I to do about it?"

As she spoke, Mrs. Meysey looked hard at the lamp and then at her husband, wondering with what sort of grace he would receive this very revolutionary and unlooked-for suggestion. For herself—though mothers are hard to please—it may as well be admitted off-hand, she has fallen a ready victim at once to Hugh Massinger's charms and brilliancy and blandishments. Such a nice young man, so handsome and gentlemanly, so adroit in his talk, so admirable in his principles, and though far from rich, yet, in his way, distinguished! A better young man, darling Winifred was hardly likely to meet with, she would dear Tom think about him? she wondered. Dear Tom had such very expansive not to say utopian ideas for Winifred—thought nobody but a Duke or a Prince of the blood half good enough for her: though to be sure, experience would seem to show that Dukes and Princes, after all, are only human, and not originally very much better than other people. Whatever superior moral excellence we usually detect in the finished product may no doubt be safely set down in ultimate analysis to the exceptional pains bestowed by society upon their ethical education.

The Squire looked into his claret-cup profoundly for a few seconds before answering as if he expected to find it a perfect *Dr. Dee's* divining crystal, big with hints as to his daughter's future; and then he burst out abruptly with a grunt; "I suppose we must leave the answering of that question entirely to Winnie.

Mrs. Meysey did not dare to let her internal sigh of relief escape her throat; that would have been too compromising, and would have alarmed dear Tom. So she stifled it quietly. Then dear Tom was not wholly averse, after all, to this young Mr. Massinger. He, too, had fallen a victim to the poet's wiles. That was well; for Mrs Meysey, with a mother's eye, had read Winifred's heart through and through. But we must not seem to give in too soon. A show of resistance runs in the grain with women. He's got no money," she murmured suggestively.

The Squire flared up. "Money!" he cried, with infinite contempt, "money! money! Who the dickens says anything to me about money? I believe that's all on earth you women think about—Money indeed! Much I care about money, Emily. I daresay the young fellow hasn't got money. What then? Who cares for that? He's got money's worth. He's got brains; he's got principles; he's got the will to work and to get on. He'll be a Judge in time, I don't doubt. If a man like that were to marry our Winifred, with the aid we could give him and the friends we could find him, he ought to rise by quick stages to be—anything you like—Lord Chancellor, or Postmaster-General, or Archbishop of Canterbury, for the matter of that, if your tastes happen to run in that direction."

"He hasn't done much at the bar yet," Mrs. Meysey continued, playing her fish dexterously before landing it.

"Hasn't done much! Of course he hasn't done much! How the dickens could he? Can a man make briefs for himself, do you suppose? He's given himself up, he tells me, to earning a livelihood by writing for the papers. He had to do it. It's a pity, upon my word, a clever young fellow like that—he understands the riparian proprietors' question down to the very ground—should be compelled to turn aside from his proper work at the bar to serve tables, so to speak—to gain his daily bread by penny-a-lining. If Winifred were to take a fancy to a young man like that, now"——The Squire paused, and eyed the light through his glass reflectively.

"He's very presentable," Mrs. Meysey went on, re-arranging her work-box, and still angling cleverly for dear Tom's indignation.

"He's a man any woman might be perfectly proud of," the Squire retorted in a thunderous voice with firm conviction.

Mrs. Meysey followed up her advantage persistently for twenty minutes, inserting every possible hint against Hugh, and leading the Squire deeper and deeper into a hopeless slough of unqualified commendation. At the end of that time she said quietly: "Then I understand, Tom, that if Winifred and this young Massinger take a fancy to one another, you don't put an absolute veto on the idea of their getting engaged, do you?"

"I only want Winnie to choose for herself," the Squire answered with prompt decision. "Not that I suppose for a moment there's anything in this young fellow's talking a bit to her. Men *will* flirt, and girls *will* let 'em. Getting engaged indeed! You count your chickens before the eggs are hatched, ma'am can't look at a girl nowadays, but you women must take it into your precious heads at once he wants to go straight off to church and marry her. However, for my part, I'm not going to interfere in the matter one way or the other. I'd rather she'd marry the man she loves, and the man who loves her, whenever he turns up, than marry fifty thousand pounds and the best estate of all Suffolk."

Mrs. Meysey had carried her point with honours. "Perhaps you're right, dear," she said diplomatically, as who should yield to superior wisdom. It was her policy not to appear too eager.

"Perhaps I'm right!" the Squire echoed, half in complacency and half in anger. "Of course I'm right. I'm now I'm right, I'm right. Why, I was reading in a book the other day a most splendid appeal from some philosophic writer or other about making fewer marriages in future to please Mamma, and more to suit the tastes of the parties concerned, and subserve the good of coming generations. I think it was an article in one of the magazines. It's the right way, I'm sure of that; and in Winifred's case I mean to stick to it."

So, from that day forth, if it was Hugh Massinger's intention or desire to prosecute his projected military operations against Winnifred Meysey's hand and heart, he found at least a benevolent neutral in the old Squire, and a secret, silent, but none the less domestic ally in Mrs. Meysey. It is not often that a penniless suitor thus enlists the sympathies of the parental authorities, who ought by precedent to form the central portion of the defensive forces, on his own side in such an aggressive enterprise. But with Hugh Massinger, nobody ever even noticed it as a singular exception. He was so clever, so handsome, so full of promise, so courteous and courtly in his demeanour to young and old, so rich in future hopes and ambitions, that not the Squire alone, but everybody else who came in contact with his easy smile, accepted him beforehand as almost already a Lord Chancellor, or a Poet Laureate, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, according as he might choose to direct his talents into this channel or that; and failed to be surprised that the Meyseys or anybody else on earth should accept him with effusion as a favoured pensionary for the hand of their only daughter and heiress. There are a few such universal favorites here and there in the world: whenever you meet one, smile with the rest, but remember that his recipe is a simple one—Humbug.

Hugh stopped for two months or more at Whitestrand, during all that time he saw much both of Elsie and of Winifred. The Meyseys introduced him with cordial pleasure to all the melancholy gaieties of the sleepy little peninsula. He duly attended with them the monolent garden-parties on the smooth lawns of neighboring Squires: the monotonous picnics up the tidal stream of the meandering Char: the heavy dinners at every local rector's and Vicar's and resident baronet's; with all the other deadalive entertainments of the dullest and most stick-in-the-mud corner of all England. The London poet enlivened them all, however, with his never-failing flow of languid humor, and his slow, drawled-out readiness of Pall Mall repartee. It was a comfort to him, indeed, to get among these unspoiled and unsophisticated children of nature; he could palm off upon them as original the last good thing of that fellow Hatherley's from the smoking room of the Cheyne Row Club, or fire back upon them, unobserved, dim reminiscences of pungent chaff overheard in brilliant West end drawing-rooms. And then, there were Elsie and Winifred to amuse him; and Hugh, luxurious, easy going epicurean philosopher that he was, took no trouble to decide in his own mind even what those were his ultimate intentions towards either fair lady, sati fied only, as he phrased it to his inner self, to take the goods the gods provided him for the passing moment, and to keep them both well in hand together. "How happy could I be with either," sings Captain Macheath in the oft quoted coup let, "were t'other dear charmer away." Hugh took a still more lenient view of his personal responsibilities than the happy-go-lucky knight of the highway; he was quite content to be blest, while he could, with both at once, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, of his own final disposition, marital or otherwise, towards one or the other, but leaving the problem of his matrimonial arrangements for fate, or chance, to settle in its own good fashion.

It was just a week after his arrival at Whitestrand that he went up one morning early to the Hall. Elsie and Winifred were seated together on a rug under the big tree, engaged in reading one novel between them.

"You must wish Winifred many happy returns of the day," Elsie called out gaily, looking up from her book as Hugh approached them. "It's her birthday, Hugh: and just see what a lovely, delightful present Mr. Meysey's given her!"

Winifred held out the present at arm's length for his admiration. It was a pretty little watch, in gold and enamel, with her initials engraved on the back on a broad shield. "It's just a beauty! I should love one like it myself!" Elsie cried enthusiastically. "Did you ever see such a dear little thing? It's keyless too, and so exquisitely finished. It really makes me feel quite ashamed of my own poor old battered silver one."

Hugh took the watch and examined it carefully. He noted the maker's name upon the dial, and opening the back, made a mental memorandum of the number. A sudden thought had flashed across him at the moment. He waited only a few minutes at the Hall, and then asked the two girls if they could walk down into the village with him. He had a telegram to send off, he said, which he had only just that moment remembered. Would they mind stepping over with him as far as the post-office?

They strolled together into the sleepy High Street. At the office, Huge wrote and sent off his telegram. It was addressed to a well-known firm of watchmakers in Ludgate Hill. "Could you send me by to-morrow evening's delivery address as below, a lady's gold and enamal watch, with initials "E. C., from H. M." engraved on shield on back, but in every other respect precisely similar to No. 2479 just supplied to Mr. Meysey, of Whitestrand Hall? If so, telegraph back cash price at once, and cheque for amount shall be sent immediately. Reply paid. Hugh Massinger, *Fisherman's Rest*, Whitestrand, Suffolk."

Before lunch time, the reply had duly arrived: "Watch shall be sent on receipt of cheque. Price twenty-five guineas." So far, good. It was a fair amount for a journeyman journalist to pay for a present; but, as Hugh shrewdly reflected, it would kill two birds with one stone. Day after to-morrow was Elsie's birthday. The watch would give Elsie pleasure; and Hugh, to do him justice, thoroughly loved giving pleasure to anybody, especially a pretty girl, and above all Elsie. But it could also do him no harm in the Meyseys' eyes to see this journeyman journalist as he was, he was earning enough to afford to throw away twenty-five guineas on a mere present to a governess cousin. There is a time for economy, and there is a time for lavishness. The present moment clearly came under the latter category.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What to Teach Our Boys.

A small boy wants us to reprint the following for the benefit of all boys:

To cultivate a cheerful temper.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.

To take pride in being a little gentleman at home.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boy's sisters.

To take pride in having their mothers and sisters for their best friends.

To try to find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their face and hands and brush their hair, and spend the evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and forget to offer it to your mother when she comes to sit down.

If they do anything wrong to take their mothers into their confidence, and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

Not to grumble and refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one or other who has more to do than themselves.

Some Facts About the Poles.

Much less is known about the region surrounding the South Pole than about that in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, for this reason, among others, that Polar exploration has chiefly been directed towards the latter. The most successful Antarctic expeditions were the American one under Lieutenant Wilkes in 1838-42 and the English one under Sir James Ross in 1838-43 but even these accomplished very little in the way of discovery. The results of Antarctic exploration so far are thus summarized by the *New York Tribune*:—"Nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of the South Pole; that icy barriers have been encountered which eclipse anything known in the North frigid zone; that mountains have been seen, one shooting forth volcanic flame, and loftier than any discovered by Northern explorers; that all the land there is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond 65 degrees; that no vegetable growth, except lichens, has been seen beyond 58 degrees, and that the land quadruped is known to exist beyond 66 degrees." It is with a view to the extension of this meagre knowledge that some German scientists, with whom Mr. Henry Villard, of Northern Pacific fame, is co-operating, are about to send out another expedition to the South Pole. Their prospects of success are not encouraging, although it is expected that the use of steam vessels will enable the explorers to achieve more than their predecessors.

The New Emperor.

Emperor William's proclamation issued yesterday to his people is at least a little less martial in tone than the pair of proclamations to the army and the navy that preceded it. There is in it, nevertheless, neither aspiration for peace nor expectation of it, unless the indefinite phrase "to guard the peace," which is followed by a reminder that both Prince and people must be "equally ready to make sacrifices for the Fatherland." That militarism is "in the saddle" now in Germany and is about to run a free course no one of the least insight in the most competent observers. Had there been any doubt on the subject, the almost startling promptness and exultation with which the young Emperor hurried out proclamations to his army and his navy, letting the one to the people follow later, would have removed it. The whole tone of his essay-like order to his army, with its expression of a desire to occupy first the attitude of "war lord," is ominous. Being thus forewarned, signs of willingness on the part of the new Emperor to refrain from pursuing projects of glory on the battle-field will be hailed with the more pleasure. But it would be folly not to see that so much military note as this young monarch's has not been struck on the accession of any European sovereign for many years.—[N. Y. Times.

An Extended Experience,

Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A HOG OF A HUSBAND.

Not a day passes but some amusing incident occurs on the street-cars that relieves the general monotony of a ride in one of these modern conveniences. Yesterday afternoon as a Ridge road car was coming up Lake avenue, the driver stopped on being signaled by a young man on a crossing not far from Driving Park avenue. The young man was accompanied by a rather pretty young woman who was dressed in a light, airy summer attire and carried a fancy colored sun parasol. The young man jumped aboard the car first and rushed inside, securing the only seat vacant, leaving the young woman to follow as best she could. Of course every one expected that he would give up his seat to his lady, but he did not do so, and she, after standing awhile, holding on to a strap, concluded to have a seat anyway, and, without a word of warning, plumped down on the lap of her escort, saying as she did so, "I'm as tired as you are, darling, and you will have to hold me until I can get a seat." He gave a grunt of the hog kind, and told her in plain English that she could stand or sit on the floor for all he cared, but he wouldn't hold her.

At this several male occupants of the car offered their seats to the young woman, but she declined them, and said: "No, I'll stay as able to hold me now as he was before we were married, and I will sit where I am." The passengers were up to this time silently smothering their laughter, but the last was too much for them, and one of them remarked, "the car will be thrown from the track unless we stop laughing so hard." Realising the fact that he was making a target of himself the young man rose hastily, nearly throwing his darling wife on the floor, and made a rush for the door, saying as he did so, "You take my seat; I'll walk home," and left the car. The wife was not dismayed in the least, but sat there quietly enjoying the fun as well as did the other passengers.—[Rochester Democrat.

SWISS GIRLS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

No sooner are the girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. I have seen sweet little girls of twelve to fourteen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen or sixteen years barefooted and bareheaded, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. And I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but yet she must. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by the law, and he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit to the burdens often put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearer, and by the time the girls have come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand—and quite commonly the chief hand.

A SENSIBLE BRIDE.

Guests invited to one of the prettiest weddings of the week, writes a New York correspondent, were surprised to read on one corner of the dainty wedding cards, "No gifts," engraved in a quaint arabesque scroll, which perforce attracted attention. It required some independence of character and some self-denial to go counter to established custom in such a matter, but the dimpled little bride, who looks more like a sweet, plump, pink and white rose than a woman, is a person of strong-minded proclivities, announced to her friends when they questioned her decision, "I won't make my marriage to Archie a Methodist donation party where all the parish bring in this, that and the other, and I don't want any gifts. We have a circle of three or four hundred friends, and everybody knows that a great many of them would buy presents for us not at all because they love us, but because it is the proper thing, and even if they can't afford the tax, they mustn't be outdone by rich Mrs. A. or Mr. B." Society people have indeed pushed the gift business hard within a few seasons, until there are dozens and scores of young married couples who pinch themselves during Lent and dread the coming June because of the Easter bonnet and early summer weddings make on their incomes. If matters go on as they are doing now there may sometime be a spring exodus from New York into the country and to Europe, comparable to the flight of the May tax-dodgers from Boston, to escape paying the debts of honor accumulated in the shape of 200 or 300 wedding gifts, to be returned at the marriage of the givers.

NO PLACE FOR OLD WOMEN.

There are no old women in Terra del Fuego. Lest this should cause an exodus from the civilized world it would perhaps be best to explain why. When a women gets to the right age, about forty-five, she is considered to have done her duty. With appropriate ceremony therefore, she is either lanced or strangled, and the family larder is replenished with her roasted remains. The women, when they see the time of sacrifice approaching, never attempt to escape it. They regard it as settled as a fact as that the sun should rise, and never trouble themselves about it. The Fuegeans are not cannibals farther than this. They never eat children, young women or men.—[San Francisco Examiner.

TEACHING A WIFE SENSE.

Wife (counting over her change after making a purchase)—"I guess he's given me the wrong change." Husband (savagely)—"I thought so; that's the way my hard-earned money goes. Trust a woman to get fooled. Go back to the counter and get it made right at once." Wife returns to the counter and hands the clerk a $2 bill. Husband—"Why, what have you been doing?" Wife—"Making the change right. He gave me $2 too much." Husband (more savagely than ever)—"Well by jings, you are an idiot."

Mrs. Langtry is said to be considering a revision of her toilet that shall do away with bustles and tight laces, and allow her form to resume the shape that nature intended it should have.

Grace Greenwood says that all Parisian women are not frivolous, and more than all Boston women are profound. She does not believe that Anglo Saxons enjoy a monopoly of home virtues and practical piety, and she does believe that the great majority of French wives are loyal, French mothers tender, French grandmothers and elderly maiden ladies devout.

The Garden of Eden, it is now asserted, was located in Central America. Mme. Alice le Plongeon, wife of an eminent man of science, is the prophet of the new belief, and she claims to have found writings which give the whole history of the human race, showing that America and Europe were then united by land which has since been submerged.

The *Nebraska State Journal* says: "In a list of young ladies who attended an entertainment the other evening, as reported by an exchange, there were four Mamies, one Winnie, two Sadies, two Lizzies, three Annies, one Rosie, one Frankie, two Jennies, four Nellies and one Letitia. All honor to the stately Letitia who refused to mutilate her name. Had Charlotte Corday lived in these times she would have gone into history as Lottie."

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Fine weather we're having these days, Jobkins?" Good enough for some things, but what becomes of men who shovel snow for a living."

The man who says that he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

A negro wedding in Norfolk closed with the remark by the parson:—"We will sing that beautiful hymn, 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.'"

"A moment of time is too precious to waste"—particularly when the girl is pretty and there are chances that her father is coming around the corner.

"A lie grows as it travels." A fisherman's lie is an exception. It is the fish that grows, and the lie is cut, basted and sewed to suit the size of the fish.

A recently published book on etiquette says:—"Endeavor to select your guests with a sense of fitness." That is, do not invite a fat man to eat a slim dinner.

A troupe of Russian musicians who play on twenty-four pianos simultaneously is on its way to London. The probabilities of a great European war are growing imminently more probable.

Some really good men at heart do their good deeds in so bad a way as to spoil them. If a Christian cannot be great and gracious too, let him by all means be gracious.—*Chicago Standard.*

When you see a man with a habit of nursing his knee you may know that he is not married. A married man has all the nursing he wants to do in practical reality, without doing any for fun.

"I never pass that house across the way," remarked Dumley, "that I do not see that pretty little woman on the lawn. She must spend most of her time there." "Yes," replied Brown, "she does; she's a grass widow.

"A text floating in a vast quantity of weak soup," is the way in which the Bishop of Carlisle ventures to describe certain sermons he has listened to, and he thinks this ecclesiastical broth not particularly attractive.

Tramp—"Won't you give a little something to an old hero of the battlefield? I have survived four wars." Stranger (handing him some money)—"How did you do it?" Tramp (after pocketing the money)—"Kept out of 'em."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.—Editor (through speaking tube to foreman)—Are the forms closed yet?" Foreman—"No, sir." Editor—"Lift out the editorial on 'The Curse of Rum;' Wine, Handlung & Co. have just sent in an ad."

Young Slimlet, experimenting with the phonograph in Miss Hardcash's parlor, is horrified by the following sentence in the voice of old Hardcash: "I never saw such a fool of a dude as young Slimlet who calls on our Jenny."

A young woman who wants to test the real depth of a young man's avowed affection has only to ask him to accompany her for an afternoon while she goes around to do a little shopping.

"Now," said the photographer, "are you ready?" "Yes," replied the customer. "Well, just keep your eyes on this spot," he said, pointing to a motto on the wall which read, "Positively no credit"—"and look pleasant."

Salesman: "Yes, sir. I'll warrant that one of those lamps will save you at least fifty per cent. in oil in the course of a year." Landed Farmer: "Give me two on 'em. Mought as well save a hundred per cent. while I'm 'bout it."

Young physician (inspecting citizen on the floor of the police station)—This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged. Officer McGinnis—You're right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two blocks down the street.

Omaha man—"Why don't you go to St. Louis? I hear the bricklayers are getting $5 a day down there." Bricklayer—"I was there. It don't pay." "Don't pay!" "No, they don't pay you fifty cents an hour for time lost by sunstrokes."

"What I object to in Maine," remarked a Pennsylvania man, "is the horrible names you have up there. There's Androscoggin, for instance." "Yes," replied the Maine man, "that is almost as bad as some you have in Pennsylvania—Punxsutawney, Youghioghenny, and the like."

Grocer—How is it, Mr. Swartman, that you are so particular to pay the cash now days? You used to run a weekly bill. Customer—I know I did, and you would always give me a cigar when I squared up Saturday night. Grocer—Yes. Customer—Well, it was that cigar that impelled me to pay cash.

She was sitting in the parlor with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door. "Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?" "Merely to untie the dog," he replied. "Well, Miss Clara," said the young man, reaching for his hat, "I think I will say good-night."

She had promised to be a sister to him. He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters.

"Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child."

"I am," he responded; "I mean the five I have in mind—sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door.

A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She had lived with one family eleven years, and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in a newspaper of an old women who had died at the age of one hundred and six. "Maybe I'm as old as that meself," said she. "Indade, I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive."

A New African State.

Among all the remarkable enterprises of which Africa is now the scene there is probably none which exceeds in interest that which is now unfolding in the vast regions northeast of Zanzibar. We have already told of the agreement between Germany and Great Britain, stipulating that British influences may operate without interference in the country between the east coast and Victoria Nyanza, north of a line drawn from Mombasa to the middle point of the east shore of the great lake. We have also described the British East African Company, organized to develop this large region. The British Government has now granted a charter to this company, giving it full powers to maintain an armed force, erect forts, levy custom and taxes, open trade routes and to perform all other functions of government. At the head of the company is Mr. W. Mackinnon, one of the wealthiest shippers in England, and identified with the British India Company. For several years he has been conspicuous for his faith in the wisdom of investing capital in developing trade and civilization in Africa. He headed the British syndicate which offered to build the Congo Railroad, a project which fell through because King Leopold would not give the concessions demanded. He assumed the larger part of the heavy cost of the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Associated with him are a large number of prominent people among whom is the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and the cooperation of this lady was perhaps secured by the fact that the purposes of the company are partly philanthropic.

The company has already arranged to fortify several points along the coast and some of the adjacent islands for the purpose of hemming in the slave traders. With the Congo State and Emin Pasha on the west, the German East Africa Co. south, and the British Company on the east and north, the hunting grounds of the Arab slavers will be pretty well surrounded, and Mr. Mackinnon believes that in this way it may be made so difficult to follow the trade that it will practically be killed at its sources of supply. The company has also acquired the large island of Pemba, on whose plantations are many of the victims of the recent revival of the slave trade. While putting an end to illegal traffic, the company intends to open safe trade routes, along which cottons and hardware may be taken by white merchants to the millions of people living around Victoria Nyanza, all of whom are eager to get European goods, and will have ivory and other products to exchange. The Arab caravans carrying European goods to this region sometimes number a thousand persons.

The region which has thus come nominally under the control of the British East African Company is about 600,000 square miles in extent. It is to be governed by directors under the control of a board of managers in London. Thompson, New, Johnson, and a half dozen other explorers who have visited this region, tell us that it embraces much of the finest land in equatorial Africa, and that a part of it is filled with rather industrious and teeming populations. It will be interesting to watch the development of this new element to or vived civilization and to found a new State in Africa.

Stripped and Exiled.

In the life of Prince Paul Veritzin, a Russian noble under Catharine the Great, a dramatic account is given of his fall from his high position.

The Veritzins were Boyars of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite to the Empress.

As she passed him in the dance, she fancied that his eye scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and, with a smile, handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written, "Imperial hall-room, St. Petersburg." On the last, "The mines, Siberia."

He read it, his face gray as that of a corpse, bowed low, kissed her hand and withdrew, taking with him the chronicle, his wife, the beautiful Marienka, and children Novgrod, with him. He was heard to say, as they left the ball-room, 'My minutes are numbered. Let us not lose one.'"

Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of the Empress on her victims was intolerable as death. Prince Veritzin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him.

First, he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Last of all his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars.

"On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritzin, in rage and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home and departed to the dark and icy North. He was seen of men no more.

This grim story of cruelty comes down to us, from a past age, with a sense of unreality. Was there ever a time when a man could be driven from his home and the slow extinction of himself as citizen, husband, father went on?

If it were so, what were his thoughts in those six days? How terrible the reckoning with himself; how fierce his haste, as the minutes inexorably passed, to make up for lost opportunities—to render justice to all whom he had wronged, to show his love to those dear to him, to utter the words of kindness so long unspoken!

And yet, is not the fate of Paul Veritzin that of some of us to-day? Some day, that we know not of, we too shall receive the summons to surrender wealth, power, the very name that we have borne so long, to part with wife and child and go out, naked and alone, into the eternal silence from which we never shall return.

But the Russian had a certain time given him to prepare for his departure, to make good his shortcomings. We may be commanded to go in an hour, a minute, in a breath of time.

A List of Misnomers.

German silver was not invented in Germany and does not contain a particle of silver.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but stripes of palmleaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is rosin and palm oil.

Sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttle-fish.

Fred—"What would you say if I told you that I thought you were a Venus?" Eva—"I should believe you."

AGRICULTURAL.

Ducks.

While they may enjoy it, at the same time it is not strictly necessary that ducks should have a pond of water to play in. Any of the good breeds of ducks will thrive if they have all the good fresh water they can drink without having a supply to swim and play in. They can, by supplying plenty of feed, be kept growing and if desired can be ready for market when not over three months old. With plenty of feed and water, ducks grow very rapidly and can be sold early. If kept after they are matured the feathers should be picked regularly as the feathers that are shed are not as well worth the trouble of feeding and caring for them. While they eat more than chickens yet they are great foragers and will manage to pick up a good part of their living if given an opportunity. They are much hardier than chickens or turkeys and less liable to disease, and after they get well started to grow they are less trouble than almost any other kind of poultry. While for the table they can not be excelled.

Remedy for Apple Tree Borers.

The entomologist of the Ohio experiment station advises one and the same remedy for both the round headed and flat headed borers and bark lice that so injuriously affect the trunks of apple trees. The remedy is a wash made by mixing one quart of soft soap or one pound of hard soap with two gallons of boiling hot water and then adding a pint of crude carbolic. This mixture should be applied late in May and then three weeks later with a scrub brush to the trunk and larger branches of the tree. If the bark is rough it ought to be scraped before the wash is applied. No cracks in the bark at the forks of the trunk or crotches of limbs can enter should be missed in the application, as the sole object is to prevent the laying of the eggs from which the grubs are hatched.

Remarkable Showing for Mormondom.

The great bulk of the people of Utah are agriculturists. Their possessions are in lands and herds. The statistics show that 90 per cent. of Mormon families own their own homes. There is no other community on earth which will make a like showing. There is not an almshouse, or the necessity for one, in any of the exclusively Mormon settlements. With the exception of the mines, every other industry in Utah is kept alive by Mormon labor and Mormon patronage. The Mormons supply the most reliable non-striking class of laborers in the whole intermountain region.

Notes.

The State of Sonora, Mex., levies a tax of $2 on every baby born within its limits, and charges the farmer 5 cents for every chicken he raises and 50 cents for every sheep.

The total exports of apples from the United States and Canada for 1887 8 were 608,588 barrels, as against 811,410 barrels for 1886-7. About one-half the shipments were made to Liverpool.

A farmer in South Carolina is said to have followed the plow for sixty-eight years. There is something to admire in the humble but useful life of such a man. He never waited for anything to turn up, but went faithfully and uncomplainingly to work and turned it up himself, and continued to turn it up.

The habit of horses snapping and biting at everything within reach is often that result of teasing and tormenting them. It is a pernicious habit, to say the least—one that should be broken up if possible. It is said that a horse may be cured by filling a small bag made of loose cloth full of Cayenne pepper and letting him chew and bite at it all he pleases.

In England the silo, in ensilage making, is being dispensed with, and the fodder properly stacked, roofed and weighted or screwed down—after heating—comes out in excellent condition. A common practice, also, is that of alternating the layers of fodder with those of cut straw, the latter absorbing during fermentation a portion of the fodder's aroma, and thus becoming softened and more digestible.

One of the most serious hindrances in onion growing is the onion maggot, the larva of a small fly resembling the house fly, but smaller. No positive remedy is known, but it is a common belief among gardeners that when the maggot becomes troublesome it is a good plan to change the land, which otherwise would not be done, for, unlike cabbage and many other crops, onions thrive well year after year on the same land.

It is always bad policy to crop bearing orchards, and one reason for this is that it generally prevents their pasturing by pigs, which are the best scavengers for destroying wormy-fruit, with its contents. The apples in our markets would be fairer if pigs had the range of apple orchards, and the pigs themselves would be more healthful food. If not ringed, pigs will give an orchard all the ploughing it needs, with no danger or injury to tree roots.

A careful examination of the corn field at various times has convinced Superintendent Graham, of the Kansas Experiment Station, that the burning of corn stalks and weeds to kill chinch bugs is a waste of time. The bugs do not hide in the fodder, the corn stubs or the weeds, but do hide very close to the roots of the grass. Burning the grass does not destroy many of them, because the grass is damp near the surface of the ground and the fire does not reach them. The question of the proper disposal of our surplus chinch-bugs seems yet to remain an open one.

Each owner of a garden may have abundant raspberries. Cuthbert for red, and Gregg for black, will, in most sections, give entire satisfaction. The descriptions of new varieties read well, and the illustrations are captivating, but the largest yield after all is from such as the above. Dig the soil thoroughly, manure freely, and do not crowd the plants. Set the reds very shallow, and the blacks deep. Partial shade is no detriment, and a slight mulch in hot weather beneficial. Cut away the old canes as soon as the crop is gathered. A horizontal cheap trellis is better than tying closely to single stakes.

The American Breeder says: It is poor economy to stint the supply of feed along toward spring because your grain is short; after being kept in a thrifty condition all winter do not allow them to run down just before spring pasture. Sheep-raisers will find a big item in a patch of rye in which to turn the ewes with lambs. A nip of green grass aids very materially in enabling the ewes in furnishing a full supply of milk, for it is through the mothers we feed the lambs. Do not make the change from dry to green food too suddenly. The rye patch will be found advantageous here. Turn your stock in for an hour or two a day. As the green food increases, lessen the amount of dry.

A Day in Joppa.

Landing at Joppa, Dr. Gelkie begins his observations at once. Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world, and the first possible landing place as one sails northward from Egypt. Yet there is difficulty in landing. Reefs of rocks defend the shore, the bay is shallow, sharks are not unknown, and the coast is much exposed. Your vessel anchors half a mile out at sea, and a throng of flattish-bottomed cobles soon surround the ship to carry passengers through the opening in the reefs to land. A babel of cries, unintelligible to Western ears, fills the air; but by degrees the motley crowd of deck-passengers, of the most varied nationalities, veiled women, shawl-covered Arabs, black Nubians with their red fezes, brown Levantines, turbaned Syrians, or Egyptians with their flowing robes of all shades, all drift by degrees into the boats, and for a time at least, you see the last of their red or yellow slippers, and hear their noisy jargon no more. Then you, who have shrunk possibly from this rushing crowd of Orientals, have your turn, and the skillful and strong-armed oarsman whisk you through the opening in the reefs across the shallow harbor, and then suddenly, when you are twenty or thirty yards off shore, you are seized, and carried in the bare arms or on the back of a boatman through the shallow water to the crowded down-at-quay built of stone from the ruins of Cæsarea, and at last you find yourself treading on the soil of the Holy Land.

Not a very dignified entrance, perhaps; but the boat could not approach closer, and you have fared no worse than the bead-eyed Greeks or the hook-nosed Romans did thousands of years ago! At one period Venice organized a spring and autumn packet service (how strangely modern that sounds!) to Joppa and built a mole to protect the shipping; but since the reign of the "unspeakable Turk," everything has relapsed into a state of nature. And so from earliest times Phœnician and Egyptian, Roman and Crusader, English and American, all have to acknowledge the power of the treacherous waters.

Pursuing our way through the street, we find it rough enough. Once paved, the stones have long since risen or sunk above or below their proper level. Duethius and sewers being apparently alike unknown to the idle Oriental, every kind of foulness bestrews the way. The buildings are of stone, with little or no wood anywhere, timber being scarce in Palestine. The arch is hence universal; as you ramble on you see that no light enters the shops except from the front—that they are in fact some thing like miniatures of the gloomy holes sometimes made out of railway arches in England.

Tables of cakes or sweetmeats line the narrow streets. Rough awning of mats, often sorely dilapidated, or tent-cloths, or loose boards resting on a rickety structure of poles, partially shade the roadway. Now we meet a turbaned water-carrier with a huge skin bottle on his back. This bottle is, in fact, a defunct calf, with water instead of veal within, and without legs, head or tail, and offering a most forcible illustration of the reference to the placing new wine in old bottles.

Farther on we see a bare armed and bare legged individual in ragged skullcap, cotton jacket, and cotton knicker bockers, chaffering with a roadside huckster for some delicacy, costing a farthing or two, from some of the mat baskets on a table; the bearded vendor, also bare-armed and bare-legged sits as he tries to sell, his head swathed in a red and white turban, and his body in pink and white cotton. Of course there is no lounger at his side looking on.

Then again we see an Arab in "keffiyeh or head-shawl, with a band of camel's hair rope, very soft, around his head to keep the flowing gear in its place, and a brown and white striped "abba" for his outer dress, he is bargaining for a bridle at the saddler's, and trying to cheapen it; and the saddler sits cross-legged on a counter and under the shady projection of woods and reeds, which gives him much needed shade. And thus we see glimpses of ordinary every-day life in the old town of Joppa.

To Look at Pictures Properly.

The collector who has seen his choicest prints turned over by unintelligent hands while he has been forced by courtesy to conceal his chagrin and to resist the impulse to seize the precious plates and conceal them from unworthy use, will appreciate fully the force of what we say. Most people might almost as well be given the simple views which comic almanacs are adorned as set down to examine a portfolio of priceless etchings. Indeed, generally they would be bored by the latter and entertained by the former.

The great mistake made by the majority of people is to suppose that no special training is needed to see pictures rightly. The reception of any work of art presupposes previous and special training. It is necessary to learn the artist's language; to train one's perceptions to acute and instant sensitiveness to the means by which it is sought to produce an impression. If one is to examine photographs with no other end save to decide whether the resemblance to the original object is exact, perhaps no great amount of special preparation is needed; but with a picture which is anything more than a graphic diagram, special education is a necessity. How few persons ever take an engraving and sit down deliberately to study it; to endeavor to discover why the artist disposed his figures and accessories in a given manner; why the light and shade were thus and thus; why the engraver has used certain lines in reproducing certain parts of the plate, and so on for the rest; and yet every body, as we said at the start, supposes he knows how to look at a picture.

A Novel Railway.

Mr. E. Moody Boynton, of Newburyport, Mass., has invented what is known as the bicycle railway, and expects to revolution ize the entire railway system of the world. A locomotive which is unlike any heretofore constructed is being built. It is designed specially and solely for service on the new railroad. The cardinal principle of the railroad is that the tracks are not both laid on the ground as we commonly see them. One is laid on the ground and the other is laid on the underside of the framework, which is above and directly over the lower track. The engine and cars have wheels on the bottom and double trucks above. In this way the whole is steadier on the rail, and cannot fall over nor off the track. It is expected that great speed will be attained on account of the comparative lightness of the train, and also because of the loss of friction. The idea is patented in every country in Europe, as well as in the United States and other nations of the Western Hemisphere.

Discouraging.

Country Minister—"I am sorry, Mr. Wrangle, but as I was driving from the parsonage before service I saw your little boy on Gooseneck bridge smoking for snickers." Mr. Wrangle—"Is that so, parson? Did ye notice what luck he was havin'?"

WORK OF ARAB SLAVERS.

Many Wretched Africans are now Being Led Into Captivity.

A gust of wind the other day upset an Arab slave dhow, and 100 hapless wretches who were sailing to slavery in Arabia were drowned in sight of the English cruiser which was on the way to rescue them. In the same week another slaver was captured after a hard fight, in which a number of the forty slaves on board received bullets intended for their captors. That the export slave trade on the East African coast is still active is attested by the fact that in two years nearly fifty of these slave dhows have been captured; yet the punishment inflicted upon the guilty slave-stealers does not deter others from engaging in the perilous but profitable business.

Recent facts collected by the agents of the Anti-Slavery Society of England show that slaves were never cheaper in Arabia nor more numerous than at present. There has been a great revival of the slave trade in the Soudan, and the followers of the Mahdi have sent many hundred of their captives to the coast to be despatched across the Red Sea in the night to markets in Arabia. Even the daughters of wealthy Khartoum merchants have been consigned to the terrible fate. The markets for which the dhows ship their loads of bondsmen at many an unfrequented point along the coasts of the Red sea and the Indian ocean are mainly in Arabia and Turkey. The latter country, in Egypt, who owns no slaves, and who pays wages to the bondsmen whom his father left behind him, is apparently powerless to prevent slave shipments from parts of his western coast, which a few years ago he ordered kept clear of slavers.

A recent writer in an English review, after picturing the fresh horrors of this revived traffic, sees no hope of again stifling the trade without a rigid patrol of some thousands of miles of coasts. This costly expedient could at best accomplish only temporary results. The evil must be attacked at the sources of the trade, and in the regions whose demand for slaves the Arab dealers are willing to gratify at any peril. When Christendom shall have risen up to the fact that the export African slave trade is again in full blast, much needed pressure may be brought to bear upon Turkey to prevent the importation of slaves. The evil will never be stamped out until the demand is largely diminished, and until the natives learn through contact with civilizing influences to prefer legitimate commerce to the criminal traffic which the Arabs encourage.—[N. Y. Sun.

Military Efficiency of France.

The military ability of France, and her system of fortification, are splendidly developed, especially when one considers the shifting policies of the war department under her peculiar administration of republic ansim. It may be said, however, that each new minister, urged on by the national feeling, has accelerated rather than abated or suspended improvement. For five years following the re-establishment of the republic, the national assembly spent much of its time in supplementing the organic laws of '74, which were copied in the main from those of Prussia. Universal liability to arms, non-substitution, and the abolishment of paid enlistments are the first features of the modern military statutes. Liability to service in the actives or reserves, extends from 20 to 40 years. The annual contingent is divided into two categories, the first serving three in active army. Since Boulanger's time in the reserve, and the second only one year in the years with the colors, and 16 years in the war office—and the subtle inspiration of his policy is now becoming manifest—the enlistments have been localized In consequence of this concession, thousands of trained soldiers, armed for revolution as well as war are caserned at their own firesides, which enables them to balance their interest between subjects of home politics, and trainings for national defense. Including the Gendarmerie and Garde Republicaine, France has at present a peace footing of 525,711 men. Deducting deficiencies, absentees, and sick, the total would be about 566 000, The territorial force, officers and men, is about 590, making the total active 1,155,000. The German authorities narrow the total war force of France to something less than 5,000,000. Von Moltke, Blumbert and Froment, who are perhaps the best authorities on the subject, approximate it at over 4,100,000.

Great Heads.

"Seven' being the average size of a man's head as measured by his hat," says a London exchange, "it appears that out of fourteen distinguished personages, two (Lord Chelmsford and Dean Stanley) were below, while other two (Lord Beaconsfield and the Prince of Wales) were exactly up to the average. Of the others, Dickens, Selborne, and Bright, requiring 7¼, Earl Russell 7¼, Lord Macaulay, Gladstone, and Thackeray 7⅜, Louis Philippe 7⅜, and the Bishop of York 8 full! Of twenty-three distinguished men whose actual brain-weights are known, four, including the late Prof. Hughes Bennett and Hermann, the philologist, were distinctly below the average, showing that a well-constituted brain of small dimensions may be capable of doing much better work than many a larger organ whose internal constitution is, from one cause or other, defective."

He Disliked Slang.

It was at the Institute of Technology, a few days before the close of the term. One of the professors had been troubled by hearing one of the students indulging in slang. Accordingly, when his class had assembled to hear his lecture, he gave them a ten-minute discourse on the use of slang; told them how it was corrupting the language, and that its use was, among persons of cultivation and refinement, a sure sign of ill-breeding. Then he went on with his regular lecture, and at its close called the attention of his class to the fact that some of them had been remiss in their studies, and that it behooved them to make up for lost time or they would fail to pass the approaching examinations. "The fact is," concluding, "you've got to brace up or you'll get left," which shows that preaching and practice are often wide apart.

Protestant Missionary Enterprises.

The *Recorder* contains a classified catalogue of the missionary enterprises of all the Protestant Churches save those of the Greek Orthodox Church, to the non-Christian world. Such a list has never been before published. It appears that Great Britain and its colonies support 114 organizations, as follows:—Undenominational 27, Episcopal 25, Methodist 6, Congregationalist 1, Presbyterian 1, Friends 2, Bible Christian 1, Baptist 2, Plymouth Brethren 12, miscellaneous 5, colonial 26; total 114. There are 110 organizations supported in foreign countries, as follows:—Germany 20, Switzerland 4, France 1, Denmark 2, Sweden 8, Norway 2, Russia 2, Netherlands 14, United States (North American) 56; total 110.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

Many of Them Taken from Places—Others from Occupations and Personal Traits.

Not only countries but counties and towns were a fruitful source of surnames, writes Prof. N. H. Egleston. John from Cornwall become John Cornwall or Cornish. Richard who lived near a piece of woodland was spoken of as Richard atte Wood, or Richard atte Wode, originating the surname Atwood, or John living near a hill became John Hill. So with Underhill, Atwell, etc. John living near a clump of oak was John atten oaks, abbreviated into Noakes; or William who had pitched his tent or cabin near a notable ash tree was known as William at the ash or William atten ash, which easily drifted into Nash. So, too, Thomas who lived near a small stream (or in Anglo Saxon a becket) was Thomas at the becket, and thus was named the martyr Thomas a Becket. The most common terminations of English surnames taken from places are ford, ham, lea, and ton. Ford is from the Saxon faran, to go, signifying the place where a stream could be crossed.

Even the name of Shakespeare's birthplace we have a memento of three different eras of English history, viz., the periods of the occupancy by the old Britons, the Romans, and the Saxons. *Strat* is an abbreviation of *strata* (street), the name by which the great Roman roads were known. Ford tells us that one of these roads crossed a stream, and Avon is the name which the old Britons or Celts gave to the stream.

The word lea, legh, or leigh, signifying a partially wooded field, served as the ending for many surnames, such as Horsley, Cowley, Ashley, Oakley, Lindley, and Berkley, or Birchley. Hay or haw means a hedge, and this has given us Hayes, Haynes, Haley, Haywood, Hawes, Haworth, Hawthorn, Haughton, or Houghton.

Occupations, too, have afforded an endless army of surnames. This method was used by the Romans in such names as Fabius (smith), Pictor (painter), Agricola (farmer). In England a skilful hunter would adopt that as his surname, and equally so with the carpenter, joiner, sawyer, baker, or butcher.

Personal traits and complexions, too, gave rise to surnames. From the former we have the names Stout, Strong, Young, Longman, Longfellow; and from the latter Brown, Black, etc. Some mental and moral traits were also used to denote surnames. Richard I. of England was better known as Richard of the Lion Heart. The next step would be to derive from this quality the surname Lyon.

A Revival Disturbance.

An extraordinary case was tried before Mr. Rochester, J. P., at Hintonturp yesterday. It seems that the Methodists have been holding vigorous revival meetings under the presidency of Rev. Mr. McDowell. It is said that some of the members of other denominations took a strong dislike to these meetings, and finally there were several scenes of rowdyism at them in which respectable church-going citizens are alleged to have taken part. At this disturbers contented themselves with attending the meetings and making themselves disagreeable; but later they organized into a regular gang and hooted and yelled outside. Finding that this did not damp the ardour of the evangelist and his friends, they went further and attempted to hammer in the door, which had been locked previously to keep the mob out. This kind of proceeding was kept up till the evening of June 1, about a week before the conclusion of the services, when the trouble culminated in a mob of about 400 gathering in front of the church and storming it. One of the Methodists, leaving the building to go home, was grabbed and roughly treated. Hearing his shouts, Rev. Mr. McDowell ran to help him, when one of the crowd yelled out, "There he is," and "Go for him boys." This was the signal for a shower of rotten eggs. The excitement was intense and for a while it was thought that the crowd was going to demolish the building. For this disturbance a number of men who were recognized were summoned to appear to stand trial yesterday. Rev. Mr. McDowell in his defence recognized some of the disturbers in court. The case was not concluded when the court rose.

An Ingenious Diplomat.

The peaceful solution of the recent Haytian troubles shows that old President Salomon is an ingenious diplomat. Having found two of his Ministers concerned in a plot to overthrow him, he hired them, as the story brought by the Yantic goes, at $5,000 each to consent to be banished. So, banished they were, Secretary F. Manigat, of the Interior Department and of Public Instruction, to Cuba, and Secretary Legitime to Jamaica. A less original statesman would perhaps have shot them off hand; but they had zealous adherents who might have instantly sought to avenge them. A revolution in Hayti is always in order, and it is a long time since an old-fashioned revolt has occurred. Recognizing this fact, the energetic and skilful old president baffled it by varying the ordinary rude method of dealing with malcontents by that of voluntary and paid exile. Their compatriots could hardly take umbrage at this liberal arrangement for foreign residence. Still, it is admitted that the present peace is only temporary. President Salomon, who was chosen in 1879 for seven years, and again in 1886 for seven years more, has been extraordinarily successful in keeping himself in power; but the burdens of taxation constantly prompt to revolt.

A Salvation Army Difficulty.

Capt. Steel, one of the leaders of the Salvation army, intends to institute proceedings against several of the Montreal police. Some days ago, while the services were proceeding in the barracks on Alexander street, an Italian organ grinder proceeded to disturb the meeting by his melodies. Capt. Steel ordered him to go away, when two policemen interfered and told the organ grinder to continue playing. On Capt. Steel threatening to report them to the chief, she was arrested and charged with assault and impeding the police. The Recorder dismissed the charge of assault, but fined her one shilling for impeding. The Army now intends to have the constables indicted before the Grand Jury on a charge of disturbing a religious service.

Might Have Been Worse.

Dumley (to widow)—And so your husband lost his life by falling out of a second-storey window, Mrs. Hobson?

Widow—Ah, yes, Mr. Dumley, and was instantly killed. It was terrible! terrible!

Dumley (with genuine attempt at consolation)—Yes, Mrs. Hobson, but—er—he might have fallen out of a four-storey window, you know.

Good Advice for Parsons.

Avoid, I pray you, all approach to rant,
And, too, that meanest of all vices, cant.
'Tis thought, not noise, the understanding fills,
It is the lightning, not the thunder, kills,
And simple truths, in simple words, expressed,
Have been, are now, and ever will be blest.
Sermons, like wells, should small circumference sweep,
Be short in their diameter, but deep;
And public prayer, as in the Scripture taught,
Beyond a cavil, always should be short.
Had good St. Peter, in his hour of need,
Stopped to rehearse the Calvinistic creed,
As he was sinking through the yielding wave,
The Galilean sea had been his grave.
The royal pronoun "we" but seldom touch.
Quote the original, not overmuch,
For with due deference and submission meek,
We all prefer good English to poor Greek.
Wade not too long through shallows to begin,
But over head and ears, jump bravely in.
Have but one "lastly," let that come about,
As soon as thought and feeling have run out.
But "finally" and "in conclusion" send,
As was suggested, to one common end.
With your attainments ever kept in view
That common people know a thing or two,
And can discern between those shops which grasp
All of their wares upon the outside stoop
And less pretentious ones, whose alcoves deep
Their valued fabrics in good order keep.
Be chaste in manner, throw aside the vile,
Florid, high-sounding and spread-eagle style.
Get wisdom, learning, all without pretence,
And with your getting, get good common sense.
A broad brimmed beaver, and a white cravat,
Gold-headed cane, and all such things as that,
Have had their day, the people now will scorn,
For the true man in physic, law and Church.
But one word more, and then my sermon's done,
Before you preach, get married, every one.

Rich Thoughts.

'Twere well with most if books that could engage
Their childhood pleased them as a riper age,
The man, approving what had charmed the boy
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
—*Cowper.*

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.
—*Shakespeare.*

Words are stranded foam the sea winds blew;
Or bloom-snow falling in the springing weeks;
Unless the character of him who speaks
Stands out, behind the words, as good and true!
—*Wilsey Martin*

Honor! thou spongy idol of man's mind,
Thou soak'st content away, thou hast confined
Ambitious man, and not his destiny,
Within the bounds of forms and ceremony.
—*Sir P. Sydney.*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends
But in the worth and choice; nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue;
Let them be good that love, although but few.
—*Ben Jonson.*

A Stupid Man's Story.

"Commend me to a woman for making blunders," said a well-known Wall street man to a reporter the other morning. "About noon yesterday I sent a telegram to my wife in Brooklyn, in which I said: 'Meet me at Wall street ferry at 3,' my intention being to take her to see a game of baseball at the Polo Grounds. I was on time, but could see nothing of my wife. I waited until two boats arrived, and then the thought suddenly struck me that she might be over on the Brooklyn side, so I took the 3 20 p. m. boat over. Arrived there—no wife. I spent about ten minutes darning my luck, and then asked the man who closes the gate if he had seen a lady waiting for some one. Of course he had. She waited about a half an hour and took the 3 20 boat for New York—just the time I left. There was nothing to do but go back. I took the 3.40 boat and stood outside to cool off. In midstream we passed the other boat and I'll be blown if there wasn't my wife going back to Brooklyn. I saw Mrs. C.'s red parasol on the other boat. I slunk back out of sight. I didn't want her to follow me again. At just 4 18 I got back to New York and found the lady there and not in tears as I expected, but in a fit of laughter at "my stupidity," as she called it, for sending "such an indefinite message." Of course we missed the game."

A Word for Bananas.

The banana has a high recommendation as an article of food because of its nutritious character. One authority announces that one pound of this fruit has more nutriment than three pounds of meal or as many pounds of potatoes, while as food it is said to be in every sense superior to wheat bread. The natives of the West Indies and other tropical countries subsist largely upon them, and find them, as chemists do, a food containing a large amount and variety of nutriment. A friend of the writer's makes them a special and exclusive article of food when he has work requiring considerable and particular attention and accuracy at a time when a regular meal and other food would weaken the action of the mind. He finds that the banana in such cases digests easily and makes no diminuition of mental concentration, while at the same time, the required sustenance of mind and body is obtained.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Novelties in China.

Special china sets, for use in country houses, are novelties. Each piece takes the shape of a natural object, so that one finds potatoes in a big cabbage head and strawberries in a delicately turned up oak leaf.

LIGHTS OF POMPEII.

Some of the Lamps Which Illuminated the Feast of the Ancients.

Many thousands of lamps have been recovered in the excavations made in Rome, Athens, Tarsus, Troy and especially Herculaneum and Pompeii. There has been an immense variety of these lamps, but the typical style is that most nearly represented by the ordinary sauce or gravy boat found on many dinner tables. The shape is the same, the handle is almost identical, but instead of a spout at the other end of the boat there is a small hole for the wick, while at the top instead of a cover, there is another hole through which the oil is poured. However, this type is by no means universal, and many lamps even having this form have more than one hole for the wick—some, indeed, boasting from two to twelve wicks. The wick was nothing but a twisted rag, and, in order to keep the lamp burning, almost constant attention was necessary. The lamp was trimmed with an iron instrument somewhat resembling a boat-hook, the curved hook being used for the purpose of pulling up the wick, and the straightpoint for adjusting and striking off the burned portion.

In the South of Europe oil was commonly burned, frequently made of olives, though fish and animal oils were by no means unknown. But in the North of Europe, in England and the Scandinavian Peninsula, the limpid oils of the south could not be employed because they would be congealed by the cold. The most common form of the lamp in great Britain during the early middle ages was that of the ordinary stone pot, either round or square, from the side of which hung a wick of twisted cord, or a piece of rope, necessarily furnishing a light which had many disadvantages aside from the smoke and extremely unpleasant odors attending it. However uniform the lamps may be, however, the same can not be said of the stands which hold the lamps, for among the many beautiful works of art excavated in Herculaneum and Pompeii none are more exquisite than the candelabra.

The museums of Naples, Rome and Florence contain many hundreds of patterns of candelabra intended to hold from one to a dozen lamps. Some are plain, others are ornamented in the highest style of ancient art, and composed of every material known to the metal and stone worker. Tall stone work has been found of marble, granite, bronze, gold silver, ivory, onyx and other valuable materials, and the labor expended on some portions of their construction seems almost incredible.

A five lamp stand from Herculaneum is shown in the Naples Museum. The platform of this candelabrum rests upon three lions feet, while the stem is a tree, the knots being imitated very cleverly. Five branches spring out at different levels from each branch is pendant a lamp. This lamp was found in a suburban villa, and from the beauty of construction and the cost of its materials, no doubt the owner was extremely proud of it, and we can imagine him exhilliting the treasure to Seneca or Pliny, and the admiration which it would excite in the writer of the "Moral Essays," or the eagerness with which the great naturalist and scrapbook compiler would hasten to give a description of it in one of his ponderous volumes.

Desert Sand Storm.

The following vivid description of one of the terribly destructive sand storms of the deserts occurs in "Fraser's Travels in the Khorassan." "Morning still found me in a wide and trackless waste of sand. The wind, which blew so piercingly all night, lulled, as is generally does at sunrise; but the hazy vaper, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose red as blood, gave warning that the calm would not continue long; nor had I pursued my course another hour before the roar of the desert wind was heard, columns of dust began to rise in the horizon, and the air became gradually filled with driving sand.

"As the wind increased, the whole plain around me, which had been heaped by former tempests into ridges, like the waves of a turbulent sea, got into motion; the sand blew from off their crests, like spray from the ocean, and covered myself and horse with its dense eddies; while, often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse toiled over the ridges, taking up to the very girths in the deep, baffling substance.

"I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale and the clouds of suffocating sand. To my alarm my horse now became terrified and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable, as well as unwilling, to face the sharp drifting of the still increasing storm. In vain I tried to sooth and urge him on; caresses and blows were alike ineffectual.

"To abandon my horse would have been to give up hope; for I could not proceed a mile on foot; yet to remain stationary, as I was forced to do by the animal's terror, meant certain destruction. Everything that offered resistance to the force of the hurricane appeared to be travelling along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelemed in an incredibly short time; even when my horse stood still, but for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees; and, as I watched the progress of the storm, made furious efforts to extricate himself.

"Quite certain that my only hope lay in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the leeward side of some hillock or mass of rocks that might afford me shelter till the storm should be over, I gave up my further course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and, at last, when man and horse were exhausted, during a partial lull, I observed something like a rock looming through the dusky atmosphere. It proved to be but a bank of drifting sand with a hollow on the leeside, but here my worn-out horse and I found a tolerably good shelter for some hours till the storm lulled.

The Most Comfortable Sort of a Place.

Angelina Fitzwilliams—"I hope, mum, as I shan't be expected to carry up no coal, nor make no beds, nor black no boots."

Mrs. Mat Jones—"Oh, most certainly not. I shall carry up the coal and make the beds myself. And my husband, of course, blacks the boots and would be most happy to give yours a rub if you leave them outside your door where he can get them."

Not Experienced Enough for Matrimony.

Miss Tipity Fitchet—"Are you sure you have never loved any other woman?"

Mr. Goodman—"Quite sure."

Miss Tipity Fitchet—"And no woman has ever loved you?"

Mr. Goodman—"Never."

Miss Tipity Fitchet—"Then, sir, I must really decline your offer. I cannot marry such an inexperienced man."

The Marquis of Lansdowne, late governor general of Canada, and Lady Lansdowne are in London.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888.

ODDFELLOWS' PICNIC.

Favored by the very best of weather and all the other concomitants necessary to make such an event a success, it is needless to state that the Oddfellows' Picnic on Dominion Day was even more successful than any similar celebration held under the auspices of Deseronto Lodge. At an early hour people began to move towards the ground and an endless procession kept moving in the same direction all the day long. The noble grove presented a fine spectacle with its vast crowds of pleasure seekers, of whom more than two thousand were present during the day. The dancing booths attracted a large crowd of young people who there tripped the "light fantastic" to the music of a string band. The ladies of the Methodist and Church of England congregations had been invited to prepare dinner for the occasion and most tempting spreads were the consequence, a sumptuous dinner being provided for only 25cts. The music was furnished by the Rathbun Company Band who must be complimented on the excellence of their selections which were deserving of all praise. The committees were untiring in their efforts to make everything pass off pleasantly and must be deeply gratified with their success. The games were well contested from start to finish and afforded much amusement to the spectators. We append the prize list:—

PRIZE LIST.

Quoit Match:—1st,$8.00, Frank Claus; 2nd, $5.00, Wm. Powles; 3rd, $3.00, Wm. Mundell; 4th, $2.00, T. Coughlin.

Shooting Glass Balls:—1st, M. C. Dunn; 2nd, M. Woodcock.

Yacht Race:—1st, Flag presented by Mr. Geo. Stewart, John Stuart; 2nd, China Set, presented by Mr. M. Woodcock, John Macleod.

Boys' Race, under 14 years:—1st, 75cts, Chas. Gordon; 2nd, 50cts, William Caughlin.

Girls Race, under 14 years:—1st, 75 cts. Virginia Houle; 2nd, 50 cts, Annie Lindsay.

One Hundred Yards Race:—1st, $1.50, James Gaulin; 2nd, $1.00, Wm. Stuart.

Cigar Race:—1st, $1.50, John Hyderman; 2nd, $1.00, James Gaulin.

Standing High Jump:—Prize $1.75, tie between James and Edward Gaulin.

Running High Jump:—1st, $1.50, James Gaulin; 2nd, 75cts, Edward Gaulin.

Standing Long Jump:—1st$1.00, Edward Gaulin; 2nd, 75 cts, James Gaulin.

Vaulting with Pole:—1st, $1.50, Joseph Houle; 2nd, $1.00, Edward Breaugh.

Hop, Step & Jump:—Prizes $2.25, tie between Edward and James Gaulin.

Running High Kick:—1st, $1.50, M. Hunt; 2nd, $1.00, Edward Gaulin.

Standing High Kick:—1st, $1.50, M. Hunt; 2nd, $1.00, Edward Gaulin.

Putting Heavy Stone:—1st, $1 00, Jas. Evans; 2nd, 75 cts, Thomas Flynn.

Oddfellows Race:—1st, Elegant Napkin holder, presented by Mr. Wm. Jamieson, Wm. Stuart; 2nd, Package of cigars presented by Mr. A. S. Vallesu, Louis Barton.

Fat Mens Race:—Watch, presented by Mr. P. O'Connor, R. Smith.

Fifteen Minutes Go as you Please:—1st, $2.50, Neil Walker, 2nd, $1.50, John Hyderman.

Three-Legged Race:—1st, $1.00, James Gaulin & E. Breaugh; 2nd, 50 cts, Hugo Dryden & Neil Walker.

400 yards Race:—1st, $2.50, James Gaulin; 2nd, Edward Breaugh.

Boys Race under 12 years:—1st, Wm. Caughlin; 2nd, Frank Young; 3rd, Wesley Norton.

PROMOTION EXAMINATION.

DESERONTO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Miss Jennie Porter's Room—Entrance to Fourth Class—Number of pupils who wrote 10, Passed, Frank Vance, Charlie Walker, Delbert Cook, George Edwards, Flora Carter, Frank Butler, Wilbert Woodcock, Alma Stover.

Miss M. Cassidy's Room—Entrance to Third Class—Pupils who passed, Fred Richardson, Frank Young, Lottie Washburn, Addie Scott, Edith Taylor, Alethia Jamieson, Fred Kinmedy, Clementina Mackie, Mary Blake, Maude Cooke.

Entrance to Fourth Class:—Stella Vanderveort, Minnie Pallie, Jessie Mackie.

Miss Jessie Porter's Room—Entrance to Third Class—Number of pupils who wrote 15. Passed, Lillie Prickett, Violet Smith, Virginia Houle, Margory Barrow, Freddie McKee, Willie Butler, Fanny Maxwell, Allie Vandervoort, Arma Foster, Mabel Knapp, Frank Evans, Willie Kenny.

Miss Dingman's room:—Entrance to second class.—Number of pupils who passed, Willie Cole, Emma Anderson, Dora Hubbs, Willie Carter, Gussie Smith, Willie Widdrington, Jessie Taylor, Grace Pallie.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Pupils on Honor Roll in 4th Dept. Public school for June—Teacher, Miss Jessie Porter.

Senior Class.—Violet Smith, 580; Arma Foster, 530; Lillie Prickett, 500; Fred McKee, 490; Fanny Maxwell, 450; Margery Barrow, 410.

Junior Class.—Annie Breaugh, 580; Elsie McConnell, 540; Pearl Wallace, 530; Jessie McRae, 510; Minnie Noble, 500; May Bush, 360.

MONTHLY REPORT OF ATTENDANCE FOR JUNE.

Primary Division,—No. on roll 90. Aggregate attendance 1212. Average attendance 58.

Second Division,—No. on the roll, 70. Aggregate attendance 1057. Average attendance 57.

Third Division,—No. on the roll 55. Aggregate attendance 852. Average attendance 41.

Fourth Division,—No. on the roll 43. Aggregate attendance 486. Average attendance 39.

Fifth Division,—No. on the roll 41. Aggregate attendance 634. Average attendance 36.

Sixth Division,—No. on the roll 39. Aggregate attendance 660. Average attendance 31.

Seventh Division,—No. on the roll 48. Aggregate attendance 800. Average attendance 38.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The following pupils have been promoted from Junior to Senior Third Book. Maximum number of marks 748 required for passing 369;—Georgiana Gracey, 545; Willie Moyse, 539; Lewis Morden 499; Emma Chamberlain 495; Alice Baker 482; Minnie Widdington 474; Florence Hill 454; Florettia Moses 426; Martha Craig 424; George McGaughey 422; Edith Hubbs 408; Willie Hull 404; Harry Chamberlain 400; Fred Colp 390. M. E. Cassidy, teacher.

The English papers declare the Panama canal loan a failure.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

The funeral of William N. Martin who died from the effects of a run-away accident was one of the largest we have seen for some time on the Reserve. Martin was generally respected as was proved by the immense crowd which followed his remains to All Saints Church cemetery on Friday.

John Bardy Hill, who had been ailing some time but about whom no immediate danger was apprehended, went out on Saturday afternoon for a walk, on his return was seized with a fit of coughing, and in a few minutes died. He was buried at All Saints church cemetery on Monday morning last, having been a member of L. O. L. No. 99, the Lodge conducted a service after the usual burial service of the church.

Dominion Day was celebrated in the Parsonage grove by the Odd Fellows and visitors from surrounding settlements with great spirit. Some of the Mohawks participated in the games and were successful in carrying off prizes. The first and second money for a Quoit match was won by Francis Claus and William Powles; the former is one of our best farmers the latter is the popular ferry man; both throw with wonderful precision. We are sorry to see our old champion player Archie compelled to take a back seat.

There will be a special service for Orangemen and their friends on Sunday the 8th inst. at Christ Church, the churchwardens think they can seat 600 comfortably.

In consideration of Mr. Egar's uniform liberality towards church objects on the Reserve, several of our ladies furnished baskets through him to St. Marks table in the grove on Monday last.

Extensive repairs have been put on Green Creek Bridge, bay shore road, making it safe and substantial.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent

A sad drowning accident occurred at Conway, Frederick-sourgs on Saturday last. A fine boy in his thirteenth year had been fishing at the dock, and before starting for home thought he would wash off the string of fish, and in leaning over the dock for that purpose lost his balance and was drowned before help could be given.

The Rev. J. C. Ash entered upon his ministry on the Adolphustown circuit on Sabbath last, preaching to large and appreciative congregations.

The town-ship council at the close of its session on Saturday went in a body to the Methodist Parsonage to present their greetings of welcome to the newly-arrived minister, and although they found him very busy unpacking and getting settled, yet their hearty words of cheer and welcome were highly appreciated.

NORTHPORT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Charles Crysdale, Oshawa, is visiting his father here.

Miss Carrie Melbanks, Redneraville, spent last week with friends here.

A good many of our young sports went to Belleville monday to the Wheelmen's meet.

Lieutenant E. A. Simpson returned from Camp at Gananoque on Saturday looking hale and hearty.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brooks returned after six months visit with friends in Denver and other western places, both looking better.

Miss Grace Cotter returned home from Toronto on Tuesday where she has been going to school.

Mrs. W. H. Cotter and Miss Annie Ross spent last week with friends near Warkworth.

Mr. Will Dingman of Denver, Colo. is home on a visit.

A good many from this locality went to the sandbanks on Saturday.

This season some of our young men have taken advantage of nature's work the beautiful Bay of Quinte and procured sail boats and skifts and often we see them spending a short time in sailing.

Haying has commenced in this locality; a short crop is the general report.

Mr. Allen Osborne and wife returned on Tuesday after a wedding trip to Montreal and other eastern places.

Our new minister Rev. J. C. Seymore arrived on Thursday and filled all appointments on Sunday. Mr. Seymore is well liked by all and we hope he may remain with us a full term.

A grand reception was given our new Pastor Rev. Mr. Seymore on Friday evening last in the stone church here. Abundance of strawberries, lemonade and cakes, etc, were provided and a very enjoyable evening was spent; many interesting speeches were delivered by the leading members of the congregation.

DEMORESTVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent

It still keeps very dry although yesday it looked like rain. I hear some farmers in this vicinity have turned their cattle in their grain fields to keep them from starving to death.

The Rev. J. C. Ash leaves to-day for his new circuit, Adolphustown.

Mrs. Duke, wife of Rev. R. Duke, is visiting at her father's, N. Sprague.

Miss Letitia Thompson is visiting her sister at Belleville.

The *boys* will be home from Camp Saturday. I guess Mr. Editor the next time they go they will stay at home, at least Charlie says he will.

The Salvation Army, of Picton, held a Jubilee in the last evening in the house Captain Eddie White is stationed here.

Rev. J. C. Ash preached his farewell sermon last Sunday evening to a full house.

The village boys have organized a Base Ball club. I presume they are open to all challenges. I believe they play with the Bethel team Saturday.

The ladies of the Methodist Church held a reception for Rev. Geo. Robinson & family on Monday evening. It was a grand success about two hundred present. The tables literally groaned with good things. We had speeches by J. A. Sprague, M. P. P., N. Sprague, Rev. Geo. Robinson and others and all went home happy about 12 o'clock

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Edmond Powers, of Marysville, and his sister were visiting Mrs. James McHenry this week.

Mr. James Powers, of Read, was visiting his friends in Richmond last week.

Mr. John Lane and Mr. William Edwards, of Deseronto, were visiting here last week.

Miss Shannon, of Read, was visiting Mrs. Sexsmith last week.

The Richmond council met on Monday. A petition from the inhabitants of the village and the ratepayers in this section praying for the proper protection of the hills north and south of the village was favourably considered and the engineer was directed at once to make a survey of the work necessary and have it attended to immediately. This when done will be a much needed improvement.

The Reeves of Tyendinaga and Richmond met last week for the purpose of examining into a question of a water course complained of by Mr. William Hayes on the boundary road. The blasting of some forty rods of rock would materially improve Mr. Hayes' property and the decision was that he should do it at his own expense or take action under the Drainage Act.

The long continued drouth remains unbroken through this section of the country and the effects will be most disastrous. Hay is a total failure and unless rain soon comes there will be less than half a crop.

Mr. Grange, teacher of our school, having decided upon entering on commercial life, has resigned much to the regret of trustees, parents and pupils. Mr. Grange, although he has taught here only for a short time, has been much esteemed and the pupils have made very satisfactory progress under his charge. He becomes book-keeper for the Ontario Tea Company, Napanee.

Mrs. Henry Schermerhorn and family accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Fergison and her husband, late of Selby, left by train from Napanee on Monday for Turtle Mountain, Manitoba, where they intend to make their future home.

The Rev. J. W. Foster and family moved to Thomasburg last week.

Mr. Michael McGuin, of Read, was visiting here last week.

Building Lots.

FOR SALE on Green street, lots 13, 14 and 15. For information apply to MR. P. O'CONNOR, O'Connor House,

April 27.—3 mos. Deseronto,

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GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

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COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA DIFFICULT BREATHING and all THROAT and LUNG complaints.

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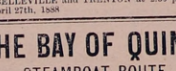

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 29th, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a.m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.

April 27th, 1888

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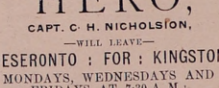
The Swift and Elegantly Furnished Steamer



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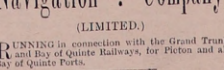
NOTE—After JULY 1st this steamer will make three trips weekly between Belleville and 1000 Islands. Particulars later.



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RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily(Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton	6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton	1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:15 "	" Belleville,	3:00 "
" Northport,	8:10 "	" Northport,	4:30 "
" Belleville,	10:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:30 "
Arrive Trenton,	11:30 "	Arrive Picton	6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee,	6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton	3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:00 "
Arrive Picton,	8:30 "	Arrive Napanee,	6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton,	9:30 a.m.	Lev. Deseronto,	1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto,	11:00 "	Arrive Picton,	2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.

Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, April 12, 1887

EGAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

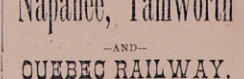
Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

☞ EVERYTHING AT EGARS'. ☜

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

ESTABLISHED 1873.



Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 10	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 28
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 03
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	12 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	1 03	6 23
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	1 13	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	1 50	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	50
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 53	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
A Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen Manager

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;

THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;

THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Deseronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

——TO BE CALLED——

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 50 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

The Tribune.

All kinds of Fancy and Job Printing At reasonable prices neatly and quickly performed by the DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY (Ltd), TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

VOL. V DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888 NO 4

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO. (LIMITED)

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 54 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column.....	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column.....	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column.....	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch.....	8.00	3.00	2.50
Business Cards, (less than one inch.).....	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc. 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items 10 cents per line each insertion.

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS Co., (LIMITED), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 5:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:30 a.m. and 5:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. FILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 3

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices. THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical Assistant in Toronto General Hospital.

OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.

RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.

Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.

Operations made as painless as possible.

OFFICE:—Tribune Block, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT McDONALD, PROPRIETOR Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this favorably situated house to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms. Accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best Imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate. First-class livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.

P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,

DESERONTO

SAVING BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :: AGENCY

—OF THE—

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL, Tribune Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON, or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

AT CHEAPSIDE.

NUMBER OF PURCHASERS SERVED IN JUNE 1888 - - 4049
" " " " 1887, - - 3260
INCREASE - - - - - - 789

CHEAPSIDE'S TRADE goes right on increasing notwithstanding the drought and apparently poor crop prospects.

People seem to be sure of finding the right goods at the right prices and succeed in doing so.

People seem to have confidence in our ability and willingness to give them value for their money, and they are not mistaken.

NOW, we have very special inducements to offer you all this month. We have a lot of summer goods which we are anxious to clear out this month, and have just put the prices down to the vanishing point.

We will take five cents a yard for a lot of nice Dress Goods worth 10 cents.

We will take 10 cents for a lot of 12½ cent Dress Goods which were particularly good value at that price.

We will take 24 cents for a lot of 42-inch Dress Goods worth 35 cents.
We will take 20 cents for double width All-Wool Nun's Cloth worth 40 cents.
We will take 15 cents for All-Wool single width Nun's Cloth worth 25 cents.
We will take $2.50 for a whole Chambray Costume with Embroideries, worth $4.
We will take 75 cents a yard for Skirt Laces, worth $1.25, and 20 cents for wide Flouncing Laces in Beige and Coffee shades.

We will take 28 cents a yard for a lot of lovely Cream Ground Swiss Muslins with colored spots, worth 40 cents.

We will take 15 cents a yard for a grand lot of 20 cent fast Colored Chambrays, and 20 cents for the fine Vichy Cloth Chambray, worth 30 cents. (Embroideries to match at reduced prices.)

We will take reduced prices on all our Parasols.

We will clear out a lot of single pairs of Curtains cheap.

We will sell the balance of our Tapestry Carpets out cheap this month, and the prices we will put on them, if you have any thought of purchasing, will surprise you into buying.

We are still selling nice Cream Seersuckers at 6 cents a yard.

MILLINERY.

In this department we have had a largely increased business the past month over last year, and now want to clear out everything in this line during this month, so that our whole stock is reduced in price. You can buy a nice fine Hat for 50 cents, such as other houses have been charging $1.25 for, and everything else in proportion.

Grand value in Hosiery and Gloves.

Grand values in Shirtings, Cottonades, Table Linens, Tickings, etc.

Grand and unapproachable value in Black and Colored Silks and Satins.

HINCH & CO.

NAPANEE.

The value givers of the Central District.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey, extra value, with embroidery to match.

A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lardor Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

Last Warning.

ALL ACCOUNTS that are past one month due, if not paid at once, will be left with the Clerk of the Division Court.

GEO. J. SAGER, Deseronto.

Reward.

A LIBERAL REWARD will be given to any person who will give information of the names of the parties who took a life boat off the end of the dock near the shipyard some time between Saturday evening and Tuesday morning.

WM. EVANS.

A LEGEND.

A lovely woman in an eastern land
Once swayed a kingdom with her slender hand;
Her burdens heavy grew and weighed her down,
Upon her brow there pressed a jeweled crown

Too cumbersome for its tender resting place,
The golden weight adorned a weary face;
She cried: "I have grown tired of my power,
It seemeth more unbearable each hour.

"Let some one come that I may crown him king;
Within his hand he must a guerdon bring
That shall by far my boundless wealth exceed.
So, having it, I'll feel no other need."

Her wish was known, and lo! from far and near
There thronged around her poet, prince and peer,
With offerings of dazzling beauty wrought
In wondrous shapes and with deep meanings fraught.

They laid their gifts down humbly at her feet.
She sighed; "Alas! I find them incomplete.
Within these sparkling stones no solace lies;
I dream of wealth revealed in human eyes."

Morn after morn a suppliant went away
Until there came unto her throne one day
A man with empty hands, yet noble face
And form of matchless mold and peerless grace.

The queen looked up and asked: "What gift hast thou
To tender for the crown upon my brow?"
He gazed within her eyes and naught replied.
She crowned him, saying; "I am satisfied."

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SOME NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

The tuberose is not a rose, but a species of olyanth.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy, the greater part of it is rosin and palm oil.

Sealingwax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar.

Cuttlebone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlish.—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

RED THE FAVORITE COLOR.

It is a curious circumstance that red, the unseen color of so many, is the favorite color, and may be called the king color, of the normal eye. It was especially so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever use color as an epithet, as we do when we say "the blue sky," "the purple hills." They say, indeed, "the Red sea;" but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings, or the high priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace of "red and blue and black and white marble," in the Book of Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of disease, is mentioned but once or twice; "her feathers like yellow gold." But red is largely spoken of as in later times, and perhaps was invented by, for we did not invent, we only inherit, the expressions, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange, and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair," is a modern, or rather medieval, in accuracy; "red cow" we got from the ancients, and use it as they all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more knightly and costly color.—*Good Words.*

OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSES.

Are we a civilized people? Of course the answer depends upon the definition that is given to civilization. Judging by our country schoolhouses there is a chance for several degrees of advance before we reach high civilization. Garden and Forest has set out to reform our schoolhouse surrounding. In the west this reform is far less needed than in the east. But if there be anywhere hideous little toad like structures, set out in undirected spots of waste land, it is the old style schoolhouse. It ought in all cases to be placed in a snug little park, surrounded by abundant shade. A child's most important teachers are trees, flowers, brooks, hills and valleys and other objects in nature which are the real character builders. If you wish the beautiful to grow in your children, surround them with beautiful sights and scenes.

COURAGE OF AN ARMY.

Discipline, that well spring of victory, is recognized as one of the most potent means of raising the standard of courage in an army. It teaches men that their best reliance is in their own bravery; gives them confidence in each other; removes the fear that they may not be properly supported in emergencies; convinces them that they are part of an intelligent machine moving methodically, under perfect control and not guided by incompetency, and establishes that esprit de corps which goes so far to ward making armies formidable in war. It was discipline which enabled the commander on board the English ship, when foundering, to form his men in line on deck, present arms, and go down with the vessel, while the band played "God Save the King."—Gen. Horace Porter in The Century.

THE PERFECT HORSE.

The perfect horse is yet to be foaled, and we must take facts as they are, and not expect to find all good qualities in any one horse. In dealing with a stranger rely largely on your own judgment, and endeavor not to be misled by any questionable statements he may make. See that the horse stands squarely on its feet, and that it does not toe out behind, or toe in forward. Run your hand slowly and carefully down the inside of each leg; if there is a bunch there you will feel it. See that the feet are sound and well spread. A dark hoof, if sound, is always preferable to a white or streaked one. Look sharp at the eye. A bright full eye denotes spirit; a mild, pleasant eye, with a brownish cast, indicates a pleasant, affectionate disposition, while an eye with a good deal of white denotes temper. There is perhaps no other way to judge a horse's disposition so well as by a careful study of his eyes, and too much importance cannot well be attached to the necessity of a good disposition. In every case, take a bill of the horse, written by the seller himself, with the horse described therein as sound or unsound. If a buyer is personally acquainted with any reliable person who has a satisfactory horse for sale, it is better to purchase of him, even though it may cost more. Nearly every man feels indignant at the suggestion that he is not competent to handle any horse, while the fact is this: "that after you and I are taken out of the list, there remain comparatively few men really competent to handle a fine, high-strung, nervous horse, although it may not be in the least vicious." Many a man has made a serious mistake by getting more horseflesh than he can handle. He may lack the patience required with a wide-awake horse.—*American Agriculturist* for July.

SHANNONVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. H. Dodds, of Alton, is visiting her father, Mr. J. Loveless.

Miss Nettie Clark is visiting in Napanee.

Mr. T. Gerow has taken advantage of the vacation and gone on a pleasant trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr spent Sunday in Deseronto.

The Evangelists have erected a tent near the Methodist church and are holding services every evening.

Rev. R. L. Edwards and family, of Centreton, were visiting friends in this place but his special business here was to unite in marriage our esteemed young friend Miss Minnie Grills, of Thurlow, and Rev. Wm. Hyde, of Dakota.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

B. M. Britton, Esq., of Kingston, was in the village on business one day recently.

Mrs. Sexsmith, of Petrolia, who has been visiting relatives here, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. J. G. Allison spent a couple of days in Hamilton this week.

Mr. J. Doreen has been transferred from Marysville station to Mallorytown and is succeeded here by Mr. Dafoe, of Amityville.

Thos. Deasy, Esq., returned home from northern Dakota this week and was surprised to find crops in such a famishing condition here. Dakota & Manitoba having had abundant rains all through the season.

The earthquake on Sunday night last was distinctly felt by a number of people in this vicinity.

The surveyors have been here this week going over the ground for the double track.

The fires created by sparks from locomotives are doing considerable damage along the line of the G. T. R.

MILLTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The drouth still continues and farmers in this vicinity are all most disheartened. Cattle wander about listlessly. Mr. Robt. Reid has turned his cattle into a field of peas to pasture and a number of others are talking of doing the same. We are not only suffering from the drouth but we are in danger of being burned up. Fires from the cars break out every day along the line.

School closed last Friday. Miss White reserved her examination until the last day. The children seemed to be progressing finely. Between their lessons and recitations, a very pleasant afternoon was spent, but our worthy trustees failed to put in an appearance.

Miss Ella Pegan has returned home from school to spend her vacation.

Miss Lizzie Pennick went to Belleville to write for entrance to High School.

Mr. Lazier, of the pottery in Belleville, spent last Sunday with Mr. Pennick and family.

Mr. Edward Barrage and wife visited the former's father and mother on Sunday last.

Mr. R. F. Pegan has been building and refitting his house and barn. He has built a verandah around his house which adds greatly to its appearance.

Rev. A. L. Geen, of Belleville, delivered a very affective address on Sunday last in Trinity Church, Shannonville, subject, "Dominion of Canada." Service was closed by singing "God save our Queen."

The pity is that we have not more workers in the church like the Rev. A. L. Geen. On Sunday last he drove from Belleville, accompanied by his wife, to Shannonville, was in time for Sunday School at 10 o'clock; had 11 o'clock service; took dinner with Mr. Roberts; drove to Belleville hospital and preached there at 3 o'clock; drove back to Milltown; took tea at Mr. T. D. Appleby's, then had the usual evening service, and yet some members cannot get out to service once a day.

Track is being laid on the Red River Valley road at the rate of two miles a day.

Citizens of Kingston have met and denounced Sunday traffic on the Welland Canal.

A recorder in Montreal compelled a young man to enter into bonds to discontinue visiting a young lady.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mrs. O'Hare, of Plainfield, and Mrs. Adams, of Deseronto, have been visiting Mrs. James McHenry.

Mrs. Dulmage, of Deseronto, has been visiting her father Mr. Charles Wright this week.

Mr. Grange, our late teacher, left for Napanee on Saturday last.

The drouth still continues. On Tuesday afternoon we had a heavy windstorm in fact a hurricane. Fences were levelled and trees snapped like twigs.

On Sunday night last about 11 o'clock a very heavy shock of earthquake was felt all through this section of country. Houses rocked, windows were shaken and crockery danced. In one instance glass was broken in the windows. The shock lasted only two or three seconds and the testimony from all quarters is to the same effect. A meteor was observed the same evening between 6 and 7 o'clock moving in a north westerly direction.

Messrs. Grooms and Dowling patrons of the Empey Hill Factory were summoned by Inspector Whitton for sending impure milk to the factory. The former on two charges was fined $59.80 and the latter on four charges was fined $70.70. Both parties have appealed.

Mrs. Gordon and Mr. William Gordon left for Brighton on Tuesday morning to visit their relatives there.

The Orangemen through this section duly observed the twelfth, some going to Lime Lake some to Kingston and some to Port Hope.

A man named Mathew Leonard an old resident on the 8th concession of Tyendinaga met with a dreadful accident last week, which resulted in his death. It appears that he set fire to a brush heap on his farm and the weather being so dry the fire quickly spread to a neighbor's fence and it is supposed that endeavoring to put the fire out he was overpowered by the flames and smoke When discovered he was lying by the brush-heap and his legs and feet were literally cooked to the bone. He was unconscious when discovered, but after a time recovered and after lingering a few hours death put an end to his sufferings. The deceased was well known and much respected and was 75 years of age. He was a native of Ireland, but has resided in this country for many years. The funeral took place on Saturday last at the Catholic Cemetery, Read.

The many friends of Mr. Michael Jordan will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his long illness. He is able now to be up and around and it is to be hoped that he may soon be restored to health.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Dickson, Q.C., of Belleville, spent Wednesday in town.

Miss Strea has returned home from a visit to Fellowes, Co. Frontenac.

Mr. Frank Clement, who had his ankle broken, is able to move out a little.

Mr. R. W. Lloyd has entered on duty as a foreman in the Terra Cotta Works.

Miss McGuin, of Augusta, is the guest of Mrs. Wm. Willson, Thomas street.

Miss Jennie Marsh left on Tuesday to enjoy a few days amon gfriends in Trenton.

Mrs. James Stokes, and Master John Stokes are enjoying a visit among friends in Kingston.

Miss Belle Redmond, and Miss Annie Redmond, of Picton, were the guests of Miss Maggie Field, last Sunday.

Miss S. McWilliams, of Marmora, has been the guest of Mr. N. Conley, Dundas street, during the past week.

Mr. J. V. Sexsmith, Reeve of Richmond, was in town on Saturday. He is surprised at the wonderful growth of Deseronto.

Mr. J. A. Craig, D. D. S., arrived in town from Philadelphia on Monday morning. He intends practicing his profession in Bound Brook, N. Y.

Mr. James Mitchell, of the Deseronto Flour Mills, spent a week's vacation by enjoying a pleasant trip to Bobcaygeon and other points in the lake country.

Mr. Thomas Bowen, son of Mr. W. P. Bowen, Napanee road, left on Tuesday for Campbellford where he intends learning the watchmaking and jewelry business with his uncle, T. S. Porte.

Mr. Thos. Naylor spent yesterday in Kingston which appears to have for him some peculiarly strong attraction.

Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Auborn, of New York City, are visiting at Mr. Jas. A. Davis's, Dundas street.

Miss Bell, of Belleville, who recently returned from her European tour, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. B. Rathbun, for a few days during the past week.

Miss Campbell, of the Parsonage, who has been visiting friends in Belleville since the closing of Albert College, has returned home to Deseronto.

Mr. Peter Bowen spent the "twelfth" in Kingston.

Mr. H. C. Jeffers has returned home from a week's vacation spent very pleasantly in Watertown, N. Y.

The Misses McClung, of Bowmanville, and Miss McGrear, of Napanee, are the guests of Mrs. Stanton at the Rectory.

Mr. Edward Landon, of the electric staff, leaves this week for Coe Hill where he enters into business with his brother. He will carry with him the good wishes of very many friends in Deseronto who will remember him as a courteous official.

Mrs. Chas. Vader has returned home from visiting friends in Tamworth and vicinity.

John Zachar has now fasted fifty days.

The new Papal encyclical is said to be broad and tolerant, but decidedly opposed to the separation of Church and State.

The Station at Corson's Siding, on the Midland railway, with 4,000 telegraph poles and a large quantity of lumber, was burned on Saturday evening.

General Fisk, Prohibition candidate for President of the United States, says that the Temperance plank of the Republican Convention has driven thousands of voters into the Prohibition ranks.

Gabriel Dumont has received letters from Halfbreeds in the Northwest, threatening rebellion unless their properties are restored

AGRICULTURAL.

There is nothing that tells so effectually in farm work as steadiness. The greatest tasks are performed by keeping constantly at work.

For fertilizing purposes there is no more valuable form of potash than wood ashes. The plants have digested it once and adapted it to the use of all other plants.

That unsightly excrescence commonly called a wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor oil. This is the simplest known remedy.

The following is recommended for lice on cattle: Mix one teaspoonful of ground copperas with the feed of each animal, once in each week or ten days, until the pests disappear.

Keep the calves growing lustily. Teach them to eat oats at an early age. A calf will never get fully over the bad effects of having been stunted and starved through even a comparatively short period of its life.

If fowls are confined it is best to have them in a yard large enough to have the grass grow in it. When yards are trodden or scratched up so as not to allow the grass to grow they will not keep hens healthy and in a laying condition.

It is said that more than half of the cheese now consumed in Great Britain is made in this country and in Canada. The American and Canadian cheese pays its freight to England and then undersells their articles on the solid merits.

There is no doubt that fowls will do some mischief in the garden, and they likewise do some good in destroying insects. At any rate it is best to see whether the mischief is more than the profit from the eggs which would be laid if the birds had full liberty.

A farm horse does the greater portion of his work on a walk. Consequently it is a matter of great importance that his gait should be cultivated. A horse that will walk four miles an hour is worth considerably more than one that will walk but three miles an hour.

When chicks are droopy or weak care is needed to recuperate, them, a little more green food and onions should be given them or, if they are too much purged, a little powdered chalk and bone flour in their soft food—one teaspoonful of each to a pint of food is sufficient.

An English authority computes that in the last three or four years more pigs have died in the United States from cholera than have been raised in the British Isles. Wonder if the methods of feeding for some years in vogue in this country have had anything to do with this mortality?

Any domestic animal understands and appreciates kind treatment. It is no use to say they are "only dumb brutes." It is true, they cannot talk, but, like dumb or blind men, their intelligence in other respects is doubled. You can make friends of all your animals if you take the trouble to do so.

Good dairymen are well aware of the importance of pure air in the manufacture of butter and of the fact that slight impurities are readily absorbed and diminish the excellencies of the product. The habit of smoking by the dairyman has been shown to make a decided difference in the flavor of the butter.

For disinfectants about poultry houses and sheds, smoke from a wood fire, says the *Farm and Stockman*, is one of the best; also sulphur. In using the latter, close every opening and chink where air can escape, place a pound or two of brimstone, in small pieces, in an iron pan, and let it gently burn, leaving the house shut up for the day if possible.

Somebody says that ten drops of the oil of turpentine shaken up with a tablespoonful of sweet milk will cure half a dozen chickens of the gapes, each getting an equal part of it, or the same quantity mixed with flour or meal and a small bolus forced down the throat of the chick will do the work promptly. The dose should be repeated several times—say morn, noon and night.

When stock is turned on the pasture and there left all day, the water supply must be looked after. A milch cow must have plenty of water. She can not well wait until she is driven up at night. The water is a necessary constituent of the milk, and she must have it during the time the milk is being manufactured. If deprived of water during the warm days her supply of milk will fall off.

Excepting the material of which the cheese is made, there is no ingredient of so much importance in cheese-making as rennet. No matter how excellent the milk may be, if the rennet is not right, excellence in the production of cheese cannot be obtained. Much of the poor cheese is the result of poor rennet, and much cheese made poor by the bad handling of the milk, or from other causes, is made worse by poor rennet.

Oil, says the *American Agriculturist*, is fatal to every insect it touches, and sulphur is very offensive to them. A mixture of four ounces of lard, and one of sulphur, well rubbed together, and with the addition of one ounce of kerssene oil and one drachm of creosote, will be found an excellent remedy against all sorts of insect vermin, while the liberal use of kerosene oil on poultry roosts will free the fowls of their tormentors.

It seems strange to me why the various top-knotted breeds of fowls are everlastingly recommended for the farmer; now common sense shows that *hawks* pick 'em up as fast as they digest each meal. The Leghorn is the all-around farm fowl, active and healthy each day of the year, and it is indeed a poor fancier or farmer that cannot make $1.50 profit a year from each hen. The crested fowls are more subject to cold and roup than the other breeds and are only fit as a "subject of ornament."

The past few years have about demonstrated that tarred paper ranks next to wood as a valuable material for building chicken houses. The silo experience of late years has proved that for wooden silo buildings tarred paper is practically indispensable. The use of tarred paper is becoming so universal that there is hardly a good farm in the country where a roll of it cannot be found. Its use lessens the lumber bills materially. It appears that many thicknesses of boards are used simply to keep out the air. The tarred paper will do this work equally well.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* says: Much has been published in regard to the barbarity of the usual mode of washing sheep before shearing. They are timid animals, and particularly fearful of getting into water. It is very difficult to drive a flock across a stream, and when one does succeed in doing so they invariably jump it. They have an innate dread of wetting even their feet. It is not so with other farm animals. Then when sheep come to be plunged in by the washers and retained five or ten minutes, what must be their feelings? It must be a shock to the system, and shocks are bad. This heroic treatment is downright cruelty. Washing removes only the loose dirt from the wool, and it is doubtful if that embraces two per cent. of the whole weight of fleece, yet buyers deduct from twenty to thirty per cent. for unwashed wool. Washed or unwashed, it has to be scoured before manufacturing, and hence, why wash at all? Farmers do it simply to save such an outrageous deduction on the price. Three years ago a friend with a flock of sixty sheep did not wash, and said he should not again; but when he sold his wool he was compelled to submit to a discount of twenty per cent., amounting to twenty-five dollars, and now he has returned to the old process. At a wool-buyer's store I have seen unwashed fleeces thrown into the general lot, and it is doubtful if manufacturers make much difference if any. In the absence of desired information as to the true inwardness of this wool-washing business, it must be concluded that somebody is taking advantage of the wool-growers who fail to present the plain, square but little attention. This is a sad mistake, for there is not a vegetable in the garden that is so gross a feeder, nor one that so readily pays for all the food and care given as the tomato. To grow to its greatest perfection, the hills should be dug out to the depth of two and a half feet; at the bottom there should be a half bushel of well-rotted manure; above this let the soil be an equal mixture of loam and manure thoroughly mixed. The hills should be at least six feet apart. Let the situation be open, warm, airy. When the fruit begins to set, mulch with clean straw or very small brush. Under these conditions six plants will furnish sufficient tomatoes for a family of twelve persons. Whatever variety may be planted in this manner, the result will show specimens for size, smoothness, and esculent properties, unknown to the variety when grown in the ordinary manner.

How to Grow Tomatoes in Perfection.

Because the generous nature of the tomato yields bountifully with seemingly little care, the general impression prevails that the plant requires but little attention. This is a sad mistake, for there is not a vegetable in the garden that is so gross a feeder, nor one that so readily pays for all the food and care given as the tomato. To grow to its greatest perfection, the hills should be dug out to the depth of two and a half feet; at the bottom there should be a half bushel of well-rotted manure; above this let the soil be an equal mixture of loam and manure thoroughly mixed. The hills should be at least six feet apart. Let the situation be open, warm, airy. When the fruit begins to set, mulch with clean straw or very small brush. Under these conditions six plants will furnish sufficient tomatoes for a family of twelve persons. Whatever variety may be planted in this manner, the result will show specimens for size, smoothness, and esculent properties, unknown to the variety when grown in the ordinary manner.

Notes.

Elizabeth Mallet established in London in 1702 the first daily newspaper printed in the world.

It is said to be English to never wash strawberries, but to roll them carefully in a towel until "the grit" disappears.

Mlle. Helene Laroche, a Paris ballet girl, recently drew 200,000 francs in a lottery, and donated it to an orphan asylum.

Miss Budrose (getting vaccinated)—Do you think it will take, Dr. Montague? Dr. Montague (gallantly) If it doesn't take on such an arm, my dear Miss Violet, I shall have but little respect for vaccine hereafter.

The editor's wife—"Charles, I have just read that M. Gregoki, the editor of the Athens *Gazette*, writes three columns of editorials every day of his life. Isn't that astonishing?" The editor—"Not at all, my love. If I frequently write four columns a day." The editor's wife—"Ha, yes, Charles, but M. Gregoki writes in Greek. Think how difficult that must be!"

Do Monkeys Throw Stones?

A scientific traveller in India was cautioned not to go near a certain landslip on the shore of a lake, as the monkeys would throw stones at him. This advice, naturally enough, only made him the more desirous to visit the spot.

As I approached the landslip, I saw a number of brown animals run to the water's edge and across the top of the slip, and presently pieces of loosened stone came tumbling down where I stood. I fully satisfied myself that this was not merely accidental, for I distinctly saw one monkey industriously, with both fore-paws and with obvious malice *prepense*, pushing the loose shingles off the rock.

I then tried the effect of throwing stones at them, and this made them quite angry, and the number of fragments which they set rolling was speedily doubled.

This, though it does not amount to the actual throwing of objects by monkeys as a means of offence, comes very near to the same thing, and makes me think that there may be truth in the stories of their throwing fruit at people from trees.

At all events, the general statement that the act of throwing things is never performed by any animal except man is certainly not correct, as I have myself seen recently captured elephants project branches of trees with the design of hitting persons out of their reach.

A Perpetual Railroad Pass.

A most singular case came before Judge Allen of the Supreme Court, Boston, for decision. It appears that in 1836, when the Boston and Providence Railroad Company was chartered, Mr. John C. Dodge, of Attleborough, conveyed a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the railroad as long as the land was used for railroad purposes. A granddaughter of Mr. Dodge claims that she is entitled to the privileges named in the deed, and that the word family means "descendants" of the grantor. The railroad company demurred on the ground that the remedy of the plaintiff, if any, is at law, and not in equity. Judge Allen overruled the demurrer, and expressed an opinion that under the deed the Boston and Providence Railroad Company would be required to carry free the descendants of Mr. Dodge for all time.

He Thought He could.

Her Parent—"Do you think, Mr. Filkins, that you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?"

Bright Young Man—"I think I could if you would let us board with you."

Why do farmers' wives consent to take store pay for their butter? Their husbands will not take it for wheat, oats, cattle or pork. They do not "swap," as they say, in eggs. Nor should farmers' wives "have to" trade out their butter. There is not a pound of butter fit to eat that will not command the cash as readily as a bushel of good wheat. If those who know that their butter is good and marketable would refuse to sell it except for money, it would simplify the matter very much. Those who did not demand cash for their butter would by that act "confess judgment" against the article they are trying to sell, and it would soon go out of the market altogether. Then, if storekeepers would unite in declining to buy butter, and let it find market as grain, beef, and pork do, they might be relieved of the most serious difficulty they have to struggle with in the conduct of their business.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The Discovery of Spectrum Analysis.

Shortly before his death the late Dr. Kirchoff, of Berlin, related the true story of the discovery of spectrum analysis. He and Bunsen were then professors at Heidelberg, and kept bachelors' quarters in the well known "Riesenstein." Upon one of their daily promenades Bunsen remarked: "Kirchoff, we must discover something which will be too simple to be true." They returned and went to work. But years passed by before the discovery was effected. Experimenting one day in his laboratory, Kirchoff happened to place a burning lamp in the rays of the sun. A dark place appeared at once. Thinking it an "optical illusion," he repeated the action, only to find the dark ray reappear and give place to the ordinary ray when the lamp was removed. He called Bunsen. The experiment was repeated many times and always with the same result. They could not explain it. Finally, Bunsen proposed that they go home and "think of other things" for a while; possibly some explanation might be reached. They lolled in their cosy chairs, smoking their long student pipes and talking of the days of their youth and the gossip of the hour. The afternoon had almost passed when Bunsen sprang to his feet with the shout that was the cause of the lamp is fed by the same stuff which is burning in the sun!" They hurried back to the laboratory, tried a number of experiments, and the great discovery was made.

The Human Breath a Poison.

At a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences, Professor Brown-Sequard referred to some experiments he had conducted with a view to determine what, if any, were the toxic effects of the human breath. In condensing the watery vapor coming from the human lungs he obtained a poisonous liquid capable of producing immediate death. This is an *alkaloid* (organic), *and not a microbe* or series of microbes as might have been imagined. He injected this liquid under the skin of a rabbit, and the effect was speedily mortal. The animal died without convulsions; the heart and large vessels were engorged with reddish blood, contrary to what is observed after ordinary death, when the quantity of blood is moderate and of a dark color. In conclusion, this eminent physiologist said that it was fully proved that respired air contained a volatile toxic principle far more dangerous than the carbonic acid, which was also one of its constituents, and that the human breath, as well as that of animals, contained a highly poisonous agent.—[The Medical Press.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of 200 miles.

A ray of light travels 11,160,000 miles in a minute, and is no relation to the messenger boy.

A Boston man bet $50 that a barrel filled with gas would weigh more than an empty one. His eyes opened very wide when he saw that it did not weigh as much.

The latest thing in envelopes is an article which is torn black, lone and red when any inquisitive person attempts to open it by the use of steam or water.

"God has given a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood through the heart every hour, beating the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours overcoming resistance amounting to 224,000,000 pounds of weight, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism no more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.—[Talmage.

Thrift in State of Maine.

Albert Pease of Lewiston, Maine, in a letter to the *Maine Farmer* says:

I propose to tell a few things that I *know* in regard to farms in this section. * * * Adjoining the farm on which I live, there is a farm of 56 acres, with some fruit, barn good, house poor but habitable, land good for a small business, that has been urged upon me for $250. On the middle of the farm of 100 acres, buildings good, land good, with an unusually promising fruit prospect. The owner will sell for a sum that I forbear to name, as his is an exceptional case of discontent. These within three miles of Phillips village, on a good road. Running parallel to the road on which I live, about a mile distant, there is a road leading along a high ridge of excellent land on which there are six farms, with broad fields that are mowed with a machine, good orchards, with good buildings, ample, neat and well kept. I was lately told that all these farms were for sale. Since then one of them has been sold, a farm that ought to carry twelve head of cattle and a hundred sheep, for $700. The former owner is one of our smartest men, but he was bound to get out, and sold at a ruinous sacrifice. Another, on upland farm, five miles from Phillips village, 100 acres very good land, not excessively stony, 50 acres that can be plowed in one field, the barn the best and most costly of any in the region, the house as good as the average on the best farms in the State, and an acqueduct bringing water to house and barn, and this can be had for two-thirds the cost of the buildings alone. And these, I think, are a fair average of the quality and prices of farms that are offered for sale, after a drove out a few that are not worked as farms, but are turned out to pasture or forest.

Commenting on this account the Moncton, N.B., *Times* declares that in no section of the Maritime Provinces is there such a condition of things as is here shown to exist in Maine, the condition of Canadian farmers being favorable by comparison.

Wedding Anniversaries.

First year, Paper.
Second year, Straw.
Third year, Candy.
Fourth year, Leather.
Fifth year, Wooden.
Tenth year, Tin.
Twelth year, Linen.
Fifteenth year, Crystal.
Twentieth year, Floral.
Twenty-fifth year, Silver.
Thirtieth year, Pearl.
Thirty-fifth year, China.
Fortieth year, Coral.
Fiftieth year, Gold.
Seventy-fifth year, Diamond.

Infatuation.

Who can tell what the baby says
As he chatters, and laughs, and crows.
And tosses his head, with its tasseled fez,
And plays with his small pink toes?

What is he trying so hard to tell
As he talks in his earnest way?
Come put your ear close, and listen well—
What does the baby say?

All day long the bright little elf,
With his cheeks like a full-blown rose,
Chatters, and laughs, and talks to himself
In a language that no one knows.

Does he speak in Turkish, to match his fez
Or in the language of Hindostan?
Who can tell what the baby says?
Well, his mother thinks she can.

A Financial Operation.

A newly arrived immigrant from Ireland had saved enough money to buy a good silver watch, but had not acquired sufficient dexterity to take care of it. He let it fall one day, and damaged it so seriously that it would not run. Therefore, he took the watch to a jeweller, and asked him how much it would cost to have it repaired.

The jeweller put his glass on his eye, looked into the interior of the watch some seconds, turned it over several times and said:

"It'll cost you five dollars to put it in order."

"Five dollars! An' sure, I haven't a dollar."

"Then you can't get it repaired."

Pat scratched his head a while in perplexity as to how he was to obtain the means. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Arrah! I have it. I'll shtep over to the pawnbroker's wid the watch, and lave it wid him for the money to pay the repairs. I could on to yerself—I'll be back to yez directly."

Chest Measurement for Recruits.

As the result of many years' experience the recruiting office of the United States army have adopted this method of chest measurement, which may be of advantage to amateur athletes who find the circumference of their chests varying through inaccurate measurement. Strip to the waist. Hold your arms above your head, the tips of your fingures touching. Have the measurer put a tape around your chest under the armpits. In sale and exhale naturally. Let your arms fall easily by your side. The tape will slip down to the maximum girth of the chest. This is the mean chest. Exhale all you can, still keeping your arms by your side. This is minimum chest. Inhale and inflate all you can, in the same position. This is the maximum chest. The difference between the maximum and minumum chests is called the mobility. A mobility of over three inches in a man of medium height is considered good, below two and one-half inches it is poor. Artificial muscles consists of the arms or muscles interfere with proper measurement. —[New York Sun.

Spurgeon and the Baptists.

It is not true, as has been stated, that Mr. Spurgeon has returned to the Baptist Union. His brother, Mr James Spurgeon, has, but he himself stands sternly out against any such idea. In his June "Sword and Trowel" Mr. S. says: "I am not careful to criticise the action of a body from which I am now finally divided. My course has been made clear by what has been done. I was afraid from the beginning that the reform of the Baptist Union was hopeless, and therefore I resigned. I am free from any obligation to act upon their convictions. At any rate, whether any others do so or not, I have felt the power of the text, 'Come out from among them and be ye separate,' and have quitted both union and association once for all."

Paper Bottles.

One of the most interesting of the many uses to which paper has been put is the manufactur of paper bottles. We have long had paper boxes, barrels and car wheels, and more recently paper pails, wash basins, and other vessels; but now comes a further evolution of paper in the shape of paper bottles, which are already quite extensively used for containing such substance as ink, blacking, shoe dressing, glue, etc., and would seem to be equally well adapted for containing a large variety of articles. They are made by rolling glued sheets into long cylinders, which are then cut into suitable lengths, tops and bottoms are fitted in, the inside coated with a waterproof compound, and all this done by machinery almost as quickly as one can count.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Very Singular Country.

First U. S. Man—Ever been to Canada?

Second U. S. Man—No; have you?

"Yes; it is a very singular country. Snows 200 days in the year."

"What do the people do the other 165 days?"

"They sit around with their ear muffs on, and wonder how long it will be before it snows again. It's not much of a country for picnics, lightning rod men and raising honey."—Texas Siftings.

The C. P. R. Shops at Hochelaga.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are about to extend their works in Hochelaga, Montreal, by the addition of a large passenger car shop, wood machinery shop, blacksmith and machine shop, and storeroom and foundry, the cost to be about $300,000. The new works when completed will give employment to one thousand additional hands. Plans are ready and the works will proceed at once. The connection for the works in connection with the C.P.R.'s east end entrance to Toronto will be given out to day.

United Kingdom's Meat Supply.

There was imported into the United Kingdon for the week ended June 2 the following life animals and dead meat:

Oxen bulls, cows and calves, 13,383 sheep and lambs, 22,380; swine, 843 cwt.; bacon, 39 845 cwt.; beef, salted and fresh, 12,778 cwt.; hams, 16,225 cwt.; meat, unenumerated, salted and fresh, 395 cwt.; meat preserved, 2,820 cwt.; mutton fresh, 8,565 cwt.; pork, salted (not hams) and fresh, 4,602 cwt.

"Move On"

Everybody has been grumbling at the heat recently, and from behind face-mopers have come words condemnatory of the "beastly hot weather," or something to that effect. Yet one day's rain brought out chorus of "horrid wet, eh's." These are the people the police should tell to move on. —*Empire.*

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Edison's Latest Invention Tells its Own Story in England.

A London cablegram say: Colonel G. E. Gourand, writing from Little Menlo, Upper Norwood, S. E., says: "At two o'clock this afternoon at the above address, I had the honor to receive from Edison his first perfected phonograph, which on the authority of Edison's own statement, in his own familiar voice communicated to me by the phonograph itself, is the first instrument of his latest model that has been seen outside his laboratory or that has left his hands, and is consequently the first to reach this country.

"At 2.05 o'clock, precisely, my family and I were enjoying at once the unprecedented and astounding experience of listening to Edison's own familiar and unmistakable tones here in England—more than 3,000 miles from the place where he had spoken and exactly ten days after, the voice having meanwhile voyaged across the Atlantic ocean. His first phonogram, as Edison puts it, tells me, among other things of the care which this instrument contains many modifications of that which was shown at the Electrical Club in New York a few weeks ago and so widely reported by the press in several long phonogramic communications to me, no single word of which had to be repeated in order to be clearly and easily understood by every person present, including my child, seven years old. Edison mentions that he will send me phonograms by every mail leaving New York, and requests me to correspond exclusively through the medium of the phonograph, humorously remarking in this connection upon the advantage he will himself derive from the substitution of phonograms for the style of writing now always too legible.

"Edison has sent, for our amusement, numerous musical records of great interest and beauty, pianoforte, cornet and other instruments, solos, duets, etc., many of which, he tells me, has been frequently repeated several hundred times. Altogether our experiences of to-day have been so delightful and unusual, not to say supernatural, that it would be difficult to realize that we have not been dreaming, and so interesting withal that I feel it seem our duty, as it has a pleasure, to communicate the above to your widely read paper, which I have frequently observed to chronicle the works of the author of this unparalleled triumph of mind over matter. All honor to Edison."

Col. Gourand adds the following postscript, which may be interesting: "Add that the above communication was spoken by me into the phonograph and written from phonograph dictation by a member of my family, who had, of course, no previous experience with the instrument."

72,000 MADE EVERY DAY.

Easy Work in a Clothes-Pin Factory—How These Useful Articles are Turned Out.

"One cent a box?"

"Yes, sir. We are paid one cent for packing a box of five gross of clothes-pins," said one of the packers to a reporter for the *Mail and Express* recently.

"An expert can pack 100 boxes in a day of ten hours. Sharp work, that, handling 72,000 pins a day."

Clothes pins are made in the lumber regions. They are usually made of white ash, sometimes of beach, black and white birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of thirty-one inches by circular saws. These lengths are then cut into blocks and the blocks again cut into sticks. The sticks are placed under another saw and cut into the required lengths. Each piece is taken by a hand at them, and from there they go to the slotting machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slotting them. They are then placed in a revolving pipe drier, going thence to the polishing cylinder and then to the packer. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single plant consists of broad saw, gang-splitter, gang-chunker, turning-lathe, dry-ing house and polisher and costs from $7,000 to $12,000. The machines working are very interesting. The little blocks of wood five and a half inches long are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is turned automatically from the spindle and placed on a turn-table and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slot in the pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turn-table by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel and are then taken to the drying-house for ten to twenty-four hours, or until dry. The polishing-cylinder or rumbler holds twenty to forty bushels; this is run at a slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished.

Feeding the Layers.

The hen as an egg-manufactory must be supplied with the needed raw material. The material should be abundant if the manufactured product is large. Five eggs, or

THE THREAD OF LIFE; OR, SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROADS DIVIDE.

On the second morning, true to promise, the watch arrived by the early post; and Hugh took it up with pride to the Hall, to bestow it in a casual way upon poor breathless and affectionate Elsie. He took it up for a set purpose. He would show those purse-proud landed aristocrats that his cousin could sport as good a watch any day as their own daughter. The Massingers themselves had been landed aristocrats not presumably purse-proud in their own day in dear old Devonshire; but the estates had disappeared in houses and port and riotous living two generations since; and Hugh was now proving in his own person the truth of the old English adage—"When land is gone and money spent, then learning is most excellent." Journalism is a poor sort of trade in its way, but at any rate an able man can earn his bread and salt at it somehow. Hugh didn't grudge those twenty-five guineas: he regarded them, as he regarded his poems, in the light of a valuable long investment. They were a sort of indirect double bid for the senior Meyseys' respect and for Winifred's fervent admiration. When a man is paying attentions to a pretty girl, there's nothing on earth he desires so much as to appear in her eyes lavishly generous. A reckless abstruse philosopher, however, might perhaps have bestowed his generosity direct upon Winifred *in propria persona*: Hugh, with his subtler calculation of long odds and remote chances, deemed it wiser to display it in the first instance obliquely upon Elsie. This was an acute little piece of psychological byplay. A man who can make a present like that to a poor cousin, with whom he stands upon a purely cousinly footing, must be, after all, not only generous, but a ripping good fellow into the bargain. How would he not comport himself under similar circumstances to the maiden of his choice, and to the wife of his bosom?

Elsie took the watch, when Hugh produced it, with a little cry of delight and surprise; then, looking at the initials so hastily engraved in neat Lombardic letters on the back, the tears rose to her eyes irrepressibly as she said with a gentle pressure of his hand in hers: "I know now, Hugh, what the telegram was about the other morning. How very, very kind and good of you to think of it.—But I almost wish you hadn't given it to me. I shall never forgive myself for having said before you I should like one the same sort as Winifred's. I'm quite ashamed of your having thought I meant to hint at it."

"Not at all," Hugh answered, with just the faintest possible return of her gentle pressure. "I was twisting it over in my own mind what on earth I could ever find to give you. I thought first of a copy of my last little volume; but then that's nothing—I'm only too sensible myself of it's small worth. A book from an author is like spoiled peaches from the market gardener: he gives them away only when he has a glut of them. And you said you'd like a watch of the same sort as Miss Meysey's, it seemed to me a perfect interposition of chance on my behalf. I knew what to get, and I got it at once. I'm only glad those London watchmaker fellows, whose respected name I've quite forgotten, had time to engrave your initials on it."

"But Hugh, it must have cost you such a mint of money."

Hugh waved a deprecatory hand with airy magnificence over the shrubbery. "A mere trifle," he said, as if he could command thousands. "It came just to the exact sum the *Contemporary* paid me for that last article of mine on "The Future of Marriage." (Which was quite true, the article in question having run to precisely twenty-five pages, at the usual honorarium of a guinea a page.) "It took me a few hours, only, to dash it off." (Which was scarcely so accurate, it not being usual for even the most abandoned or practised of journalists to 'dash off' articles for a leading review; and the most rapid task of writing twenty-five pages of solid letterpress being considerably greater than most men, however rapid their pens, could venture to undertake in a few hours.)

Winifred looked up at him with a tender glance. "It's a lovely watch," she said, taking it over with an admiring look from Elsie: "and the inscription makes it ever so much nicer. One would prize it, of course, for that alone. But if I'd been Elsie, I'd a thousand times rather have had a volume of poems, with the author's autograph dedication, than all the watches in all England."

"Would you?" Hugh answered with an amused smile. "You rate the autographs at a living versifier immensely above their market value. Here, Tennyson's may be bought at a shop in the Strand, you know, for a few shillings. I feel this is indeed fame. I shall begin to grow conceited soon at this rate. And by the way, Elsie, I've brought you a little bit of verse, too. Your Laureate has not forgotten the neglected his customary duty. I shall expect a butt of sack in return for these; or may I venture to take it out instead in nectar?" They stood all three behind a group of syringa bushes. He touched her lips with his own lightly as he spoke. "Many happy returns of the day—as a cousin," he added, laughing.—"And now, what's your programme for the day, Elsie?"

"We want you to row up the river to Snade, if It's not too far," Winifred said, taking it over with an admiring look from Elsie: "and the inscription makes it ever so much nicer. One would prize it, of course, for that alone. But if I'd been Elsie, I'd a thousand times rather have had a volume of poems, with the author's autograph dedication, than all the watches in all England."

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"We want you to row up the river to Snade, if It's not too far," she said, "is pretty, isn't it, Hugh?" his pretty cousin responded, all blushes.

"Tuus, O Regina, quid optes, Explorare labor; mihi jussa capessere fas est," Hugh quoted merrily. "That's the best of talking to a Girton girl, you see. You can fire off your most epigrammatic Latin quotation at her, as it rises to your lips, and she understands it. How delightful that is, now. As a rule, my Latin quotations, which are frequent and free, as Truthful James says, besides being neat and appropriate, like after-dinner speeches, fall quite flat upon the stony ground of the feminine intelligence—which last remark, I flatter myself, in the matter of mixed metaphor, would do credit to Sir Boyle Roche in his wildest flights of Hibernian eloquence. I made a lovely Latin pun at a picnic once. We had some chicken and ham sausage—a great red German sausage of the polony order, in a sort of huge boiled-lobster-coloured skin; and towards the end of lunch, somebody asked me for another slice of it. "There isn't any," said I. "It's all gone. Finis Polonia!" Nobody laughed. They didn't know that "Finnis Polonia" were the last words uttered by a distinguished patriot and soldier, "when Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell." That comes of firing off your remarks, you see, quite above the head of your respected audience."

"But what does that mean that you have just said this minute to Elsie?" Winifred asked doubtfully.

"What! A lady in these latter days who doesn't talk Latin?" Hugh cried, with pretended rapture. "This is too delicious! I hardly expected such good fortune. I shall have the well-known joy, then, of explaining my little joke, after all, and grimly translating my own poor quotation. It means: "Thy task it is, O Queen, to state thy will: Mine, thy behests to serve, for good or ill." Rough translation, not necessarily intended for publication, but given merely as a guarantee of good faith, as the newspapers put it. Æolus makes the original remark to Juno in the first *Æneid*, when he's just about to raise the wind—literally, not figuratively—on her behalf, against the unfortunate Trojans. He was then occupying the same post, as clerk of the weather, that is now filled jointly by the correspondent of the *New York Herald* and Mr Robert Scott of the Meteorological Office. I hope they'll send us no squalls to-day, if you and Mrs. Meysey are going to come with us up the the river."

On their way to the boat, Hugh stopped a moment at the inn to write hastily another telegram. It was to his London publisher: "Please, kindly send a copy of *Echoes from Callimachus* by first post to my address as under." And in five minutes more, the telegram despatched, they were all rowing up stream in a merry party toward Snade meadows. Hugh's plan of campaign was now finally decided. He had nothing to do but to carry out in detail his siege operations.

In the meadows, he had ten minutes or so alone with Winnifred. "Why, Mr. Massinger," she said with a surprised look, "was it you, then, you wrote that lovely article, in the *Contemporary*, on The Future of Marriage," we've all been reading?"

"I'm glad you liked it," Hugh answered with evident pleasure; "and I suppose it's no use now trying any longer to conceal the fact that I was indeed the culprit."

"But there's another name to it," Winifred murmured in reply. "And Mamma thought it must be Mr. Stone, the novelist."

"Habitual criminals are often wrongly suspected," Hugh answered with a languid laugh. "I didn't put my own name to it, however, because I was afraid it was a trifle sentimental, and I hate sentiment. Indeed, to say the truth—it was a cruel trick, perhaps, but I imitated many of Stone's little mannerisms, because I wanted people to think it was really Stone himself who wrote it. But for all that, I believe it all—every word of it, I assure you, Miss Meysey."

"It was a lovely article," Winifred cried, enthusiastically. "Papa read it, and was quite satisfied with it. He said it was so sensible—just what he's always thought about marriage himself, though he never could get anybody else to agree with him. And I liked it too if you wont think it dreadfully presumptuous of a girl to say so. I thought it took such a graceful, high, ethereal point of view, all up in the clouds, you know, with no horrid earthly materialism or nonsense of any sort to clog and spoil it. I think it was splendid, all that you said about its being treason to the race to take account of wealth or position, or prospects or connections, or any other worldly consideration, in choosing a husband or wife for one's self—and that one ought rather to be guided by instinct alone, because instinct—or love, as we call it—was the voice of nature speaking within us. Papa said that was beautifully put. And I thought it was really true as well. I thought it was just what a great prophet would have said if he were alive to say it; and that the man who wrote it"——— She paused, breathless, partly because she was quite abashed by this time at her own temerity, and partly because Hugh Massinger, wicked man! was actually smiling a covert smile through the corners of his mouth at youthful enthusiasm.

The pause sobered him. "Miss Meysey," he broke in, with unwonted earnestness, and with a certain strange tinge of subdued melancholy in his tremulous voice," "I didn't mean to laugh at you. I really believe it. I believe in my heart every single word of what I said there. I believe a man—or a woman either—ought to choose in marriage just the other special person towards whom their own hearts inevitably lead them. I believe it all—I believe it without reserve. Money or rank, or connection or position, should be counted as nothing. We should go where nature leads us; and nature will never lead us astray. For nature is merely another name for the will of Heaven made clear within us."

Ingenuous youth blushed itself crimson. "I believe so too," the timid girl answered in a very low voice and with a heaving bosom.

He looked her through and through with his large dark eyes. She shrank and fluttered before his searching glance. Should he put out a velvet paw for his prey now, or should he play with it artistically a little longer? Too much precipitancy spoils the fun. Better wait till the *Echoes from Callimachus* had arrived. They were very fetching. And then, besides—besides, he was not entirely without a conscience. One should think neither of wealth nor position, nor prospects nor connections in choosing himself a partner for life. His own heart led him straight towards Elsie, not towards Winifred. Could he turn his back upon it, with those words on his lips, and trample on poor Elsie's tender heart under foot ruthlessly? Principle demanded it; but he had not the strength of mind to follow principle at that precise moment. He looked long and deep into Winifred's eyes. They were pretty blue eyes, though pale and mawkish by the side of Elsie's. Then he said with a sudden downcast, half-awkward air to one that consummate actor—"I think we ought to go back to your mother now, Miss Meysey."

Winnifred sighed. Not yet? Not yet! But he had looked at her hard! he had fluttered and trembled! He was summoning up courage. She felt sure of that. He didn't venture as yet to lay seige to her openly. Still, she was sure he did really like her; just a little bit, if only a little.

Next morning, as she strolled alone on the lawn, a village boy in a corduroy suit came lounging up from the inn, in rustic *insouciance*, with a small parcel dangling by a sting from his little finger. She knew the boy, and called him quickly towards her. "Dick," she cried, "what's that you've got there?"

The boy handed it to her with a mysterious nod. "It's for you, miss," he said, screwing up his face sideways into a most excruciating pantomimic expression of the profoundest secrecy. "The gentleman at our 'ouse—'im with the black moustarche, you know—'e told me to give it to you into your own 'ands, if so be as I could manage to catch you alone anywhys. 'E was very pertickler about your own 'ands. An' I needn't wait; there ain't no answer."

Winifred tore the packet open with trembling hands. It was a neat little volume, in a delicate sage-green cover—*Echoes from Callimachus, and other Poems*; by Hugh Massinger, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. She turned at once with a flutter from the title-page to the fly-leaf: A Mdle Winifred Meysey; Hommage de l'auteur." She only waited a moment to slip a shilling into Dick's hand, and then rushed up, all crimson with delight, into her own bedroom. Twice she pressed the flimsy little sage-green volume in an ecstasy to her lips; then she laid it hastily in the bottom of a drawer, under a careless pile of handkerchiefs and lace bodices. She couldn't tell even Elsie of that tardy manchprized birthday gift. No one but herself must ever know Hugh Massinger had sent her his volume of poems.

When Dick returned to the inn ten minutes later, enviored in a pervading odour of peppermint, the indirect result of Winifred Meysey's shilling, Hugh called him in lazily with his quiet authoritative air to the prim little parlour, and asked him in an undertone to whom he had given the precious parcel.

"To the young lady 'erself," Dick answered confidentially, first shutting the bull's eye with his tongue into his pouched cheek. "An' I give it to 'er be'ind the laylacs, too, where nobody in the world never seen us."

"Dick," Hugh Massinger said, in a profoundly impressive intentional voice, laying his hand magisterially on the boy's shoulder, "you're a sharp lad; and if you develop your talents steadily in this direction, you may rise in time from the distinguished position of a gentleman's man to be a private detective or confidential agent, withan office of your own at the top of Regnet Street. Dick, say nothing about this on any account to anybody; and there, my boy—there's a crown for you."

"The young lady give me a shillin' al ready," Dick replied with alacrity, pocketing the coin with a broad grin. Business was brisk indeed this morning.

"The young lady was well advised, "Hugh answered grimly. "They're cheap at the price—dirt cheap, I call it, those immortal poems—with an autograph inscription by the bard in person.—And I've done a good stroke of business myself too. The *Echoes from Callimachus* are a capital landing net. If they don't succeed in bringing her out, a flapping, on the turf, gaffed and done for a pretty speckled prey, why, no angler on earth that ever fished for women will get so much as a tiny rise out of her.—It's a very fair estate still, is Whitestrand. "Paris vaut bien une messe," said Henri. I must make that motto my own. I must effect a coup to conquer Whitestrand fair and even."

Paris vaut bien une messe, indeed. Was Whitestrand worth sacrificing Elsie Challuner's heart for?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lieutenant-Governor Schultz.

That Doctor Schultz should become Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba will seem to many people like a good ending to a sort of romance. Doctor Schultz was one of the most prominent characters in the drama of the first Riel Rebellion, and was, perhaps, more hated by Riel than was any other of those who opposed his designs. He is of Danish decant, being the son of the late William Schultz, of Amherstburg, in Ontario, where he was born on the first day of January, 1840. He graduated in arts at Oberlin College, Ohio, and in medicine at Victoria University, Cobourg. After graduating he went to Winnipeg, or, as it was then called, Fort Garry, where he carried on mercantile pursuits in addition to practising his profession. In 1868 he married Miss Agnes Campbell Farquharson, of Georgetown, Ontario. Doctor Schultz was an ardent Canadian, and when Canada bought the North-West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869 he greatly rejoiced. In that year, when Riel opposed the entry into Canada of the Territories and formed his Provisional Government, Doctor Schultz, like other Canadian residents in the North-West, was very indignant. Having by force of character acquired prominence and influence in the North-West, Doctor Schultz became at once a natural leader of the Canadian party which opposed Riel. With Sir Donald Smith and many others Doctor Schultz was imprisoned by the half-breed leader in 1869 then released for a short time, and again imprisoned early in 1870. Doctor Schultz was confined in a room by himself, and it was feared that it was the intention of Riel to put him to death. He determined to escape, and in this he was aided by his noble and devoted wife who had managed to keep up communication with the prisoners from without the walls of Fort Garry. She made preparations outside the fort, and Dr Schultz, with a gimlet and knife managed to open the windows of his prison house, let himself down by strips cut from a buffalo robe, and under cover of a blizzard scaled the wall outside. There the horse and cutter arranged for by his wife, and a few hours later he had reached the Scotch settlement of Kildonan and was in safety. Ali through the subsequent troubles Doctor Schultz took a leading part, but he was hampered by Riel's evident determination to destroy his life on the first opportunity. At last, after the murder of Scott, in order to secure his own safety, he walked on snowshoes in the middle of winter from Fort Garry to Duluth, about five hundred miles. He had not possessed a magnificent physique such a feat would have been impossible. He was appointed a member of the council for the North-West Territories in 1872. In 1871 he was returned by Lisgar to the Dominion Parliament, and was re-elected at succeeding general elections. In 1882 he was appointed a Senator. He had been prominently connected with many railway and land company corporations, and with North-West affairs generally.

An Afternoon Call.

Afternoon Caller (waiting for hostess)—Bobby, you haven't been ever to play with Tommy lately.

Bobby—No, ma'am. Ma doesn't want me to play with Tommy; she says I must only play with nice little boys.

A Willing Servant.

Mistress (to cook)—your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now how do you like, say, the name of Bridget.

Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not mesilf that's particular. Oim willun to call the young leddy onythin' yez loike.

Well Up in His Lesson.

Professor (of class in journalism)—"What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph?"

Student—"An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger, and doesn't have as much to say."

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.—[Montaigne.

To a Second-hand Piano.

BY LEIGH STURDOM.

Second handed! what a voice to call thee—
"Thou many stringed harp; thou monster lyre"—
While still, perchance, upon thy quaint old case
Linger the tear-stains of thy former sire.
Come! tell me! if thy rarest, tend'rest chords
Yearn for the gentle strokes and touches of
The dainty hand, and for the silvery voice
Of some sweet mistress, who oft hath called
From thy melodious breast—the breast no soul!
Of that fair seraph who alone can sweep
Earth's tarnish'd spirits with her heaven-toned wing?
They say thou'rt second-hand, discarded—but
What mortal being—"now"—could traverse all
Thy heights, thy depths, thy breadths, thy mysteries,
Or, wrest from thee thine infinite resource?
What genius, what soul—what soul of soul,
Could swell thy river to its grandest roll?
What subtle pow'r? what miracle of thought?
What lightning flash, what world-veiled brow,
Could bring thy myriad fountains into play,
And boast that not a jet or tiniest spray
Of their multitudinous beauty but found
Their utmost beauty as they gush away.
Ever thy faithful notes do more than speaking,
In sympathetic fondness, to the humbl'st plea
And yet, though slighted, scorned and despis'd,
Thou hast defied all modern skill and lore,
And none have drawn thy beauteous secrets forth.
Many an aching heart and troubled brow,
Have bless'd thy soothing strains and soft refrain;
And dancing forms and buoyant thrilling hearts,
With ecstasy have danced to thy briland pow'r
Hath not some lovelorn youth "when'e'er thy keys
The dimpled fingers of his heart's queen stole"
Sigh'd for thy winsome eloquence to plead
In melting tones, the wishes of his soul?
On Sabbath even, when the still'ng shades
Of twilight charm the weary day to rest;
How sweet thy "Con Religioso" float
Upon the trembling wings of evening air,
Whose swelling themes roll till their numbers join
The mighty music of the Jasper sea.
And when this harsh, exacting world shall stow
My toilworn body in Death's lumber room;
The sexton breaker of the dead shall flow
In perfect number and concordant tune.

Love the Beggar.

"Child, beware! have a care!
Love is false, and love is fair!"
Says the grandame at her weaving;
"If he once is with thee wooing,
Or with bolder words pursuing,
Listen not, he is deceiving,
For your fortune he's only grieving,—
Love is everfalse and fair!"

'Love is false! Love is fair!
Trust to me to have a care!"
Says the maiden, "I believe her,
And if Love, by the bow'r deceiver,
Dares to come with lips a-smiling,
Or with honeyed words beguiling,
I will flout him! I will scout him!
All his witcheries reviling!"
Says the maiden gaily smiling,
"Trust to me to have a care!"

"Let me in! O let me in!
For sweet pity, let me in!"
Cries a voice in woeful pleading;
Quickly now the maiden, speeding,
Opes the door, and there is living
Beggar-boy a-sobbing, sighing,
Locks of gold wet with dew,
Rosebud mouth, eyes of blue,
Seeking here in vain appealing,
Dimpled hands in here a-stealing.
To her breast, silken nest,
Tenderly the maiden folds him,
Crooning softly as she holds him,
Till he gently sinks to rest.

"Have a care! child, beware!"
Any semblance Love can wear,"
Cries the grandame at her weaving;
"Watch him well; bid him tell
(Though for that there's no believing)
What his name, whence he came,
For mayhap 'tis Love deceiving!"

"Nought care I what his name!"
Says the maiden, fair and tame,
Flaming up in sudden passion.
"Seemlier I trow 'twould be
If your speech took other fashion
Than to rail at charity!
As for this poor babe a-sleeping,
Even now in dreams a-weeping
(Pretty, dear! have no fear,
Nought to harm shall come a-near!)
If 'tis Love—I say it,
"He will show his wings some day!
To your ruling and undoing,
Show his wings and fly away!"

"Wings the fleetest (hush, my sweetest!)
I will bind past all untying,"
Says the maiden, softly sighing;
"I will hold him, safe will hold him,—
Love shall never fly away!"

"Love is false! Love is fair!
Silly maidens to ensnare!"
Sighs the grandame at her weaving;
"Love brings ever bitter grieving,
And a weary weight of care!"

"Love is true! Love is fair!
Every ill of life bearing!"
Sings the maid with lips a-smiling,
"Love is tender, true and fair!"

An Unexplored Corner in Brazil.

It is astonishing to learn that, within 250 miles of the fair city of Rio Janeiro, with its fine buildings and its railways radiating in many directions, there exist hundreds of hundreds of cannibals They frequent the valley of the Rio Doce and the adjacent territory, and in spite of missionary and trader who wander about in perfect safety among them. This we learn from a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. John Stearns, who, in 1885, undertook a journey of exploration through this region. It does not appear that the propensity to cannibalism is very strong at present, for Mr. Stearns passed a month among a branch of the Botocudos and he saw nothing of it. These people seem to be as little hampered by conventionalism as any in the world. They go stark naked, they sleep when they like, hunt, fish, sing, and dance just when they feel inclined, and eat when they can. They are allowed to have as many wives as they choose, but like more civilised people, one wife and family is generally as many as a man can keep. They have no religious ceremonies or sacrifices, and the only time that the supernatural comes home to them it is during a thunderstorm, when the bravest throw firebrands into the air to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit. The valley of the Rio Doce lies just above Santa Cruz, and appears to have been almost entirely neglected by settlers. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the river is entirely useless for navigation on account of the great number of rapids and falls in it, and that the country is one dense forest in which fierce Indians used to range. Of late years the extermination of game has greatly reduced the strength of some of the tribes, and there now seems not to be any great danger to be feared from them, although it is certain that settlers would have to defend themselves against occasional raids, and sometimes to execute reprisals. The chief product of the country is timber, particularly rosewood, which is of considerable value. Mr Streams spent eight months in his trip, and thoroughly explored the river with some of its tributaries, and his observations he has compiled a map which adds greatly to our knowledge of this region. He undertook the work entirely at his own epxense, and merely from the love of exploration.

A Timid Tramp.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work." "I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see my nurse frightened me once in the dark room when I was a baby, and I have been timid ever since."

It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh," said a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto it?"

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MYTH

Electricians Now Declare that More Harm than Good Comes from Their Use.

"Lightning-rods are going out of use. Why? Because they are not believed to be the protection that it was once thought they were." This was what an electrician told a reporter. Fifteen years ago the lightning-rod agent was everywhere in the land, and more especially at every farmer's door. To-day, it is claimed, their number has materially decreased, and farmers are discontinuing the use of the rods.

"What is your opinion upon the subject of lightning-rods?" was asked of the electrician. "Candidly, in nine cases out of ten," he replied, "I think they are humbugs. I believe it is a fact that more barns are struck and burned that have lightning rods on than with them off. In the first place, it is best to keep electricity as far away from a building as possible. The object of the lightning-rod is to attract it. The rod is supposed to act as a conductor of the electrical current to the earth, but instead of being carried off, the current, in consequence of faulty construction of the rod or attachments, is frequently switched into the building. The end of the wire is supposed to be buried in moist earth, the moisture acting as a good conductor. Without strict attention the iron becomes oxidized and rusts off, and then the rod is worse than nothing. It is a positive danger under such circumstances, attracting the electricity of the atmosphere and having no adequate outlet for it. Then, again, the same danger arises when the insulators upon the sides of the building become defective. The lightning is attracted from the atmosphere, where it might have remained but for the rod, and it is turned loose against the building or is struck by the earth. If, for instance, the attachments on a barn are poor or worn out the current may be deflected and set fire to the building. This is no uncommon occurrence. When the ground contract is good and the lightning is about to strike a building a rod may be of use, but I think the rods do more harm than good. There was a time when farmers were scared into rodding their barns and houses, but I think they are getting over that."

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A Song Well Worth a Journey Over Land and Sea.

To see, as well as hear, a wild mocking bird sing is worth a journey even over the rolling deep. I passed hours in a pleasant grove beyond the gardens and fields, watching and listening to one bird whose concert null it was. The grove was the audience room, where one might be in shade and not too conspicuous in watching him. His chosen place was in the sunshine, for this bird is a sun worshipper. I always found him singing when I reached the spot. Perhaps on the top spike of a young pine tree, balanced now and then, sometimes on two adjoining top twigs which, of course, stand straight up—stood the singer, madly sounding his most peculiar medley. He looked at me as I passed near his perch, but did not pause in his song. After I had taken my seat to be flew, singing as he went, alighted nearer, on the upper sprig of a cedar, turned his eyes upon me and treated me to another performance, while I looked and listened enchanted.

Nor was I the only listener. Every and anon while absorbed in the entertainment or waiting breathless for a new note, I was startled by a rustle and a "Good evenin', misses", and glanced up to see a negro stealing along in a stealthy way. It might be a woman with a big bundle or basket on her head, possibly a slouching young man or "boy" with an air of interest in my eccentric proceedings, or a group of youngsters with nothing particular to do, but one and all perfectly silent in movement. No wonder they know all about the birds and lay violent hands on eggs, nests or nestlings, as they choose, creeping around, as they do, without a sound. It is only surprising that a bird is left in the State, so persistently do they rob the nests. Naturally the mocking bird, for which they can always find purchasers, is the most desirable, and white as well as black persecute that bird unceasingly.

SUMMER SMILES.

The mouth is the window of the intellect. If so, is toothache the window-pane?

A suit of clothes made of mosquito bar would be very comfortable these days, even if it wouldn't do to go to church in.

Irate Student—"Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know?" Calm Chambermaid—"I always do. I prefer it to a dust pan."

"I say, old man, can you tell me what is the first present mentioned in the Bible?" "Give it up." "Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupid."

A young lady teacher was completely prostrated last week. She asked a five-year-old girl what the plural of trousers was, and the kid answered, "Pants."

"Why is a girl of the period experiencing her first kiss like a steamer about to leave port?" She—"Well?" He—"Because she is all bustle and confusion."

In Musical Circle: He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?" She—"I should think, my love, that you were a lyre."

Before you call attention to the fact that a pin has no use for its tail, please remember that you have two buttons on the lower back of your coat that don't button anything.

He—"Why does that Miss Jaundice always wear lillies of the valley?" She—"I can't imagine—particularly as the flowers of the plain would be so much more appropriate."

In the street car: Old gent—"Confound it, sir, that's my corn you stepped on." Young Tough—"Course it is, old chappie. You wouldn't be kickin' so if it was anybody else's."

No wonder!
She sang soprano sweetly,
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she ate onions
And busted up the choir!

That's so,
Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When a girl who weighs a hundred
Gets outside a quart of cream!

Gentleman—"And so you are a newspaper man now, Uncle 'Rastus?" Uncle 'Rastus—"Yes, sah; I'se de editor ob de job depa'tment. I carries in coal, scrubs de flo', washes de winders an' all sech editin' as dat, sah."

To a bride:
Believe that Heaven made you for each other;
That through your lives love's holy river runs;
May all your joys come one upon another,
And all your troubles be but little ones.

A NATION IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

Japan Is Advised to Adopt Christianity—Various Advocates of that Idea.

A movement, supported by some very prominent men, is on foot to give an impetus to the spread of Christianity by laying stress on the secondary benefits its acceptance insures. Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it should be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure; but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors, with whom she desires to stand well.

Prof. Toyama of the Imperial University has published a work to support this view. He holds that Confucian ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are—(1) the improvement of music; (2) union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Mr. Kato, the late president of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for well educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses.

Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years. He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen; the Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thraldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, arose far in advance of Europeans; and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion, Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views. To Japan, in an emphatically agnostic mood, came Western science—with all its marvelous revelations and applications. At the shrine of that science she is worshipping now.—*From the Japan Weekly Mail.*

He Wanted it a Little Stronger.

He was an old-timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in town this week, went into a drug store and picked up a bottle and poured out a full glassful of something and swallowed it down, thinking it was spirtus frumenti. The druggist, noticing him with the empty glass in hand, rushed back, exclaiming: "My God, man, you have drank aqua fortis!" "Was it?" says he. "Well, just give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder wood, and I want something a leetle stronger." The druggist collapsed.

A Well Founded Report.

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—"Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week."

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—"Oh I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money."

What the Waggon Was Filled With.

"Bridget," said the professor in his deep Johnsonian voice, "step to the door and see if the waggon is filled with agricultural products."

"Sure, sorr, there's nothin' in it at all at all, barrin' a lot of vegetables," answered Bridget, as she closed the door.

Colored Views of Baptism.

Jim Webster—What preacher's gwinter baptize dat baby!

Sam Johnsing—Parson Whangdoodle Baxter.

How much does he git?

Two dollars.

You oughter git Parson Bledsoe. He'll do hit for a dollar.

Huh, what sorter baptism kin yer git for a dollar.

Et yer has got yer doubts about hit's effercacy you can hab de chile baptized twicfer de money what yer pays Parson Whangdoodle Baxter.

Nearly Time to Go.

Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)—Bobby, you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat.

Bobby—Why not?

Miss Clara—You might injure it; and besides he will want it shortly.

Where The Fault Lay.

"Deacon Spiggles," said a country minister after services, "how do you account for the very poor collection taken up this morning?"

"Well, I dunno, Dominie," replied the Deacon, scratching his chin, "unless 'twas the sermon."

Needs Cleaning.

Brown—"I see that your watch, Robinson, is about an hour ahead of sun time."

Robinson—"Yes; I don't see what's got into the sun lately."

Two of a Kind.

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

His Lung Trouble.

Brown—You don't look well lately, Robinson.

Robinson—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

Brown—Nonsense; your lungs are all right!

Robinson—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on so slowly is because we all begin on our neighbors and never reach ourselves.

The brain of an elephant is somewhat larger than that of a man, but the trunk of an elephant is considerably smaller than that of a woman.

THE

DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y

(LIMITED)

OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888

All the Toronto dailies for sale at The Tribune office.

Dr. Clinton paid his weekly professional visit to Deseronto last Tuesday.

Deseronto Junction boasts of two refreshing wells of cool refreshing water, of the purest quality.

Matthew Scott, of Napanee, is building the stone foundation of the elevator at the Deseronto Flour Mills.

We heard a gentleman well posted on such matters assert that milk would be at least eight cents a quart next winter.

Buy the Montreal Daily Star for The Tribune office every morning and get the news six hours ahead of the Toronto dailies.

Melvin Brown and Thomas McHenry lost their valuable chests of tools by the fire of Sunday, having had them stored in the doomed building.

Remember the Masonic excursion to Glenora this evening by the good steamer Quinte. Good music, good company, and a splendid time, all guaranteed.

Alley's egg and milk shake fountain is an unfailing source of attraction for lovers of a pure and invigorating beverage. No drink more healthy.

The Quinte has carried excursion parties every day this week, and is also engaged for every day next week. Some days she carries two or three excursions.

Mr. Wallace, of Napanee, is busy plastering the Methodist church this week. It is probable that the church will be re-opened about the second Sunday in August.

The site of the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia, was in 1873 virgin forest. The town has now over 5,000 people. Deseronto is not the only smart place in the older provinces.

Farmers who have been selling milk to cheese factories are becoming excited over recent decisions, and several assert they will not under present conditions continue to send in their milk.

Repairs are in progress on the boardwalks. It would be well that several of the new planks should be dubbed off with an adze or in a week or two there will be no heels left on the shoes of pedestrians.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is noted for his stinginess, is in the habit of having his frock coats made with removable buttons, so that the same coat can be used either for uniform or civilian dress.

The greatest political event of the past week is Mrs. Cleveland's decision to dispense with the beatle in future. The better half of humanity is greatly excited by her action in this important matter.

The large brick chimney at the Terra Cotta Works is nearly completed. Mr. Philip Conley, the builder, having put 1888 in large figures of white brick to inform future generations of the year of its erection.

A piece of metal carelessly left in the wrong place fell and broke a cock of the steam fire engine on Monday morning, and delayed the fire on Sunday, thus causing a short delay before it could begin to throw an effective stream of water.

Steam was got up at the refuse boilers in five minutes on Sunday. The stream from the fire guns was the first to play on the fire, and prevented serious damage to the gas works. The Terra Cotta Works pump threw a magnificent stream of water.

Ramsay's dock across the bay requires to be rebuilt either by the farmers or steamboat companies. At high water small craft can come in and much freight and passenger traffic could be secured. It would be especially convenient for Fredericksburg farmers on market days.

Mrs. E. V. Rathbun, Mrs. John McMurrich, Mr. E. Walter Rathbun, Miss Pansy Rathbun and Masters Harold, Marvin and Adrian Rathbun left on Wednesday or Magnolia, Mass., where they will remain for a month or two enjoying the pleasures of the seaside.

The Picton mail now closes at 10:45 a. m. As the steamer does not leave until 12 o'clock noon, the necessity for closing so soon is not obvious and many ask that the hour of closing is deferred. No doubt, if the attention of the department is directed to this matter a change would be made.

The Quinte's Saturday afternoon excursions are exceedingly popular judging from the vast numbers by which they are patronized. To-morrow afternoon the Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee and return, calling at Deseronto and other way ports. Tickets 25 cts.

An exchange says that an editor is one who reads newspapers, works hard all day, has his temper tried by all kinds of cranks, a subject to spring fever, writes free locals for all kinds of dead beats and is cheated out of his earnings. He puffs up and does more for his town than anybody else, and the miser and fogy are benefited, yet they will not take his paper, but borrow it and revile the fool of an editor.

Mr. M. A. Jackson has opened out a branch photograph gallery in the Smith's Block, where he will be found prepared to fill all orders entrusted to his care. As he remains only for a short time people should take advantage of this excellent opportunity to get their photos. Children's pictures a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Views of residences taken with promptness and neatness.

On Sunday night at 11:10 o'clock a shock of earthquake was experienced in Deseronto. There was a sharp concussion accompanied by a rushing and rumbling sound. The direction of the movement appeared to be from northwest to southeast. Houses quivered and doors and windows rattled. Many supposed it was thunder while others thought it was some kind of an explosion. The shock appears to have been chiefly confined to the district from Belleville to Kingston. Local seismologists attribute it to the shrinkage of the earth's crust in this district, caused by the protracted drought.

In their search for the causes of the protracted drought the farmers of this district may ask themselves, if they have in the past dealt fairly by their local newspapers. Have they regularly called to see the editor and presented him with samples of their biggest eggs, choicest strawberries, largest cabbage, most juicy watermelons, roriest apples and most luscious fruits? Above all in the years of plenty have they paid in their annual subscriptions? These are pertinent questions. Newspaper men are pets of providence and cannot be too long slighted or wronged with impunity.

The Kingston daily *Whig* for sale at The Tribune office.

We have received a copy of the Statutes of Ontario for 1888.

The Provincial Sabbath School Convention meets in Kingston in October.

For something fine in picture frames call on Dalton, St. George street, Deseronto.

Deseronto spends more money on tobacco than it does for bread and religion combined.

Mr. J. T. Greatrix on Wednesday brought us in a mammoth turnip or bug of a species not before seen in this vicinity.

Mr. Patrick Purcell, M. P. for Glengarry, has been confirmed in his seat by a decision of the Privy Council in England.

This season's cabbage was seen on the market last Wednesday for the first time this season. It came from Bay View Ranche.

Oswego people think that they have been badly treated by the N. Y. O. & W. Ry authorities who have removed their shops from that city to Middletown.

There are at present thirteen seats vacant in the Canadian Parliament, viz., seven in the Senate and six in the Commons. All these seats were held by Conservatives.

Alex. Smith, the veteran branchman, was the only fireman who had time to array himself in uniform on the occasion of the fire on Sunday. Discipline is the guiding star.

The strawberry season is over. The supply never equalled the demand in Deseronto this year. Raspberries are scarce and the quality very poor on account of the dry weather.

The libel case of O'Donnell *vs* the London *Times* proved a complete fiasco, being in every respect unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. The charges made against Mr. Parnell will yet be investigated in the courts or Parliament.

The annual excursion of the Presbyterian congregation and Sabbath school will take place on the 19th inst., to Stella or some other point on the bay. The Quinte has been engaged for the occasion. A pleasant time is expected.

The corporation have been improving the sanitary condition of the village by flushing the sewers. Has it been found the health has been benefited lately? What about pigpens and other nuisances of which reports come to hand?

Complaints have been duly lodged at this office that merchants, blacksmiths and manufacturers are trespassing and interfering with the rights of citizens by piling their wares or storing their goods on the boardwalks and streets.

The cause of home rule is making wonderful progress among the Protestant population of Ireland. This is not so surprising when it is remembered that its originator with Parnell at his back, and that Parnell, the great leader of the Nationalist party, is himself a Protestant.

The Crofters of Scotland have adopted the Plan of Campaign which has been found such an effective instrument in Ireland. The Moderator of the great Free Church of Scotland has magnanimously offered to become custodian of rents. This is as it should be.

Ma. W. A. Macleod was struck on the eye by a cricket ball on Tuesday evening, the blow being very severe, incapacitating him from duty for a day or two. It came at an inopportune time, as he was to have played in Kingston on Wednesday in the match between Napanee and Kingston, Mr. Macleod being a member of the former team.

A young gentleman who is wont to critically observe the fair sex who grace the deck of excursion steamers calling at the steamboat dock thus characterizes the young ladies of the different towns:—Picton, pretty but affected; Napanee, fair and stylish, but obtrusively self-reliant; Deseronto, quiet and patronizing; Trenton, agreeable, but rather self-reliant.

Mr. J. R. Brown, Inspector of Factories for the Ontario government, was in town this week on a tour of visitation. He went through the different works and ordered the removal of several boys whose ages were below the standard required by the provisions of the act. He finds a general disposition on the part of manufacturers to comply with the governmental regulations.

The Methodist Sunday school has chartered the favorite steamer Quinte for their excursion to Massassaga Point on Wednesday, 25th inst. The proprietor of these grounds has expended a large sum of money during the season in beautifying and putting them in order. There is no more beautiful place on the bay for a picnic than Massassaga. Tickets for the round trip only 25 cts; children under 12 years of age 15 cts. The boat will leave Deseronto at 8 a. m. returning about 6 p. m.

The railway track proceeding westwards from the car works has been extended through the shipyard office. A new office, more suitable to the importance and requirements of the shipyard department will be erected north of the railway track. It will be neat in design and have all the modern conveniences. Supt. Evans will relinquish his old quarters not without regrets. The old associations connected with it are innumerable. No more venerable relic of the past in the domain of the Rathbun Company.

Mrs. Cormer is meeting with a liberal patronage at the Glen House, Glenora, this season. Visitors from many parts of this country and the United States are making this splendid resort their home for the summer. The hotel accommodation is good and the attendance excellent. No more pleasant place at which to spend a few days pleasantly. The hotel is attracting an increased number of visitors from Deseronto this summer and gentlemen who have been over there of late are loud in their praises of this charming resort.

Considering the vast expenditures of public moneys during the past ten years, the great natural resources of the country, and other advantages, the cities and towns of Eastern Ontario, with but a few exceptions, have not made such advances in population and wealth as might reasonably have been expected. Many have actually declined in both respects. The same may be said of the towns in the west. The two cities of Toronto and Hamilton have indeed made great strides in advance, but their prosperity has been at the expense of other communities. Whatever the causes of this state of affairs the facts are undeniable.

At the international fair which opens at Buffalo on Sept. 4th, and at which premiums of the value of $100,000 will be given in prizes, among other objects of interest to be exhibited will be the famous cow "Pietertje 2nd" born on April 25, 1877, at Boxum, Friesland, Holland. She has yielded during 365 consecutive days, the enormous quantity of 30,318½ pounds of milk—which exceeds all the milk records ever made by any cow, living or dead, by 4,297 lbs. That is 14,437 quarts of milk; more than fifteen tons—more than 57 hogsheads. At six cents a quart this cow earned $866 during her record year, enough to purchase 40 average Ontario cows. This cow is now owned by D. B. Whipple, of Cuba, N. Y.

The schools closed for the holidays on Friday and the pupils are to be seen everywhere enjoying there vacation.

Belleville yachtsmen are making great preparations for their annual regatta which takes place on Monday, 16th inst.

The *Intelligencer* says that one hundred thousand logs are hung upin Stoco Lake, while the head of another 100,000 is at the gap.

Gas mains have been laid down on east Thomas street; several residents on that avenue having decided to make use of the new illuminant.

Councillor Baker has been importing hay from Richmond, Carleton County, and he finds a ready sale. It is said hay was sold for $20 on Saturday.

The committee who have the watering of the streets in hand must give the streets a more liberal sprinkling in future if they wish to please the public.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is reported to look favourably on the theories of Henry George. His theories will in the main generally obtain thirty years hence.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, will, in August, leave on an official visit to the North-West and British Columbia. Mr. John White, ex-M. P., has returned from the North-West.

An *Intelligencer* correspondent says that the time honoured recommendation "go to the ant, thou sluggard" should be amended when used in a similar way to "go to Deseronto.

A great many got their Sunday-go-to meeting garments drenched, soiled and torn at the fire on Sunday, and local tailors have done a rushing business this week in consequence.

In a minute we are whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion, a distance of thirteen miles, and at the same time go along with the earth on its journey around the sun, 1,080 miles.

There are too many persons who have hearts hard as adamant when she claims of charity are presented to their attention. "He hath dispensed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever."

Fires have done considerable damage in this vicinity of late years. Mr Rathbun, of Bay View Ranche, had a large forces of men busy for two days fighting a fire which ran over a large portion of the Fowles' farm west of his property.

Dilyou see the hose playing on Washburn, as axe in hand he was cutting down the conveyor to prevent the fire spreading to the trestle dock? It was a picture which should be put on canvas by Graham or Taylor or some other knight of the brush.

The fire alarm on Sunday was not heard by the members of the Methodist congregation who remained ignorant of the raging conflagration until their dismissal. This fact accounted for the absence of many good men and true from the post of duty.

A young lad, son of Joseph Roule, Sr., was run over by an express waggon on Main street in front of Switzer's jewelry store. He was carried to Dr. Vandervoort's surgery and an examination made which showed no bad results beyond a few bruises and a bad skinning up.

What is home without a newspaper? An exchange says; It is a place where old hats are stuffed into window panes, where the children are like pigs, the housewife like an aboriginal savage, and the husband with a panorama of the dismal swamp painted on his shirt bosom with Rocco juice.

A number of young people went up to Belleville on the Quinte's return trip last Saturday evening. Owing to the dense smoke the steamer could not return before the morning light, and the party arrived in Deseronto about 8 a. m. on Sunday morning presenting a jaded appearance.

The fences fronting the grounds of Mrs. Culp and Mr. A. E. Gracey, St. George street, have been removed much to the improvement of their pretty road scene. It is gratifying to see this good work continue in Deseronto, where so many cling to fossilized old notions and prejudices.

Mr. Geo. Guntot, Chief of police, has purchased from Mr. Wm Jamieson that fine brick house in the west end recently occupied by Mr. R. D. Noxon. The Chief gave the contract for painting it to Mr. Reid and the sum of six hundred dollars besides. The Chief has already moved into his new residence.

The old theory that flies walked on the ceiling because each foot had a suction pump is exploded. The theory that they adhere by means of a viscous fluid exuded from the foot is also only partly true. The true idea is that hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attractions between solid and liquid bodies. When we see a fly making his toilet, he is not, as we suppose, cleaning his body but his feet. Each fly has 10,000, to 12,000 foot hairs.

John Murphy, a bright little fellow, eight years of age, son of Mr. Luke Murphy, and who since his mother's death had been living with his grandfather, Mr. John Marrigan, was drowned on Saturday. He had ventured out on the boom west of the Big Mill and was trying to float the logs into the bay. Being missed a search was instituted and the body recovered about 7 p. m. the same day. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Monday to the cemetery at Napanee.

Now that the cunning season is near at hand, it may be of interest to know that oats that have lost their covers may be made to keep fruit in, perfect condition. Fill the cans as if the covers were to be screwed on, then simply lay over the top a piece of cotton batting, split, with the fair side down, and secure it with a small piece of board or anything else that will answer for a weight. A wad of cotton batting makes a cork that needs no sealing. No one need hesitate to treat the finest preserves in this way.

Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income. It enriches the land more rapidly than any other branch of animal husbandry. It may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments. It is profitable on high priced lands, where other cattle would not more than make a good rent. In short, dairy farming, like every other branch of agriculture, has advantages peculiar to itself, which make it in many places and under many circumstances a desirable and remunerative employment.—*Rolph Allen.*

The *Ontario* states that: "Friday afternoon, an old man named Matthew Leonard residing on the 9th concession of Tyendinaga, went out to fire some stumps. Some time later a neighbor in passing found the fence burning and began to tear it down. While so engaged he heard groans and on looking about discovered Mr. Leonard lying on the ground with his clothing burnt nearly off and his legs and the lower part of his body burnt almost to a cinder. Assistance was at once obtained, but too late, and Leonard shortly after breathed his last. How the accident occurred will never be known, but it is surmised that he fell into a fit, and when his clothing caught fire was unable to help himself and so perished after suffering the most terrible agony."

Purk lime juice at W. G. Egar's.

The shanty store house south of Dexter park is receiving some improvements.

The Big Store fifty cent tea will give better satisfaction than any other you can buy.

Special bargains in prints, muslins, and all summer dress materials at The Big Store.

Four in hand neckties. White shirts, print shirts, collars and cuffs, latest styles. Kerr & Wine.

W. A. Taylor, Dominion House, Napanee, has been fined $100 and costs for a second infraction of the Scott Act.

A conflagration, earthquake and cyclone already this week. What is the next item on the programme?

Mrs. John Macleod, Mrs. F. McMaster and a party of friends enjoyed a pic-nic at Unger's Island on Wednesday afternoon.

The congregation of St. Andrews Church, Belleville, have shown their appreciation of their pastor, Rev. M. W. Macleau, by increasing his salary $300 per annum.

The Deseronto is taking the trips of the Quinte this week, the latter being busy carrying excursions. The Annie Gilbert is running in the place of the Deseronto.

Last Friday while Murney Deans was working in a well a large stone fell in and striking him on the head inflicted a severe wound which was dressed by Dr. Vandervoort.

Mrs. Sager had a narrow escape from being poisoned, having eaten some berries which had probably been sprinkled with some insect poison. Dr. Newton by prompt action prevented serious consequences.

While engaged in the performance of some household duties, Mrs. Robert Blake, of Centre street, tumbled over a piece of wood in the back yard and falling broke her arm. Dr. Newton was immediately summoned and the fracture reduced.

The Chief went out to Tyendinaga on Wednesday morning and took into custody Wm. McGuire on the charge of illegal trading. He was brought to Belleville where police magistrate Flint ordered a medical examination before committing him to an insane asylum.

The funeral of the late Daniel L. Walker took place last Friday afternoon and was one of the largest seen in this district for some time. Religious services were conducted and a very appropriate sermon preached by the Rev. A. Campbell, pastor of the Methodist Church.

A miniature cyclone put in an appearance on Wednesday afternoon coming from the west. It was accompanied by a few minutes heavy rain which laid the dust. The gale blew down several trees, and telegraph poles. The weather turned quite cold immediately afterwards and overcoats were in order in the evening.

On Tuesday 10th inst., at 11 o'clock a.m., Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr. W. D. Mace, Tamworth, was buried, having died from diptheria after two days' illness; and before one o'clock, Belle, Mr. Mace's oldest daughter, a fine young woman, died from having taken a mistake a dose of carbolic acid. Medical help was immediately summoned but without avail. She died in fifteen minutes. Mrs. Mace and another daughter are also very seriously ill.

This is undoubtedly, an age, of progress, and each year witnesses new triumphs in the world of invention. Perfection is rapidly approaching in every article of manufacture; nowhere is this more clearly seen than in the advancement which has been made within the past few years in the production of boots and shoes. In connection with these remarks we draw the notice of our readers to the general line of high-grade boots and shoes kept at the "Big Store." Especial care is taken to buy only from the most reliable manufacturers resulting in a stock of boots, shoes, etc., which for beauty, style, fit, durability, and general excellence is not to be surpassed in the Dominion.

Read the Hero's change of advertisment in this week's issue of The Tribune. It will be seed that on and after Monday, July 16th, she will on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays leave Belleville at 6 a. m., and Deseronto at 7:30 a. m., for Kingston, and arriving at Kingston at 2:30 p.m. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays she leaves Belleville at 3:30 a. m., Deseronto 5:00 a. m., arriving at Kingston at 11 a. m. Every afternoon she carries an excursion to the 1000 Islands, and on Saturday she leaves for the Islands at 1:30 p.m., returning leaves for way ports at 6:30 p. m. The Hero is a popular and splendidly equipped steamer is admittedly the most enjoyable in Central Canada.

Kingston and 1000 Islands. Ten hours in Kingston and return the same day for 85 cts. The Sons of England, Belleville, will run an excursion from Belleville per the Grand Trunk Railway to Kingston and thence per steamer "Maud" through the far famed Thousand Islands to Alexandria Bay on Wednesday, July 18th, inst. A special train will leave Belleville at 7:30 a. m. and calling at all way stations reach Kingston at 10 o'clock. Excursionists will have three hours in Kingston before taking the "Maud" which will leave at 1:00 p. m., and will pass through the beautiful scenery of the Islands to Alexandria Bay, returning in time to reach Belleville at 7 p. m. Fare for the round trip to Alexandria Bay $1.10. Fare from Belleville Deseronto Junction, Napanee, and all intermediate stations, to Kingston and return 85 cts. Children under 12 years, half fare to Kingston. The special train passes Deseronto Junction at 8:15, a. m. Do not fail to take this splendid trip.

Platform, pulpit and pew alike seem inclined to rebuke the ladies of Deseronto for extravagance in dress and an undue display of millinery and other finery. The Tribune hardly agrees that the fair sex are not quite fairly treated in this matter. "Can a maid forget her ornaments or a bride her attire? was asked long ages ago and is a question founded on an instinct precisely the same as which leads the lady to dress well and appear neat and becoming is rather to be commended. It is quite true that, owing to an uneducated taste or lack of good judgment, ladies may dress at times in gaudy and loud colors or put on something but Parisian, but taste in dress, no more than taste in music, art, or literature, cannot be formed in a day. It must pass through successive stages, and ludicrous though some of the millinery combinations which we observe at times may be, there are evidences of continual improvement. We admit that in many cases love of dress is like everything else carried to excess and to the neglect of other important matters, and we quite agree with those who state that it is especially lamentable when accompanied with intellectual poverty, but in everything this age is better than former times, and in nothing more so than in the general desire on the part of the gentle sex to appear in becoming attire In this matter we are undoubtedly right in saying that the women of Canada are in no respect behind those of other lands.

The Atlanta is in port and will be hauled out on the marine railway for repairs.

The Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee on Saturday afternoon.

There will be a service of song in the White Church next Sunday evening. All are cordially invited.

A car load of valuable acetates for the English market was destroyed by the fire on Sunday. They were to have been shipped the following day to Montreal.

The Quinte carries an excursion to Belleville on Monday 16th inst., the occasion of the Big Regatta. Tickets from Picton, Napanee and Deseronto, 50 cts; ports above Deseronto, 25 cts.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association will be held at Toronto on the 31 July. The annual press trip this year will be from Toronto to Portland, and thence by steamer to Boston.

The crops in the vicinity of Adolphustown are in a terrible state. Some farmers have cut their barley, the heads of which are quite empty and stand straight up. They will use it for fodder for the cattle. Others have turned their cattle right into the fields.

All subscriptions to The Tribune for the current year should be paid before the close of this month of July. It must not be forgotten that subscriptions are payable in advance. A subscriber thinks that his one dollar cannot be either here or there with the printer, but when hundreds of subscribers reason in that way, it will be seen that each individual dollar is a matter of grave moment. This notice will be sufficient for all who are owing us for subscriptions.

Mr. C. A. Walker, of Holton, Kansas, arrived in town last Saturday, the day after his father's funeral, having been delayed *en route* by a railway accident which detained him twenty-four hours. Mr. Walker has been living in the west during the past 23 years and is engaged in business in Holton, being a member of the firm of C. A. Walker & Co., dealers in hardware, &c. He sees great changes in Deseronto which he once left the most go-ahead Canadian town he has yet seen. Mr Walker leaves for his Western home on Monday. Like many other Canadians he has proposed in the land of his adoption.

Yesterday was the "Glorious Twelfth" and as the occasion was the bi-centenary of the great event which the day commemorates, it was observed with great enthusiasm in all parts of the Province. The Orangemen had monster demonstrations and processions at various points. In this district Port Hope and Kingston were the points selected. With propitious weather everything passed off pleasantly. The brethren from Deseronto did not participate as a body in either of these celebrations but a number went down by the Hero to Kingston, while a few went to Port Hope. The Rathbun Company had a three car excursion to the morning by Canada express to Shannonville, where they took the special train to Port Hope, having been engaged by the members of Shannonville lodge for the day.

WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT.
Mrs. T. H. NASMITH,
Centre Street.

CARE-TAKER WANTED.

TENDERS addressed to the subscriber will be received up to 18th inst. from any who wish to act as Caretaker of the PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS and PROPERTY agreeably to specification that may be seen with me. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
RICHARD RAYBURN.
Secty to P. S. B.
July 5th, 1888. 2—ins.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and sale a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one months from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.
R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.
Deseronto, Ont., 27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,
BOOKBINDER,
over the Tribune office,
DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.
BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.
June 7, 1888—37.

CARTER'S
BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM
OPPOSITE THE
O'CONNOR HOUSE, DESERONTO

The undersigned thanks the public of Deseronto and vicinity for the liberal patronage accorded him during the past 12 years he has been in business and hopes he will continue to merit a continuance of the same.

He is showing a full line of Ladies', Gents and Children's BOOTS & SHOES of the best make in Canada which he is selling at rock bottom prices.

He makes CUSTOM WORK and Repairs a specialty, having engaged Mr. J. A. Moore, late of Belleville, a first class hand at sewed work. Any persons favouring him with orders for HAND-SEWED boots can depend on getting them to suit at lowest possible prices. A call to inspect his stock and work is earnestly solicited.

T. N. CARTER.

DRY

The dry weather may make a shortage in the crops, but nevertheless dry goods will be dry goods, good qualities will be good qualities, cheap prices will be cheap prices, and the best place to make your purchases (via, Robinson & Co's) will be the best place still.

If you have not been doing your trading with us, ask the people who have been purchasing their goods from us for the last year, what they think of us, what they think of our goods, what they think of our qualities, what they think of our prices.

We do not think of a single man, woman or child, who has gone away from us dissatisfied.

If there should be one, if they will report the matter to us, they will find us prepared to do them justice in every.

We study the needs of our customers.

We study to please our customers.

For the heated season we have a nice lot of Lawns, Lemon De Syries, Muslins, Embroideries, Flouncings, Chambrays, Zephyrs, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

We have also some summer weight dress goods which we are selling at 12½c per yd and upwards.

In Hosiery and Gloves we have a very large assortment. Our all-silk gloves at 35 cents per pair are a wonder to the ladies. We are now on our third consignment.

Our reputation for good values in Staples is well established. Our Cottons still lead at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yd. Where can you find another such range? Where evn you find such good values?

Steamlooms are equally good values. Table Linens in all qualities and at all prices. Towels and Towelings very cheap.

Cotton Yarns and Cotton Warps, the cheapest in the market. Woolen Yarns cheap.

This is the cheap selling season in Millinery. Miss Smith will give you stylish millinery cheap.

We have a well equipped Clothing Department. Mr. Walters will make you a suit to order, guaranteed satisfactory, or he can give you a very large assortment of ready-made clothing to choose from. For the warm weather he has a large stock of men's cool summer coats, men's and boy's Regatta Shirts, men's and boy's Hats, men's and boy's Collars.

Boys Clothing a specialty.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

GEO. E. SNIDER,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER
in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.
Corner Main & St. George Streets,
Deseronto.

SALT.

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.
THE BATHURST CO.

IMPORTANT TO ALL
Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with
DANDRUFF
D. DORENWEND'S

"HAIR MAGIC"

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

Do Not Delay, if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egan, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, - - - Sole Manfr.,
Toronto, Canada.

A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.

A Years' Experience!

After nearly a years experience of Simson's Liniment I have found it to be what I supposed at first it was, a an excellent Liniment to have about stable. I have used it in cases of Cuts, Galls, Bruises and Sprains on my horses, and in every case found relief at once. Cleansing the cuts and galls so that they healed rapidly, and reducing the soreness in cases of sprains and bruises in a short time.

Nothing has presented itself to me that has so effectively relieves and prevents the Horse Distemper. I have also found it of very great service, both in my own family and in the families of my men, in cases for which it is intended to be used.

R. T. WARDEN,
Livery Stable, St King Square,
St. John, N. B.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS contain thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in needof profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to pattott & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from 50 to $55 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

BAY OF QUINTE.
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company on all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.
DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.
TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED PART.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	EXP. WEST	MIXED G.W.	EXP. EAST
	No.1 A.M.	No.3 A.M.	No.5 A.M.	No.7 P.M.	No. 9 P.M.	No.11 A.M.	
Des. lve	2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:35	12:45
E End, "	2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	8:30	12:50
Des. Jc. arr.	3:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	MIXED PART.	EXP. WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED G.W.	EXP. WEST.
	No 2 A.M.	No. 4 A.M.	No. 6 A.M.	No.8 P.M.	No.10 P.M.	No 12 A.M.	No 14
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End	3:45	8:35	10:00	11:55	5:35	10:20	1:35
Des. arrive	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.)
Solid connections to and from Bay of Quinte Points.
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departures at the times stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

E. C. CARTER,
Gen. Manager.
Deseronto, Ont.

FOR SALE
OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to
J. E. WALMSLEY,
Belleville.
or to
W. H. VANBLARICOM,
Deseronto.

May 25, 1888.

1888. SUMMER. 1888.

Kerr & Wims

—Have in stock the following special lines:—

NEW DRESS GOODS,
Chambrays, Seersuckers,
Flouncings, Prints, Lawns,
Ginghams, Gloves, Parasols,
Hosiery, Corsets, Lace,
Curtains, White, Cream and Colored.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Hats, Neckties and Gents' Furnishings; styles, and prices right.

Inspection invited.

KERR & WIMS.
Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET. DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods
are being shown in every department at
THE: BIG: STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in
SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock.
Many novelties will be found in the
FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,
As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.
STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.
We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.
A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!
LOOK HERE!
H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated
WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of
No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD
—BINDERS,—
REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.
Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs of either sex, Emissions* and all ills after caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six pack ages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich*

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most
STYLISH YOUNG MEN
have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like
NICE FITTING GARMENTS.
You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable. We give you city goods and city cut at
COUNTRY FIGURES.
We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING
TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY
NEWSPAPERS
Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

Invention has revolutionized during the last half century. Not least among wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; and one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Public.

THE TRIBUNE
OFFICE
Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of
Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,
NEW TYPE,
—AND—
OTHER EQUIPMENTS
Have been lately added to
OUR OUTFIT,
enabling work to be
Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY
should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto News Co.,
LIMITED),
DESERONTO, ONT.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

A woman named Ann Bennett was arrested at Belleville market charged with stealing $3.65 from Georgina Graves, of Shannonville.

Belleville refuses to give its health inspector an increase of salary.

The Oddfellows of Belleville will celebrate the 27th inst. as Decoration Day.

Belleville bank agencies are notifying depositors that after the 16th inst. only three per cent will be allowed for deposits.

Belleville city engineers find that the island is fast reaching sewer, persons in the vicinity having carried off the crib work.

The Downey Company have been again awarded the contract for supply the coal to Grand Trunk stations between Toronto and Cornwall.

An employee named Armstrong on the Bathbun station of the C. O. Railway, fatally shot himself on the 6th inst. either accidentally or intentionally.

Mrs. Elisha Barber, of Tyendinaga, died of consumption recently; about 100 vehicles were in the funeral procession.

The water in the St Lawrence river is rising, but will not get within two feet of high-water mark this season.

Mrs. John Jennings, of Alexandria, Bay committed suicide last week by hanging herself with a towel in her own house.

Double tracking of the Grand Trunk between Brockville and Lansdowne is progressing rapidly.

Too many cases of insanity in Belleville. Belleville hotel keepers paid $225 in fines for selling liquor on the Sunday of the Wheelemen's Meet.

The barn of James Stillman, Seymour township, was with its contents destroyed by fire. Loss $2,000.

William Berke, formerly of Kingston, committed suicide at Gravenhurst on Saturday by drinking laudanum.

Trenton merchants will give free fares twice a week to purchasers who come in on the line of the C. O. Railway.

A barn belonging to James Keith, near Menie, was struck by lightning and burned during the storm on the 22nd of June.

Wm. Locke, aged 92 years, for 55 years a resident of Seymour died on the 1st inst.

John St. Presbyterian Church, Belleville, was reopened with appropriate services on Sunday last. The renovated edifice presents a most attractive appearance. The congregation is enjoying much prosperity.

A fire at Gananoque on Saturday destroyed Trinity Congregational church, Alcock Hotel and the residence of Mrs Shaw.

On Sunday the Salvation Army opened their new $10,000 barracks in Kingston with great ceremony.

Fires are doing much damage in the country back of Kingston.

Napanee is taking steps to have factories established there.

Jonathon Irons died from sunstroke at Campbellford on Friday.

Hon. John Flint says that he sees often between the Gateway mills and Bridgewater but Belleville with so busy times in Two Years. Not a nail one for a session.

Napanee is a exciting place to settle disputes evidence. It reports two fights and a fair ride in one day. Drowning of boy was celebrated by a great house-warming.

Several cases of the variety of Colorado have made their appearance in the vicinity of Colborne this season.

West Northumberland fair will be held at Cobourg on October 9th and 10th.

The pea crop in some sections of Northumberland is a failure owing to drought and worms.

The Brockville and Westport railway is again open for traffic.

Napanee's civic holiday is fixed for August 1st: Deseronto will observe Dec. 25th.

Rev. Father Walsh, Brockville, who had charge of the parish in the absence of Dean Gauthier was presented with a purse of $220.

Rev. Mr. Quartermain and his bride had a hearty reception from his parishioners on their arrival at Odessa.

The cabmen and hoeymen of Gananoque surpassed their Niagara brethren by extortionate charges while the military camp was in progress at Gananoque.

Almonte is thinking of gas for light and fuel.

Peter McLaren's valuable Percheron stallion valued at $2,500 died about a week ago at Perth.

It is estimated that a thousand tons of hay will have to be imported into Prince Edward this year.

There is said to be a good quantity of barley in the vicinity of Bath notwithstanding drought.

It is feared that the contract for the Napanee water works will fall through operations having not yet been commenced.

Merrickville claims the oldest living Orangeman, E. H. Whitmarsh who joined Ledge No. 1 in Brockville in 1830. He is a life member of the supreme grand lodge of Canada.

The residence of Walker Ellis, 6th con. of Huntingdon, was destroyed by fire on the 6th inst.

The board of managers of Albert College have decided to proceed with the proposed alterations to that building

Picton is represented as the greatest "horse" town in this part of Canada. The chief theme of conversation with every man, woman and child is "horse," a fact which demonstrates the intellectual poverty of its people.

Two of the demi-monde of Napanee have been sent to the Mercer reformatory for twelve months.

Belleville does not know what to do with its harbor. There is a difference of opinions about the present plan of operations.

New hotels will be built at Clayton and Alexandria Bay.

S. O. Sherrer, of Kingston, took an over dose of bromide and died in five minutes afterwards.

The work of double tracking the Grand Trunk between Sidney and Bellevills is now in progress.

Harvey Cronk, the mail carrier between Belleville and the station, died from the effects of a fit on Monday evening.

A man named Mason, of Dummer township, has been fined $20 and costs for diluting his milk.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Smallpox has appeared in Buffalo.

There are $710,409,510 in the United States treasury.

A case of cholera morbus has occurred in Richmond, Indiana.

The gross debt of Canada is $281,321,855. A year ago it was $275,187,626.

Four persons were burned to death in a farm house near Sault Ste. Marie.

Pope Leo is said to be making strenuous efforts to suppress slavery throughout the world.

The Unionist peers have decided to support Lord Salisbury's bill for the reform of the House of Lords.

The judgement of the Privy Council confirms Mr. Patrick Purcell in his position of M. P. for Glengarry.

Sir John Macdonald has sued Nathan Michael, a Montreal tobacconist, for using his name for advertising purposes.

A bill which has passed the Federal Council of Germany provides for the pensioning of all working people who are incapacitated or who have arrived at the age of 70.

Geo. William Stoddart, a well-known actor, is dead.

The Emperor of Brazil has quite recovered from his illness.

The Boers are said to be anxious to fight Great Britain again.

John Muir, of Hamilton, has been appointed junior judge for Wentworth.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg had a narrow escape from death on Sunday.

The Minister of Justice says the Provincial Governments must enforce the Dominion Bucket Shops Act.

Two bucket shops have been started in Montreal in defiance of the law.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well-known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently his bolus an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhœa or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower* it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

BIRTHS.

TERRY.—At Deseronto, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Albert Terry, of a son.

WILLIAMSON.—At Deseronto, on the 9th inst., to the wife of Mr. W. J. Wellington, of a son.

ARMSTRONG.—At Deseronto, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. James Kirby, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

LEARY.—At Deseronto, on the 7th inst., John, son of Mr. Luke Murphy, aged 3 years.

LOVEARNE.—At his residence, 8th Concession Tyendinaga, on the 2rd. inst, Matthew Leonard, aged 75 years.

DESERONTO MARKET.
Deseronto July 12, 1888

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 35 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LARD, 6 to 7 " "
BEEF, 4½ to 6 " "
LAMB, 11 to 12 " "
EGGS, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 125 cts. to $1.20 per bag
HAY, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 40 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 "
GEESE, 50 to 55 cents each.
Hides 3 to 4 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 90 to 100 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 4 "
Hogs, live weight, $5.50 to $6.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, 87 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.50 per bag.

HURRAH!

HURRAH! - - HURRAH!

The 24th of May is the Queen's Birthday.

The Corner Grocery in Smith's Block is the birth place of
LOW PRICES.

There you can find everything that is kept in a
FIRST-CLASS -:- GROCERY

Believing in small profits and quick returns, I have decided to sell my goods at the lowest prices, giving the best value for the least money.

TEAS AND COFFEE
a specialty.

MY 35 CENT TEA
defies all competition.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for goods.

☞ Remember the place; first door east of the O'Connor House, Deseronto.

W. H. VANBLARICOM.
May 23, 1888.

EDISON'S LATEST WONDER.

A Toy that Prays and Sings in Natural Tones.

The talking doll, recently ushered into existence in Menlo park is thus described by a metropolitan paper:

Not only has Wizard-Telegraphic-Telephonic-Phonographic Graphophonic Edison the power of focusing the rays of abstract science and creating therefrom practical concrete appliances, but he knows how to apply these marvellous instruments of his invention to every-day use. His latest invention in the use of the phonograph is a speaking baby. This is an almost perfect mechanical device. It is a wax doll of beautiful workmanship. The jaws are hung so naturally that one unacquainted with the fictitious character of the doll would imagine that they belonged to the genuine flesh and blood infant.

The body of the doll contains a miniature motor and the smallest phonograph ever made. The phonograph and the jaws are worked simultaneously, and the fictitious infant talks for just one minute by Mr. Edison's golden chronometer. It is so accurately timed that the homely little prayer which John Quincy Adams uttered while dying—"Now I lay me down to sleep" —has just time to issue from its ruby lips before the instrument stops.

In explaining how this remarkable feat is performed Mr. Edison said: "A curious feature about this invention is that the baby's voice is an exact representation of the human voice. In fact, it is my own voice, for I speak to the phonograph and the record is made of the tones of my voice upon the little waxen cylinder. Then, by an ingenious contrivance connected with one of the arms of the make-believe baby, the mechanism is started into motion. It sounds all the more natural coming from the baby, because the tones of my voice have been reduced to a lower volume, so that they seem suited to the infant's capacity. The accurate gauging of the utterances of the doll, so that they would come within the one-minute limit has cost me a great deal of time and labor. The first line of the prayer is repeated more quickly than any of the others.

"The second line is a little slower, and runs something like the following: 'I pray the L-o-r-d m-y soul to k-e-e-p.'

"The third line is a still slower, and when printed would read something like this: 'If I should d-i-e b-e-f-o-r-e I w-a-k-e.'

"The last line of the original verse is long drawn out, as if the make believe baby was getting very sleepy, thus: 'I—p-r-a-y—s-h-e—L-o-r-d—m-y—s-o-u-l—t-o—k-e-p.'

"But I have added," continued Mr. Edison, "a few words to the prayer which, while they do not appear in the original, still will be found in general use. They are these, and they the same from the infant's lips as though she were utterly overcome with weariness:

G-o-o-o-d n-n-i-g-h-t, m-a-a-m-m-a,
G-o-o-o-d n-n-i-g-h-t, p-p-p-a-a-p-a,
G-o-o-o-o-d n-i-i-i-g-h-t.

"This is not the only accomplishment of this wonderful child," continued the inventor with a smile. "Not only does the spurious baby speak its prayer, but it also sings a comic song. When I had Mr. Rosenfeld play over his song 'Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo' for the phonograph, I also took an impression of the melody and words for the use of my baby, so that now she not only says her evening prayer, but she also sings her little song—singing the chorus only—as follows:

"Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo,
Lovey me, I lovey 'oo;
Does 'oo lovey, lovey me
As I lovey, lovey 'oo?
Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo."

"My little maiden never has a sore throat, and she never refuses to sing when called upon to do so."

The reporter asked Mr. Edison whether the baby was the only new device with which the phonograph was associated. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Edison, with a smile, "I have also a talking clock, which, instead of striking the hour, speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock which says 'dinner time;' also 'one o'clock,' 'two o'clock,' etc., as the hours pass. Another device which I am perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face which I propose to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say, 'good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime.' "This," continued Mr. Edison will be a very convenient timepiece to have about the house where the lover is staying later than a seasonable hour."

"There seems to be no end to the practical uses of the phonograph," remarked the reporter.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Edison, "I can make an instrument which is capable of being hidden away in a parlor and which will record all the conversation carried on there. Imagine the consternation of the unwary young couple when all their billing and cooing is reproduced by the mother of the young lady who has placed the phonograph there for that purpose. To unnumbered purposes can this instrument be put."

"There is a rumor, Mr. Edison, that you purpose publishing music, or securing copyrights of popular songs for the use of the phonograph; is this true?"

"Yes, I have already secured three of Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld's most popular recent works, viz., 'The Kentucky Gallopade,' the 'Dramatic News Waltzes,' and the song 'Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo!' which the *Evening World* recently printed. It is the intention of the company in which I am interested to make a regular business of the publication of music for use upon the phonograph, and already I have in view an enterprising publisher in New York to handle it for me and place it on the market. Of course, this will not be printed music, but merely impressions upon the wax cylinders of the phonograph, so that the owner of an instrument can have a repertoire of the latest songs at a nominal price of twenty cents each. If he wishes to hear an andante from Beethoven in his parlor all he has to do is to adjust his cylinder. These cylinders are practically indestructible. They can be used times without number, and when the owner of the phonograph becomes tired of a particular composition he can have it removed from the cylinder and another substituted for it."

Mr. Edison said that Prof. Muybridge, the instantaneous photographer, had visited him lately, and had proposed to him a scheme which, if carried to completion, will afford an almost endless field of instruction and amusement. The photographer said that he had been conducting a series of experiments recently, and had almost perfected a photographic appliance by which he would be enabled to accurately reproduce the gestures and the facial expression of, for instance, Mr. Blaine in the act of making a speech. This was done, he said, by taxing some sixty or seventy instantaneous photographs of each position assumed by the speaker, and then throwing them, by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. He proposed to Mr. Edison that the phonograph should be used in connection with his invention, and that the photographs of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Lillian Russel in some of her songs, and other artists of note, should be experimented with. Mr. Edison, he said, could produce with his instrument the tones of the voice, while he would furnish the gestures and facial expression. This scheme met with the approval of Mr. Edison, and he intended to perfect it at his leisure.

A constant stream of visitors pours in upon the inventor at his laboratory daily. Although the phonograph has been extensively written about in the newspapers, still the general public has a very crude idea about the marvellous invention. The popular idea is that the words are spoken into a tube, and that they are stored away in a sort of box, and that when they are wanted a tap is turned and the words themselves come out. For the information of the readers of the *World* the following explanation of the newly perfected phonograph is given:

Imagine half of a wax candle resting on a shallow wooden box. A little machine is inside of the box, the motive power of which is electricity. This machine keeps the candle in constant revolution. Resting upon the candle is a tiny steel figure, no larger than a cambric needle. The needle is set in a piece of parchfined silk, which has a rim around it, resembling that of a snare drum. This drum-head, however, is no larrer than the top of an ordinary spool. The sound waves strike the little drum-head, which vibrate the needle. The needle, in turn, cuts a tiny mark into the beeswax candle and leaves an impression of the song or oration, as the case may be. After the impression of the sound waves is taken, another little drumhead, of a more sensitive nature than the first, is connected, and is substituted. This second needle follows the path of the first one, and the sound waves are thrown out of the instrument so that they are distinctly audible to persons standing within twenty feet of the machine. The talking clock and the parlor phonograph will be perfected in a few days, and will be on the market in time for the Christmas stockings.

Great Circle Sailing.

The question is raised as to whether or not seamen on long voyages try to sail upon arcs of great circles? We presume that most of our readers know that a "great circle" is one which divides the globe into two equal parts. The equator is a great circle, so is any line drawn round the earth through the two poles. A great circle may be at any angle with the equator, and it will always cut the equator at two points exactly opposite to each other.

If distance were the only thing to be considered, the route by a great circle would be chosen, as being the shortest. But distance is not all. The prevailing winds, the ocean currents, the presence of icebergs, wrecks or drift in the path of a vessel will often cause a change of course. What is looked for is not the shortest route, but the one that can be made in the shortest time, and with the least risk.

To show how some of the circumstances here mentioned go to determine the course of a vessel, let us compare the route from New York to the equator, on a voyage, say, to Rio Janeiro, with the course it makes on the return trip this side of the line.

As the route is laid down on the charts, the outward bound craft strikes straight across the Gulf Stream before entering the south of east so as to make about three degrees of latitude to twelve of longitude. It then describes a wide curve, crossing the thirtieth parallel of latitude at the forty-fifth meridian west. The curve continues to approach the meridian so that the twentieth parallel is crossed at the thirty-seventh meridian; the tenth parallel is crossed at the thirty-third meridian, and the equator is reached at the thirty-second meridian.

It will be seen that in the latter part of this course the vessel is running nearly due south. The object of keeping so far out into mid-ocean after passing the Gulf Stream is to take advantage of the North East trade winds which are entered at about the twenty-third parallel, and which extend nearly to the equator.

On its return trip the vessel comes across the equator about five degrees farther west than where it crossed when going down; that is, at about the thirty-seventh meridian. The course it holds is straight, and almost directly for the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. This course brings the ship to the Gulf Stream at least four hundred miles farther down the coast,—or up stream, if we speak with reference to the direction of current,—than where the outward course left the stream.

As soon as the ship enters the Gulf Stream, it changes its course direct for New York. It is scarcely necessary to say that the object of making this angle in the route is to gain as much advantage as possible from the Gulf Stream.

From the description given of the route followed by the outward-bound vessel to the equator and that taken by the inward-bound, the reader can easily lay down the two lines on any map of the North Atlantic upon which the meridian lines and the parallels of latitude are marked.

It will be seen that where the two routes cross the thirtieth parallel, off St. Augustine, they are twenty degrees of longitude apart. This is nearly one-third the width of the ocean on that parallel. All this divergence from a direct course is due to winds and currents. If it were not for these circumstances and others already named, then the principles of great circle sailing would always be adopted.

The Valuable Cocoanut Tree.

"A full-grown cocoanut tree will mature from sixty to one hundred nuts annually," said a Washington market dealer. "In reality the cocoanut tree is one of the most valuable trees in the world, nearly every part of it being useful to man. The natives eat the young roots and also weave them into baskets. The tender leaves are cooked like cabbage and the old leaves are made into cloth, hats, baskets, fans, lanterns, etc. It is also used for bedding, for thatching roofs, for fishing nets, even for writing paper. The magnificent trunk of the tree furnishes canoes, house-posts, and fences. The ribs of the leaves are so strong that they make excellent paddles for boats, arrows, combs, torches, and no end of other useful things. When the wood is burned it makes the best potash for soap. By a peculiar process of fermentation, good vinegar can be obtained from it, and also a fair kind of sugar. The name of the fruit is derived from the Portuguese word cocoa and the English word nut. Cocoa means 'an ugly mask,' and is said to have been given because the end of a cocoanut looks like a monkey's face. Last year 36 0,000 cocoanuts were brought to this market, the average wholesale price being four cents apiece. It is expected that the figures this season will be nearly half a million."—*New York Mail.*

Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change.—[Charles Dickens.

FIGHTING FOR DEAR LIFE.

Terrible Experiences of Explorers who Incurred the Enmity of the Natives.

When the explorers Kund and Tappenbeck reached the coast more dead than alive in March last they told a thrilling story of their five months' journey among the unknown tribes of West Africa back of the Cameroon district. All the information we have yet received of this tragical journey is contained in a long letter written by Lieut. Kund, which has just reached Berlin. Our readers not the people, nor even the name of the tribe or a place they mention is found on any map. They marched into a wholly new region, and they probably suffered more than any other modern explorers of Africa who survived to tell their story.

Starting some way south of Cameroon, they marched over 200 miles into the interior with a caravan numbering over 100 men. They met with no serious opposition till they had travelled about 160 miles east, when the Jonguana tribe

ATTEMPTED TO PREVENT

the expedition from crossing a river. The natives embarked in canoes, crossed the river while firing rapidly at the natives, and stormed up the bank, driving the frightened savages before them. After two days' skirmishing peace was made with this tribe, and they allowed the white men to pass.

The little war had cost quite a number of lives, the natives suffering most of the loss. Then they entered a prosperous and peaceful country, where the natives expressed their great delight at seeing white men among them. They brought plenty of food, which they sold at remarkably low prices.

It has been known for some time that a line drawn east from Cameroon to the Nile roughly approximates the boundary between the Soudan negroes, and the great family of Bantu tribes who spread over the southern part of the continent. Our explorers far inland touched this great race boundary, and on the banks of the Greater Ndjong River they found a tribe of Soudan negroes, who, mistaking the visitors for slave hunters, decided to prevent the further march of the expedition. Here occurred

A CRUEL MASSACRE OF THE NATIVES.

Unable to speak any of the languages which were known to the members of the expedition, the situation could not easily be explained to them. The white men, using little tact or discretion, so far as now appears, attempted to force their way along, and were attacked on the march. In turn they stormed a big palisaded village, in whose defence the brave negroes, armed only with bows and arrows and spears, fought as well as they could against the well armed foe. Of course they were defeated, and the village was laid in ashes. "We were sorry," writes Kund, "for the dead who lay about the village, for they had taken their part in defending their homes against those who, they believed, had come with bad intentions."

Of course, as the expedition had made implacable enemies of these negroes, all further progress through this country was out of the question. The party sought by another route to regain the coast, and was only about a week's march from Cameroon they met their greatest misfortune. While following a narrow path in a very large region where the reedy grass grows about 16 feet high, the expedition was most unexpectedly attacked by Bakoka armed with guns. Hidden in this grass the enemy kept up an almost constant firing upon the party, who were almost defenceless. They could not see

THE CROUCHING NEGROES,

and could only blaze away now and then at the puffs of smoke after the Bakoka had fired. As the party with difficulty pushed its way through the grass the natives, knowing every elephant path, were able to get in advance of the expedition or to keep abreast of it. A large part of the caravan threw down their loads, content if they were able to get out of the scrape with their lives. It was also necessary to leave much of the baggage in order to carry the wounded.

That the natives were armed with guns, and the efficiency of one-third of the expedition. Tappenbeck, with a bullet in his head, was borne senseless on a stretcher. Kund was shot in two places, one bulletbreaking his left arm. Twenty-six men were wounded and quite a number of them had to be carried. Only three rounds of ammunition were left for each man and if the enemy had energetically renewed the attack next day the entire party would have perished in the grass. Fortunately, however, the natives, whose ranks had been quite heavy, kept at a respectful distance and fired only an occasional shot. Other

MISERIES WERE STILL IN STORE

for the party, for they nearly starved to death in the six days before they were met by the relief party that had been hastened forward in response to the appeal of their messenger.

It may take many years to remove the unfortunate impression that this expedition has made upon the minds of the natives. Nothing but the direst necessity would have forced the great explorers of Africa to slaughter the natives as Kund and Tappenbeck, according to their own story, appear to have done on the Greater Ndjong River. In their former expedition, while other explorers were peacefully pushing their way throughout the Congo basin. Kund and Tappenbeck managed to get into an ugly scrape with the Ikatta natives, south of the Congo, and one of the explorers was badly wounded. They would seem to lack the tact and patience without which it were better for the cause of humanity and of science that would-be explorers should choose some other vocation.

International Arbitration.

The passage by the Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies of M. Passy's resolution for the establishment of arbitration between France and the United States has been accompanied by a revival of the arbitration scheme in the Senate. With the fishery dispute so convenient for use as campaign material in a Presidential year, we can, perhaps, hardly hope that the overtures made by England for an arbitration system with us will be accepted at the present session. But there is at least no reason why the propositions of France for that purpose, under M. Passy's resolution, should not be promptly and heartily welcomed. Indeed, there would be a certain fitness in having the first conspicuous example of this sort set by the two greatest Republics of the world; and since we have no pending dispute of a serious character with France, the project of arbitration would be more likely to score a triumph than if attempted first in the case of England. Another timely consideration is that the coming year is a centennial year for both France and our country and the two Republics could not better celebrate in a joint act the hundredth anniversary of the memorable events of 1789 than by formally substituting arbitration for the resort to arms.

IN A WILD GARDEN AT SHIRAZ.

BY TRAVELLER.

Shiraz is thoroughly Persian. No European innovations are to be found in the city where sleep the two great poets of Persia, Hafiz and Saadi. In summer, Shiraz is hot, and those who can do it, pass the very hot weather in a garden. It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with a Persian grandee who was the happy possessor of one of the largest, shadiest, and most retired of the gardens of Shiraz. No European will refuse the hospitality of his garden to any decent person; practically, any man's garden is open to all the world, save when the owner, his wives, or his friend are enjoying their *whole few hours' siesta there.* Fortunately, the proprietor of the Resht-i-Behesht (Envy of Heaven) also had a magnificent garden attached to his town mansion for use; this enabled the writer to pass the *dog-days* in that earthly paradise.

About a mile from the walls of Shiraz, just across the empty river-bed—for in most summers the Shiraz river runs dry, the waters being drawn off for irrigation—lies the garden of the Resht-i-Behesht. Its three large rooms have been carpeted. Fly-blinds have been

HUNG OVER THE DOORS

and window-holes, for the building is a mere summer-house. The tiles have been swept and sprinkled. The servants have pitched a little tent for themselves. The door has constructed a series of furnaces in the open air. The little brick-bound stream running in front of the three rooms gurgles merrily. The great brick *sarku*, or raised platform, has been carpeted, and a pair of rugs, with a cushion or two, placed there to invite repose. All is shade here. The trees are so planted that one *sarku* is overshadowed till afternoon; the other, two hundred yards off, till sunset.

By the side of the *sarku* flows the running water. But there are no "rows of stately lilies," no "winding walks where roses grow;" an occasional hedge of moss-roses, thousands of tufts of the double and single narcissus—these are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The rest is a sort of jungle of fruit and forest trees, with a dense growth of underwood and grass. By the sides of the many streams the foliage is thick and lush. The place swarms, literally swarms with nightingales. A nightingale is a very pretty bird; but even nightingales pall when in thousands and when their song disturbs one's slumbers. They are very busy about midnight; but just an hour before dawn

THE MUSIC IS DEAFENING

and sleep impossible. Nature's alarum is, however, a blessing, for what more enjoyable than the early stroll in the cool garden by the bubbling brook, and then here save ourselves, our servants, and the gardener and his boy. No one will call save on urgent business, for it is understood that a man goes to a garden for privacy, to take his holiday, to recuperate. The dogs having fraternized with the gardener's watchdog are turned loose for a run, and hunt the small birds in the brushwood. A hubble-bubble and a cup of coffee—the former smoked sitting on a stump beside the running-waters in the cool shade—are very grateful in the early morning. Still more so is the bath in the icy-cold tank which has been duly released out for our use. Then perhaps a book for an hour. Soon the sun rises; soon we feel its heat, and retire to umbrageous nooks to avoid it. But the Persian sun is not to be denied; we are driven into the building, as the heat becomes stronger and the flies get active. The hum of insects becomes loud. But indoors all is cool, all is quiet. We have come to be lazy; we are so. No blush suffuses our cheeks when we find that we have slept and that it is nearly noon. We have come to avoid the sun; we succeed in doing so, for we breakfast, still in the shade, in the portico. Again a lounge under the trees and by the brooklets. Somehow or other, we get through the afternoon. Have we slept? Possibly. At five, however, the Russian *samovar* is brought with many fruits, and we partake of tea in tiny cups, and the everlasting but grateful hubble-bubble.

Now is time for very intimate friends to call. We sternly deny ourselves to importunates on business. Are we not *en retraite?* Are we not in the garden? The sun will be down in half an hour. It is cool. The pleasant wind which is always felt towards evening in Shiraz has commenced to blow. The horses are brought. We enjoy a two hours' ride; a smart canter through

THE GARDENS OF MESHED VERDI,

or across the sandy plains of Jaffirabad. Or we, too, make our calls on other sojourners in the gardens. But we avoid the town, the hot, dusty town. We must go, we do, much against the grain, hurriedly returning to our wild garden. Oftener than not we visit other gardens, empty as a rule; several abut on our own Resht-i-Behesht. Perhaps we find them tenanted; we attempt to effect an entry, but no means is this allowed. "Bismillah! you must take one cup of tea and eat a pomegranate;" or whatever the garden is famed for, for each of the gardens has its speciality. There is no intrusion in the matter. The people are summering, honestly glad to see us. They would gladly return this chance visit, and we shall regale them in the same way, and be as unaffectedly glad to see and chat with them.

Our particular garden is celebrated for a white apple which is supposed to have the flavour of rose-water. But it is also the shadiest garden near Shiraz, and the coolest. We are quite sure. Have we not lived in them all, and do not we come to this particular garden every year? That is proof enough at all events for us.

It is getting dark; but the moon is rising, the glorious Persian moon. As we return to our garden we see lights in nearly every neighboring one. On the *sarku* in front of our living-rooms are lighted oil lamps, civilised appliances; the wine is in snow, for, in Shiraz, snow is the luxury of even the poorest, ice being rare and dear; but there is always plenty of the pure snow to be got from the everlasting neighboring mountains. Dinner is served, the regular English dinner, perhaps with a native dish or two—the smoking *pilau* with its fowl boiled to rags, or a *kusinjahn* of partridge, or of lamb (we get lamb twice a year in lucky Shiraz.)

Dinner is over; we sit on our *sarku*, the moon peeping through the trees and lighting the place up. The dogs are chained up as sentinels around the building. The gardener's pet bear descends the tree to which he is chained, as soon as the dogs are secured; he

DISCREETLY RETIRES TO THE BRANCHES

when his enemies are loose. We provide Bruin with a meal of boiled rice. From the servants' quarters resound the melancholy love-ditties of Iran, our literary cook improvising scandalous local songs, which are received with much mirth. Gradually, as the servants lapse into silence, we retire to the roof where our bedding is prepared. "Tweet, tweet, tweet, bubble, bubble, bubble"—a nightingale. The *noise* is repeated with variations; but we are not romantic. We are tired; we have dined: we turn over, and our roof being free from mosquitoes, we drop off.

"Hoi, hoi—thieves, thieves!" Bang goes a gun from the servants' quarters; there is much running about, much barking of dogs. In the morning nothing is missing. There is no sign of the robber; he probably was but a visionary one. As before, an hour before dawn the concert of birds becomes deafening. We pop on an Afghan *posteen*, a long sleeved robe of sheepskin, fur inside, for it is slightly chilly. Again we potter lazily about the wild garden. Another day, which will be passed much as its predecessor, has commenced.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Interview With a Gentleman Just Returned from the Isthmus.

Mr. Crawford Douglas, brother of Captain John T. Douglas, arrived in the city on Wednesday and is staying at the Queen's. Mr. Douglas has been in Panama since 1865. On his arrival there he became engaged in railway enterprises, then embarked in journalism, and since the beginning of the construction of the marvellous works of the French Panama Canal Company, he has been connected with the American Contracting and Dredging Company, which is doing the most important work on the Atlantic end of the canal. Mr. Douglas speaks fluently of this huge undertaking, which, he says, is being completed in less than five years.

The scheme of an inter-oceanic canal has long been a subject of discussion, and assumed practical shape at the International Congress held in Paris in 1875. M. De Lesseps took the up, founded the Panama Company, raised the necessary capital and, after an infinite number of engineering details were decided, commenced the work in 1883. The canal begins at the Bay of Lemon, near Colon, on the Atlantic shore, and runs to Boca, on the north of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific. In length it is about forty-six miles and when completed will have capacity to transport the largest tonnage afloat, being thirty five feet in depth. It is being constructed in five sections by companies, viz., the American Contracting and Dredging Company. Vig. naud, Barband, Blanleuil & Co.; Societe des Travaux, Publique de Paris; Antique Sonderegger & Co.; and M. Eiffel constructs the locks. The difficulties in the construction of the canal occur mainly in dealing with the River Chagres, which is subject to high floods that would destroy the canal works, and in cutting through the ranges of hills, a portion of the Cordilleras that rise towards the Pacific side of Central and South America, constituting the back bone of the continent, and in some parts of the isthmus rise to a mountainous elevation. The greatest height in the Saddle-back pass of these hills, between the valley of the Rio Grande and that of the Obispo, a highland tributary of the Chagres River, is 360 feet above the sea level at Culebra, about fifteen miles from the Atlantic coast, while the height at Emperador, a short distance east, is 200 feet.

M. De Lesseps decided at first to cut the canal at sea level, and with that intention commenced excavations at five different points. The scheme was generally opposed, and was not considered feasible, inasmuch as it would take a longer time to complete the work, as to do so about 95,000,000 cubic yards of earth would have to be removed. But the plan has since been changed, and a system of locks will be constructed. These locks—eight in number—will be immense in size. In length, including approaches, gates, etc., they will be 240 metres, and the length inside the gates will be 197 metres. The width of the gate will be 18.60 metres, the depth at the top will be 10 metres and at the bottom 21 metres. The immense gates will be constructed to run aside instead of opening, and the locks will be emptied and filled by subterranean tubes ingeniously contrived.

The greatest excavations are at Culebra, which are being performed by an Anglo-Dutch firm named Artigue Sonderegger & Co. The cutting in this section is 390 feet deep and a mile and a quarter long and 1,000 feet wide, and two other cuttings at Obispo and Emperado are not a great deal less. The machinery used in excavating is principally French, Belgian and American, and consists of great steam dredges, compressed air perforators, hydraulic machinery, steam shovels and derricks. The steam dredges are capable of removing six hundred tons of earth per day.

Mr. Douglas says that over ten thousand men are now employed on the work, and that up to the present $200,0C0,000 has been spent for construction, etc. It will, he estimates, take $120,000,000 more to complete the work.

With reference to the price paid for labor on the canal, Mr. Douglas says that machinists secure $6 per day; carpenters, $5; mechanics, from $4 to $6; laborers, from $1.50 to $2; and engineers on dredges, $150 per month. Laborers' board is cheap, and mechanics can get respectable board for $35 a month.

Many Canadians hold prominent positions on the works. The president of the American Contracting and Dredging Co. is Mr. Douglas is now engaged, is a Canadian —N. B. Slaven, formerly of Orillia. His brother, Mr. M. A. Slaven, who died last year, was the managing director of the same company. He was one of the greatest mechanics in that country and his improvement and development of dredging machinery has brought those used now in Panama to be the finest afloat.

Speaking of the climate of Panama, Mr. Douglas says that Canadians can stand it much better than Europeans. It is dry since the marshes have been drained and malaria does not exist to so great an extent as formerly. The heat is seldom over 80° in the shade, and it is an exceptional occurrence to see the thermometer up to 90°.

Mr. Douglas will remain in the city for a short time visiting his friends.

Paintings That Are Not Stencilled Nor Duplicated.

Chicago has studios of her own and artists whose touch is as rapid as that of Titian and whose sense of color is controlled by unwavering confidence. They are not ashamed, either, to admit that they work for something besides æsthetic appreciation. Said the dean of one studio:

"We are not here for high art; we are here for the money there is in it, and he jingled a pocketful of coin in a satisfied sort of way. "Sometimes, however, people who buy our pictures get tired of them and hunt up something better. Then you see we have a hand in the art education of the country, though that is not what we are here for. Come in and see the men work."

Two large floors are occupied, one for storage of the finished pictures and the other for the actual workshop. At the time of the call five men and two boys were actively at work in a way which would make an artist who revered his work chew the paints and die.

ALL HAND PAINTED.

"Stencilling? No, I never saw any stencilling done," said the proprietor, "and I never heard of it outside of the newspapers. I guess that is just a reporter's story. In fact, there is no need of anything of the sort. The story about a long row of pictures being placed against the wall and a procession of men filing down the line, one painting in skies, another foreground, and so forth, is mere newspaper fiction. They make their buckeyes that way in the newspapers, but nowhere else that I am aware of. Each man commences and finishes his own picture. Sometimes he paints two alike at one time, but that is all."

The workmen, or artists, as they prefer to be called, go to work with all the abandon and vigor of a house painter working by the job, not by the day. He tosses one or two canvases on the frame, souses a big house painter's brush in a kerosene can to clean it, and starts by putting in the sky. There are four or five tin pails of sky color already mixed. As the brush he uses is four or five inches wide, it takes from one to three minutes to put in the sky. In doing this he dips his brush into perhaps three or four different pails, and blends the tints together with a vigorous and deft series of strokes, all of which looks much like whitewash. Two or three smart sweeps of the brush, which has been dipped into a slightly darker shade, and the distant mountains are made. He then steps back and looks at his work. Time of the first heat, four minutes and a quarter. He comes up smiling, makes another draft on the sky pails, waves his brush with a horizontal swing, and a placid lake mirrors the misty mountains and summer sky. He steps back again and looks at the work. Time of last heat, forty-five seconds.

QUICKER THAN CREATION.

A ten second wait is followed by another attack upon the canvas. For a palette he has a table, on which are a dozen little heaps of paint, all mixed ready for use. There are three or four tender greens and an assortment of browns and yellows, with here and there a pile of pure color. He stabs another big brush into a mixture of asphaltum and burned sienna, which makes a warm, rich brown, and wildly smears it over the foreground, running up into the sky in spots. This is the dead color for the foliage and rocks. Then he goes into his corner to look at it again. Time of this heat, twenty-five seconds.

Stepping out, he takes a large brush the bristles of which are spread apart, each hair standing out alone. One side of this is dipped into dark and the other into light green. A slight touch of this brush makes a limb, two or three sure strokes make a tree, a brief spell of St. Vitus' dance action with it, and a whole forest springs into existence. He plays a sort of bass drum obligato on the canvas, occasionally replenishing his tints from the palette, and the picture has all the foliage it can hold without running over the sides. Time of this heat, three minutes and a quarter. There is yet a broad expanse of brown foreground to be covered. The artist picks up a palette knife, scoops up a little paint here and there and spreads it on in a broad impasto over the lower corner of the painting, like a boy spreading jam on a piece of bread, and lo! there are rocks enough to start a stone quarry. Time of the rock heat, thirty seconds.

Hard Drinking in Jerusalem.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* says,—Dr. Selah Merrill informs the *Sunday School Times* that while living in Jerusalem he made careful investigation of the manufacture and sale of wine and distilled liquor in Palestine. A large quantity of wine is produced in that country, some of which is sent to Europe. This wine is not weak, as has been represented, but causes much drunkenness. In Jerusalem there were in 1886, for a population of 32,000, one hundred and thirty places where wine and arak (a species of brandy) were sold. A drunken person is not often seen in the street, but drinking to excess at home is common. Most of the Turkish officers in the garrison, although Mohammedans, drink liquor freely. Much Austrian beer is consumed in Jerusalem. In villages where the population is exclusively Mohammedan there is little use of liquor; but its use is increasing with this as well as with every other class of the native population. There is some anxiety among those who are interested in the welfare of the people of Syria and Palestine.

A Picturesque Politician.

Among the visitors in Chicago at present is Col. J. M. Norton, of Texas. He is about seventy years of age and his white hair falls in curls half-way down his back. His white beard reaches below his waist. In 1845 Henry Clay was a candidate for President, and Col. Norton registered a vow that he would not cut his hair or shave his beard until Clay entered the White House. He has religiously kept his vow and now presents a most picturesque appearance. He says, however, if Mr. Cleveland is re-elected, he will have his hair cut and his beard removed.

Of late years several literary men have been fortunate. Prof. Huxley found a check for £4,000 in one of his morning letters—the bequest of a Bolton admirer. Charles Reade was remembered in the will of more than one admirer. These generous recognitions of genius are, however, trifling in comparison with the offer of an American millionaire to Martin Tupper, of "Proverbial Philosophy" fame. "I am one of the richest men in New York," he said to the author, "and I know authors must be poor. I like your books and have told my bankers (naming them) to honor any checks on me you may like to draw;" and when the offer was declined the millionaire's house, his yacht and his carriage were placed at Mr. Tupper's disposal. Gifts such as these and unconventional compliments go a long way to wards constituting real fame.

PERSONALS.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, is suffering with severe gout.

"Jenny" is one of the baptismal names of the new Empress of Germany.

Mrs. Garfield will eventually take up her residence with her daughter Mrs. Stanley Brown.

A daughter of Mr. W. F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody is presently to be married to a young doctor in Colorado.

Mr. Walter Besant is a small, animated, bright-eyed and black-haired man, fond of the theatre, claret and a pipe.

Queen Olga of Greece, is making several garments with her own hands for her eldest daughter's "marriage basket."

The poet Tennyson is at work on a memoriam poem relating to the recent bereavements in the German royal family.

Mrs. Mackay recently presented her daughter, Princess Colonna, with a pair of jewelled bracelets valued at $45,000.

The Empress' mother of China, has selected 300 young maidens, daughters of Chinese gentlemen and noblemen, for the harem of the young Emperor.

Mrs. R. B. Hayes will not take any personal interest in the Presidential campaign, but it is believed that the ex-lady of the White House has a preference for General Gresham.

Lord Stanley, our new Governer-General, abhors cards and all games of chance. It is believed that during his *regime* the most stringent measures will prevail against all gambling houses in the Dominion.

Lady Cardigan, widow of the English earl who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, is threatened with imprisonment for debt. She has large estate, but dislikes parting with ready money.

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, is inclined to think hat the new French rifle is a wonderful weapon. He says that it is both noiseless and smokeless, and sends a bullet with perfect accuracy a distance of 10 miles.

Queen Victoria has accepted a birthday gift from Miss Hood, one of her maids of honor, in the shape of a painted table, the work of the donor, the design of which is bluebells and mountain ash, with the Queen's monogram and crown, and the date 1888.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is said to wear the same "best" dress through the season. If not the same dress, it is made on the same plan, being a white clinging silk, embroidered down the front in gold and adorned around the neck with a high standing ruff a la Queen Bess.

Miss Beatrice Clugston, who was one of the most prominent and active philanthropists in Scotland, died suddenly last week. She founded a Convalescent Home and a Home for Incurables, and, by means of bazaars, she raised $255,000 for those institutions and others in which she took an interest.

The back of a gold watch, with a crown and the letter N engraved upon it, was recently returned to Dent & Co. of London, and they identified it as the back of a watch which the Empress Eugenie had given to her son, the Prince Eugene, in 1878. The relic was sold to a gentleman in the African diamond mines by a Zulu.

Red Shirt, the Indian chief, was recently taken to see a large painting of the ocean by Albert Bierstadt. He looked at it with great interest, and when asked what he thought of it, made an eloquent gesture signifying the unpleasant memories called forth by such a realistic representation of the sea. Mr Bierstadt said that he could not have been more delicately complimented than by this bit of pantomime.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch, of Russia, is a late addition to royal authors. She writes of court life under the pen of "Ary Ecilaw," and her poetry is appearing through her pages. She is only 24 years of age, but she has lived a lifetime of sorrow in being compelled to marry one man while she loved another. Her face is said to express the sad story of her life.

The great tenor, Masini, recently sang at Constantinople before the Sultan's harem. After the aria from the "Huguenots," a voice arose behind the screen, where all the adies were hidden, and in perfect Italian style it sang the song of *Valentine*, which couldn't be done if he didn't win the money. could cure it before night, and (bitterly) I'll the singer proved to be the daughter of a high official in the Turkish court who studied in Rome, but who had been forced into the Sultan's harem on her return to Constantinople.

The explorer of the Fayum, Mr. Petrie, has discovered "a splendid fragment of the Second Book of the Iliad, written on papyrus in the finest Greek hand, before the rounded uncial or cursive scripts came into use. This precious document was found rolled up under the head of a mummy which was buried simply in the sand, without the protection of a tomb. It measures apparently from 3½ to 4 feet in length. The date of the manuscript is about the second or third century. It will be edited by Prof. Sayce,"

Dr. Payson, of Portland, Me., used to tell this good story: One very rainy Sunday he went to his church as usual, but no one appeared except an old negro, who came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach. The Doctor said "Yes," and went into the pulpit and preached to the choir and the old man. "I clar, doctor, I nebber heerd a better one. Yo' see I had a seat right well up front, an' whenebber you'd say somethin's pretty hard like 'gin de sins ob men, I'd jess look all roun' ter see who you's a hittin', and I wouldn't see nobody on'y jess me. And I says to myself, he means you, Pomp, you's seoh a dretful sinner. Well, Doctor dat ar sermon set me a thinking what a big sinner I war an' I went an' jined the church down home. I'se a deacon now."

The highest honor that Uhland, the Prussian poet, received was a very humble gift. The Prussian King Frederick William IV. offered him the Order Pour le Merite, with flattering expressions of the royal regard, but Uhland, who was essentially a poet of the people, declined to accept it. While explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, a working-class girl from the neighborhood entered, and presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets, said: "This is an offering from my mother." "Your mother, child!" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn." "That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl, "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave; I have plucked them, and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greetings." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and, putting it in his buttonhole, he said to his wife: "There, dear, woman is not that an order more valuable than any king can give?"

The field of Bannockburn is about to be converted into the site of a coal mine.

TEMPERANCE.

Say No.

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink,
Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think,
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,
For answering "Yes" without counting the cost.
Think of the mother who bore you in pain,
Think of the tears that will fall like rain;
Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow,
Think of her love, and at once answer "No."
Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl,
Think of the danger to body and soul.
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow;
Look at them now, and at once answer "No."
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath,
Think of its end, and the terrible death,
Think of the homes that now, shadowed
Might have been heaven, had the answer been "No."
Think of the lone graves, both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own.
Think of proud forms, now forever laid low,
That might still be here had they learned to say "No."
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul.
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No."

How Men Drink Farms.

The *Plowman* in a characteristic way, tells how men "drink farms." "My homeless friends with a chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have for years longed for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get money enough together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good, improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains fouty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating for convenience sake, the lands at $43.56 per acre, you will see that brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now drink the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call on five of your friends and have them help gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt worth $43.56 per acre."

The Yale faculty have just passed a law forbidding absolutely the use of intoxicating liquor in any of the society organizations of the students.

Ex Governor Berry, of New Hampshire, who is now in his ninety-second year, organized the first Temperance society in that State at Hebron, sixty two years ago.

An Irish priest was addressing his flock on the dangers of intemperance, and concluded his harangue with these words:—"Drink, my children, makes you beat your wives, starve your families, and shoot your landlords—aye, and miss them, too."

The Churches are for temperance. Some of the annual gatherings have spoken in favour of prohibition, and others have declared for more stringent licensing laws. But all—the Roman Catholic, through the pulpit, and the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, by resolution—have expressed themselves against liquor, thus displaying a species of Christian unity from which good results must certainly flow.

Playing in Hard Luck.

Brown—You don't look very happy, Dumley.

Dumley—I've just lost $2 on a bet.

Brown—That's bad.

Dumley—Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and that young squirt of a doctor, Tipsalve, bet me $2 he

Somewhat Explanatory.

Wife: You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it.

Husband (*who hadn't thought of that*): Well-er-my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it.

Keeps Pegging Away.

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "does Satan ever go to Europe for a summer vacation?"

"No, son," replied the old gentleman, "Satan stays at home and attends to business."

The Silent Partner.

"What's that awful racket in the back room?" inquired a customer of one of the clerks. "Somebody trying to yell the roof off?"

"It's the silent partner, sir; the firm is after him for more money."

He Had Evidently Been Sent There.

Young Wife—"My dear, why do they call the places where you get help intelligence offices?"

Young Husband—"I suppose, on the doctrine of contrarieties—the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—because they are depots for stupidity."

Something Handsome.

Lady (to floor walker)—I want to look at something very handsome in the way of striped silk stockings.

Floor Walker—Yes, madam. (To saleswoman)—Miss Parker, will you show this lady that new line of windy weather goods.

Quack Advertisements

Are rapidly becoming a nuisance, and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundreds and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline, would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy. Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief. Nerviline is sold by all druggists. Sample only 10 cents. Try it.

HORRIBLE RITES IN INDIA.

A Man Gouges His Wife's Eyes as a Sacrifice to a Demon.

The leading Bombay newspaper draws attention to two recent revolting incidents as conclusively proving the imperious necessity for social reform and enlightenment before it would be possible to concede electoral privileges. In the one case a tenant farmer, in the presence of the assembled villagers, amid the singing of songs and beating of drums, deliberately gouged out the eyes of his young wife, who was pinioned for the purpose by the neighbors, because he had been told by a demon that they would be replaced by gold eyes. This superstition was shared by the whole village and neighborhood, including the police, who alleged that the unfortunate woman had perished by cholera.

In the second case, the scene was a temple, midway between Chuddergaut and Secunderabad. Three buffaloes were hacked and hewn into pieces, which were strewn all over the road, and the people in the immediate vicinity, who had sacrificed animals were dabbling and dancing about in their blood, while others, holding the yet bleeding legs and joints, were whirling them round about their heads, and gesticulating furiously. A fourth animal which was being cut up or wounded, was still alive, and added his painful bellowing to the horrible din. A little further on some two or three men with bodies naked and painted, held a goat by the legs, which was still living and quivering body they were tearing away with their teeth mouthful by mouthful of the bleeding flesh, squirting and sprinkling it over the adjacent crowd. Other goats and buffaloes were close at hand, waiting their turn to undergo the horrid sacrifice.

To complete the Bacchanalian rites a crowd of women apparently intoxicated with drugs, with hair disheveled, wild in mien and besmeared with blood, performed a kind of satanic dance, accompanying each movement with violent shrieks. The object of all these loathsome orgies, which were witnessed and participated in by hundreds of persons, was, we are told, to appease the Hindu goddess, who holds in her hand the scourge of smallpox.

Fame and Famed Men.

A "society" woman, at whose table Longfellow was dining, asked him, "Oh, Mr. Longfellow, have you ever published a book?" This was after two-thirds of his life-work was done. Hawthorne says that in his later years he met many people who knew him well as the ex-surveyor of the port of Salem, but who never knew that he had written anything, and had not even heard that there was such a book as "The Scarlet Letter." Even the genial Autocrat is not appreciated by everybody in his own town. One day an American gentleman went into a barber's shop as Dr. Holmes was going out. "Do you know who that was that just went out?" asked the barber. Being curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, the visitor shook his head. "Why," said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes." "And who is Dr. Holmes?" "Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practicin' any more, but he's thought a good deal of!"

A crushing remark was once made by a would be flatterer to Mr. W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Shortly after the publication of "The Lady of the Aroostook," "A Foregone Conclusion" and "Venetian Life" a lady asked that gentleman for his autograph, whereupon he wrote some impromptu verses in her album. She read them over and then gave an encouraging smile. "Oh, Mr. Howells," she exclaimed, "I should think you might do something for the papers and magazines; I have seen much worse things than that in print!"

Greatness is paid homage to by some people in very peculiar ways. Every body must remember the story told in connection with Victor Hugo. The great poet was startled one morning by the intrusion of three English men. "Victor Hugo," said one, consulting a pocket book. The poet bowed, thinking that he should be asked for his autograph next. After the visitors had stared a few seconds the pocket-book was again consulted. "Eleven o'clock, the lions!" said the spokesman. Then the party bowed and walked out of the room.

Deep Soil for Strawberries.

Strawberries will send their roots from twenty to thirty inches into the ground, if it is made very rich and well worked to that depth. Mulching with rotted forest leaves saves all necessity for watering, and with the ground prepared and fertilized in this manner the plants will be sure to produce larger, more and better colored berries. This is my guess work, but the teaching of practice and experience.

Takes His Wife Fishing.

Chicago Herald: The announcement that the President and his wife will go off for a few days' fishing in July of itself alone disproves the silly stories told by Private Pendleton. What woman can preserve the taciturnity necessary to successful fishing? Evidently the President thinks more of his wife than of his luck with the rod, and that, as every one knows, is saying quite enough for him.

Somewhat Ambiguous.

Dean Burgon, of Chichester, was recently speaking on the nature of man as distinguished from the lower orders of creation. "Man," he remarked, "is a progressive being; the others are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Walk where and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw and never will see a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment!"

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobbaco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street East, Toronto, Ont.

The test of affection is a tear,
There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
—[Byron.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. Slocum, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Mining operations in metal and coal are begun with great energy in China.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine All Druggists, 50 cents.

"Logic is Logic."

Now there was the case of our friend McKay;
He said to himself, in his resolute way,
That a cough that was growing from bad to worse
Must be cured, in spite of a slender purse.
An ocean voyage was out of the question,
A Florida trip a useless suggestion;
Yet die he wouldn't! His money he paid
For the "Golden Medical Discovery," by Dr. Pierce made;
And as sound as a nut in his health to day—
"Logic is logic, that all I say."

The London and Northwestern Railway has decided, "in deference to the prejudices of its American customers," to institute the system of checking baggage.

"One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers;
But they whom Truth and Wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed."

Those who are *wise* and who love the *truth*, will believe what *we* say when we tell them that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than all other medicines now known to science. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

The twentieth birthday of the Czarewitch was celebrated by a ball at St. Petersburg, at which all the ladies appeared in white, and all the men in red.

Will You Read This for $500?

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily ascertain by enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

There was a very heavy snow storm at Balmoral Castle two weeks ago.

Great pearl discoveries are reported in the Gulf of Mexico. One was sold for 140,000 francs.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters the old and tried remedy. All druggists.

An attempt has been made to have the historic Gallows tree on Hampstead Heath cut down.

Cingalese Hair Renewer restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it forty miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London.

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture: intense itching and stinging most at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumours. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's Ointment can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Sarah Bernhardt recently beat the bank at Monte Carlo to the tune of $1,000.

Hoe! Cough Cure cures in one minute.

A railroad will soon be built from Gibraltar to communicate with the rest of Spain.
A. P. 405.

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H. E. MURRAY, Gen'l. Manager.
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Also send for list of some of our Second-hand machines at greatly reduced prices.
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CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.
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DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of nervous debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH.
Everybody feels the exhausting and debilitating effect of the warm weather, and it is the duty of every one to sustain the strength by taking highly nutritious food.
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
Johnston's Fluid Beef
is pre-eminently a food specially adapted to this season of the year. It gives tone to the Stomach, stimulates the Appetite, keeps the System well nourished and fortifies it against the many disorders peculiar to the warm weather.

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9 GOLD MEDALS IN 4 YEARS
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HAS NO EQUAL
There are many imitations of
"Peerless" MACHINE OIL
but none equal it in lubricating properties. Farmers, Millers, etc., find none equal to the genuine Peerless made by
SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.
Sold by dealers everywhere.

Confederation Life Association
Capital and Funds now over $3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Ont
A Home Company, Established October, 1871.

To this date, October 31st, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heir of Policy-holders (death claims)	$640,249 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies	39,492 63
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	98,668 90
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	432,514 02
To holders of Annuity Bonds	16,907 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on the Security of their Policies	82,304 98
	$1,300,174 47

Policies in Force over 10,000. Amount over $15,000,000.
PRESIDENT—Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—William Elliott, Esq.; Edward Hooper, Esq.
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.
Policies Non-forfeitable after 2 years and Indefeasible after 3 years.

PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS
BAKING POWDER
Baking Powder is made from Absolutely Pure Cream Tartar
Flavoring Extracts are the Strongest, Purest and Best.

YOUNG MEN
Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the
BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.
For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary.

Merchants, Butchers AND TRADERS generally.
We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up
CALF SKINS
For us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty: Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont U.S.
The Shoe and Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe and Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U. S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison, the Reporter gives him this endorsement:
"We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any one house in this country."
And the Review says:
"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight tools, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head."
QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices. If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

CONBOY'S CARRIAGE TOPS.
Have all the latest improvements and are unequalled for durability, style and convenience. The leading Carriage Builders sell them. ASK FOR THEM and BUY NO OTHER.

I CURE FITS!
When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of
FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,
A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland; also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; during summer between Glasgow and Montreal weekly; Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly.
For freight, passage or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfld.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Love & Allen, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A Allen, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888.

ST. LEON, Deep Rock and Apollinaris at Egan's.

EVERYTHING nice in wearing material at Kerr & Wims.

Do not fail to read and master Carter's change of advertisement this week. Drop in and see Carter's stock.

A FIRE in Gilmour's lumber yard at Trenton last Wednesday afternoon was only extinguished after great exertions.

Story books, note paper, everything at Egan's drug store.

Kerr & Wims sell nothing but stylish goods. The ladies find that they can make the best choices from their large assortment.

"Coversparg," by an ill natured but not good looking young lady.—Why has this season been a bad one for the B. H. M. C.?—Because it is so dry.

A CORRESPONDENT cruelly asks if in last week's issue, the Editor in his tirade against "shells" was not lingering under some imaginary slight from the "Shellos."

Mr. Bedford's grove suffered severely from the storm of Wednesday evening. One tree was lifted clean out of the ground leaving a big hole behind. Old woodmen say they never saw like before.

THE *Ontario* states that in the northern part of this county informations were laid against several dishonest patrons of cheese factories, but in nearly every case they paid the costs and effected a settlement.

BEAUTIFUL dress goods at Kerr & Wims, McCullogh Block.

At the summer session of the Royal Medical College, Kingston, which closed at the end of June, Mr. Joseph Campbell passed in Analytical Chemistry, Practical Chemistry, Histology and Sanitary Science.

One of the crazy telegraph poles on Main street collapsed in the gale of Wednesday, fortunately without crushing a town councillor to death. The council and telegraph company should both be indicted for permitting such dangerous nuisances in our midst.

W. G. EGAR, chemist and druggist, Main street, Deseronto.

WHILE Mrs. Thomas Dulmage and her children were returning from Empey Hill on Wednesday afternoon they were struck by the tornado when near the cheese factory. Branches of trees, brick, shingles and other missiles came flying through the air. The horse was frightened and ran away but serious results were averted by the bravery of Mr. Clarke who sprang out and seizing the horse by the head rescued the party.

While Mr. G. A. Anderson and his son were driving along west Main street last Monday, the horse was frightened by a dog, and kicking about got its foot caught in the cross bar. The reverend gentleman jumped out receiving a severe shock by the fall from which he has been suffering considerably ever since. The horse turning suddenly about upset the buggy and Mr. "Gus" was thrown out getting his face bruised and receiving other slight injuries.

Both Unionist and Confederate survivors of the battle of Gettysburg have been commemorating that great battle of the American civil war by suitable celebrations on the battle field. In this connection we may state that Mr. R. M. Cronk, of this town, then connected with the 13th New York regiment, formed part in that most bloody battle of the war being present through the three days fight. Mr. Cronk served three years in the Union army, being present at Antietam, the seven days fight before Richmond, and many other actions.

REGINA wants a story for our sanctum. Two stalwarts, one an "adept at Marine Architecture," the other a "manipulator of Cedar" on a recent occasion wended their way to Dawes's Island in search of pleasure, and withal lunge of an amphibious turn of mind, shot their boat in a shady nook, doffed their garments and proceeded into the water. So far all was joy and gladness of spirit, but Alas! Alas! Yes, "two of them" suddenly appeared on the scene in a boat, neither like the "Light Brigade" were they dashed, they did not charge, they chose. Our heroes, however, pursued a different course and if athletes ever exerted themselves in their onward career *one* did until they covered themselves in the bushes, if not with "glory." The fair visitors entered into the sport playfully, returned the boat but lost about half an hour, when they withdrew, giving the "lords of creation" an opportunity to regain their clothing and freedom at the same time.

FIRE AT THE CHEMICAL WORKS

A LITTLE before twelve o'clock, noon, on Sunday the fire alarm was sounded, and startled the community. The churches were at that time crowded with worshippers but the sound of the steam whistle soon caused a rapid exit of men who were speedily followed by women and children. A dense column of smoke ascending to heaven easily located the fire in the east end of town, and soon it was known that the Chemical Works were on fire. On arrival at the spot it was at once seen that all hope of saving the doomed building must be abandoned. The fire must have gained considerable headway before it was observed, for in a few minutes after the alarm was given the whole structure from one end to the other was a mass of raging, seething fire. The rapidity with which the flames spread was, no doubt, due to the large quantities of combustible material, wood alcohol, &c., with which the interior was stored. Seldom has a large building been seen to disappear so rapidly before the fiery fiend. Efforts were at once commenced to prevent the destruction of surrounding property. The gas-works were separated from the burned building by a narrow passage way. Fortunately a stream of water was soon obtained from the refuse boilers pump and as the gas-house is almost completely fire-proof the damage done to it was comparatively trifling. The wind blew steadily from the west thus blowing sparks and cinders from the town into the bay, had it been otherwise it would have been difficult to prevent the spread of the flames to the trestle dock, with its vast pile of refuse wood, and from it to the flour mill and other structures. Some docks and piers connected with the west log-pond caught from sparks, but Mr. Maloney had got steam up on the Ripple and the incipient fires were soon extinguished. Four or five heavy streams of water were soon playing on the burning mass and in an hour or two nothing remained of the large works, but piles of wrecked machinery, twisted coils of pipes, warped retorts and other unsightly remnants of what a few hours before was skillfully arranged and good working apparatus for wood distillation, &c. The loss cannot be properly represented by figures which are placed at about $25,000. The insurance inspectors were in town this week and the losses were satisfactorily adjusted. This is the second time that the Chemical Works have been destroyed by fire. Their history is one of indomitable pluck and energy. The Rathbun Company have expended large sums of money in this enterprise which is destined to effect the growth and prosperity of Deseronto in a great degree. Every step forward has involved expense, thought and tedious experiment. But the manager was rewarded by the success which ultimately crowned his far-seeing sagacity. The Works had at last become a success—full realize, remunerative and turning out an ever increasing number and quality of useful products for which there was a steady and rapidly increasing demand, large orders being received the very day following the fire. While it is to be regretted that the Rathbun Company have met with such a loss at this time, it is gratifying to know that they are not discouraged in the least by the inopportune event, but that new and better equipped works will be immediately erected. The work of removing the debris was commenced early this week. It is probable they will be built of fire proof material.

BI-CENTENARY OF THE BOYNE.

SERVICES AT CHRIST CHURCH.

In conformity with the directions of the Supreme Lodge, special services were held in many churches last Sunday to celebrate the events of two hundred years ago. The members of Albert L. O. L., No. 1375, of Deseronto, assembled in their hall at 10 a. m., and wearing appropriate badges marched in procession to Christ Church, Tyendinaga Reserve, to attend the morning service there. In addition to members of the local lodge, brethren from 12 other lodges, including some from Belfast, Ireland, were present in the ranks. At the church the brethren were joined by the members of the Mohawk Lodge in full force and wearing their handsome new regalia. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, a multitude of visitors being present from Deseronto and elsewhere, and nearly two hundred people were unable to gain admittance. The services were conducted by Rev. G. A. Anderson, the Rector, who preached an earnestly pithy and appropriate sermon which was listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation. Taking for his text, Acts 5th chap. and 20th verse, he remarked he had no difficulty in making the choice as it was taken from the Gospel for the day. He narrated the circumstances under which the words were spoken and urged on hearers to follow the instruction given, to abstain from all bitterness and anger and exercise a spirit of charity to others. Proceeding with his discourse the venerable preacher gave a very interesting resume of the history of the Christian church, more particularly of the Great Britain, tracing up the events which led to the Reformation and subsequently the Revolution in 1688. He referred to the prominent part Orangemen had since taken in political and religious movements in Ireland and other points of the Empire, and urged on his hearers not to be merely content with having the name of Orangemen expecting that it was going to carry them to the haven of rest, but to be ever zealous in working out their salvation with fear and trembling, remembering that unless their righteousness should exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees they should in no wise enter the Kingdom of God. Before concluding the preacher thanked them for their attention and informed them that he had been member of the Orange Order for 42 years.

The whole service was of a most hearty and interesting character. The choir, aided by Mr. Fowkes of St. Mark's, sang the different selections in a creditable manner. The offertory which was most liberal was by resolution of the lodges donated to the officiating clergyman. The large congregation at the close of the service sang "God save the Queen" and left the sacred edifice much impressed and edified by the proceedings of the occasion.

A FAMILY DISPUTE.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR:—A man who is about fifty years of age and who has a family of five or six children on arriving at his home after four or four miles back of Deseronto in the country last Saturday asked for water. As there was no water in the house he then kicked, choked and slapped his wife, and the children cried, murder! The house was soon visited by two girls from a neighbor's house and these asked the man what he meant. He replied that he would kick her every night. The man is a Christian by his talk, but not by his walk. I think it would be right for the law to punish such men. If she like happened again the man will have a free trip to Kingston.

next time his name will be given to the public. A woman has not even a dog's life with a man like that. God bless the poor woman.

INDIGNATION

SHADE TREES.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR:—I noticed in your columns of a late issue a letter signed R. W. Phipps advocating Evergreens instead of Maples for streets and road planting. I cannot agree with R. W. P. that Evergreens such as Norway pines, &c., would be preferable in our streets, to deciduous, as during our winter months we require all the natural light in our streets and homes that we can get, to keep us healthy and cheerful whereas by planting Evergreens and Pines in our streets, this town during winter and summer would wear such a sombre look that the stranger coming into the place would think we had put on mourning for some dire calamity or other. But Sir, Editor, if we require a change which I think we do from the everlasting maple why not plant different varieties of deciduous trees. There are plenty indigenous to Canada such as oaks, elms, poplar, tilia, betula, walnut, hickoy, &c., which planted in different streets, each variety by itself, would give a fine appearance to the town, and then instead of having First streets, &c., we should have Oak street or Walnut street and so forth, beside which they would be a splendid heirloom, to hand down to the coming generation. I wish also to call your attention to the injudicious ways when planting deciduous trees of lopping the main leader of young trees. By doing so the tree rarely makes a specimen, take for example a young maple one and a half to two inches in diameter, and cut off the leader; when it breaks into foliage, it will have a bunch of shoots, where it was cut off, now say those shoots are thinned out to four or five shoots, they will grow so rapidly, that is if the tree has been planted properly, that the shoots will out-grow the parent trunk, and so become so top heavy that the first severe gale, if they are not well sheltered, destroys and breaks them to pieces, and so people get discouraged from planting any more. There is also another point I would like to call your attention to and that is in planting of both evergreens and deciduous trees many people think because our trees are hardy, they will stand any sort of treatment and that is why there are so many failures. For example, a man will go into the bush and lift trees in well sheltered spots, and being there home and plant them perhaps in the most exposed situations he can find and then when they die he wonders what could have happened to that tree; whereas if he had gone and lifted a tree in an exposed position he would have had a good chance of success. But it is far better for all amateurs, when planting trees, to get them from a nurseryman, which he can get for a few cents, and by telling the nurseryman the situation, soil, &c., he wishes to plant the tree in, he stands a fair chance of seeing the tree grow.

E. R. L.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS:—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all drug gists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a Bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

The following is a resume of the laws in force regarding the receiving of newspapers:—

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers continue to send them until arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible till they have settled up their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent thither to their former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that in refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the end of the time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is bound to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until he has settled up with payment of all arrearages, are sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can always be sure of the fraud who takes a newspaper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "Refused," and leave a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.

MUSIC.

MR. C. JOHNSTONE, Organist and Choirmaster of St. Philip's Church, Milford, and formerly of Manchester, England, is prepared to give instruction in Piano, Organ, Vocal Music, &c. Lessons given at pupils' residences.

Terms on application at The TRIBUNE office, Deseronto.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.

Apply to

F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, June 7, 1888.

THE BAY OF QUINTE

STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

DAILY TO KINGSTON,

And Three Trips Weekly to

1000 ISLANDS,

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer

"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSON,

Will on and after Monday, July 16th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Thurs. Friday.	Tues, Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.
" Deseronto,	7.30 "	5.00 "
" Picton,	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "
Leave "		11.30 "
" Clayton,		1.15 p.m.
" Round Is Park,		1.30 "
Arrive 1000 Is Park,		1.45 "
Leave 1000 Island Park,		2.45 "
" Round Island Park,		3.00 "
" Clayton,		3.15 "
Arrive Kingston,		5.00 "
Leave "	3.50 p.m.	5.30 "
" Picton,	7.30 "	9.30 "
" Deseronto,	9.00 "	11.00 "
Arrive Belleville,	11.00 "	12.00 a.m.

On Saturdays the Steamer will leave Kingston for River at 2.30 p.m., and for Bay Ports at 8. p.m.

Connects at 1000 Island Park with Steamer for Alexandria Bay at Clayton with R. W. & O. Ry. at Kingston with Cape Vincent and Rideau Canal Steamers.

The first through Passenger Line between Bay of Quinte and 1000 Island Points.

Passenger accomodation unsurpassed. Satisfaction and appointments guaranteed. Fast Boat. No delays. Fine trip and Cheap Rates.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholson on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

IF YOU WANT A

SEWING MACHINE OR ORGAN,

You can get one better and cheaper from Dalton than any place else.

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 2nd, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 7.0 a.m.; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p.m.

April 27th, 1888

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRANS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton	6.00 a.m.	Leave Trenton	1.00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7.15 "	" Belleville,	3.00 "
" Northport,	8.15 "	" Northport,	4.30 "
" Belleville,	10.00 "	" Deseronto,	6.30 "
Arrive Trenton,	11.30 "	Arrive Picton,	6.15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee,	6.00 a.m.	Leave Picton,	3.30 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7.00 "	" Deseronto,	5.00 "
Arrive Picton,	8.30 "	Arrive Napanee,	6.30 "

The Steamer makes one return trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton,	6.20 a.m.	Lev. Deseronto,	1.00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto,	11.30 "	Arrive Picton,	2.30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for Sale on the hill near the White Church.

Apply to

MR. F. C. WHITTON.

Deseronto, April 12, 1887

Building Lots.

FOR SALE on Green street, lots 13, 14 and 15. For information apply to

MR. P. O'CONNOR.

O'Connor House,

April 27.—3 mos. Deseronto.

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put fresh in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

DONT NEGLECT THE COUGH

COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA

Depressing Irritations and all Throat and Lung complaints.

Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic.

Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

P. PLMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.

(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,

LINDSAY, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

E. CAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR THE—

Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 35
Thomson's Mills	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 29	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke	"	12 47	6 02
Galbraith Road	"	12 55	6 05
Tarry Lake, (Excursion Ground)	"	12 59	6 10
Moscow	"	12 58	6 18
Mudlake Bridge	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 29
Wilson's Crossing	"	1 18	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge	"	7 07	3 60
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Tarry Lake, (Excursion Ground)	"		
Galbraith Road	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke	"	7 38	3 17
Yarker	"	7 50	3 29
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. BURKHOLDER, E. W. RATHBUN
A. Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen Manager

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;

THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;

THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

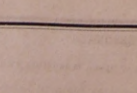
Who will write Policies as low as any other Stock Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.



NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

—TO BE CALLED—

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 850 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 50 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

The Tribune.

All kinds of Fancy and Job Printing At reasonable prices neatly and quickly performed by the DESERONTO NEWS COMPANY (Lt'd.,) TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

VOL. V | DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888 | NO 43

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year, 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items cents per line each insertion.

Communications should be addressed to THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED), Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:20 a.m. and 5:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 2:30 p.m. and 12:00 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario 3

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c., Office, Asher Block, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital
OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.
RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.
Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.
Operations made as painless as possible.
OFFICE.—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT McDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. Bar is supplied with the finest imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate. First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
*34. Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.
W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
DESERONTO

SAVING BANK DEPARTMENT.
Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of
FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY
—OF THE—
KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in
MANITOBA, NORTH WEST TERRITORIES BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.
If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.
For other information apply to
S. RUSSELL,
TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON,
or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

ALL THIS MONTH

Summer Goods at Cost

We don't want to carry over a dollar's worth of Summer Goods to next season, and so

Down go the Prices!

See our 5 and 10 cent Tables for Bargains.

See the Bargains we are giving in Skirting and Flouncing Laces, Cream, Beige and Coffee, skirt width laces, worth $1.50 and $2.00 for 75 cents. Nice, wide Oriental Laces for 12½c, 15c and 20c, worth double that.

Skirting Laces as low as 40c.

We have reduced the prices on a lot of fine quality misses' and children's hose. They are too good for the drouth and we have cut them down to dry-weather-poor-crops-and-famine prices.

Our 35c and 40 Spot Muslins are cut down to 27 cents.

WE are selling a good thread—dyed check DRESS GOODS for 5 cents.

A real good quality for 10 cents.

WE are doing well on CARPETS, particularly on Tapestry and Brussels, prices of which are cut awfully fine to clear.

WE are cutting prices on STAPLES down very fine. We will give you the very best Shirting for 12½ cents, worth 16c, and a grand Table Linen worth 80 cents for 50 cents.

WE recognise the fact that there is bound to be a great shortage in the crops throughout this district, and that you will want your money to go as far as possible. We are anxious to get the lion's share, as usual, of what trade there is to be done, and are willing to sell at very close prices and reduce our stock down to the lowest possible point.

Our HATS and BONNETS are all reduced in price, as we are anxious to make a complete clearance of everything in this line.

HINCH & CO.
NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING

New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,

Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,
extra value, with embroidery to match.
A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lardor Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

Last Warning.

ALL ACCOUNTS that are past one month due, if not paid at once, will be left with the Clerk of the Division Court.
GEO. J. SAGER,
Deseronto.

Reward.

A LIBERAL REWARD will be given to any person who will give information of the names of the parties who took a life boat off the end of the dock near the shipyard some time between Saturday evening and Tuesday morning.
WM. EVANS.

FROM WITHIN

Not by the sea tide,
Nor the swift river,
Nor the stars that sweep thro' waste of heaven
Side by side
Forever and ever,
Do we mark man's life with its loss and gain.

Not by the leaf's fall,
Nor by the spring rain,
Nor the atoms that drift thro' endless storms
Changing all
Tho' they changeless remain,
Do we count man's life with its hap and bane

Not by the strong things,
Nor by things sweet,
Nor by the fair light of sun that speeds far
On swift wings,
Nor the wild winds that meet,
Do we time man's life with its dusk and day.

But by the strong will,
But by the soul's grace, [day
But by the yearnings that thread night and
Soft and still,
Till they glow in his face,
Do we tell man's life forever and aye.

CHERRY PUDDING.

Wash and stone the fruit; make a light paste with a quart of flour, half a cup of lard and butter mixed, and a saltspoonful of salt well rubbed together. Two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder should have been sifted through the flour, and when the butter is well rubbed in stir in two cups of milk, handling as little as may be now. Roll out about a quarter of an inch thick, and for the bottom round use the top of a quart pail for a cutter; spread this with fruit, leaving a margin of half an inch all round; sprinkle the fruit with sugar, and roll out a second sheet less inch loss in diameter than the first; spread with fruit and sugar and cover with a smaller round; so continuing until the top round is no larger in diameter than an ordinary dinner glass. Have ready a conical bag of stout muslin and draw it over the pyramid; tie under the bottom. The bag must first be wrung out of boiling water and floured inside. Boil two hours and eat with sweet sauce. Currants picked from their stems may be used instead of cherries.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

THE SECRET OF ECONOMY.

Care is a great secret of economy; and this is a gift that does not come to all and is with difficulty acquired. Some persons beautify that which belongs to them, others at once defile and misuse it. Clothes require to be treated gently and with consideration, softly handled, shaken and brushed, hung by proper loops, in natural folds, not crowded and kept to their distinctive places and uses. Care of the person is an aid in economizing clothing, for nothing is more destructive than dirt, perspiration, skin exhalations, and nothing furnishes more rapid marks of deterioration. Care is particularly necessary in the use of gloves, fine handkerchiefs and such other costly accessories of the toilet as are indispensable—fans for example.

People who are careless of their own belonging are no less careless of those of others. I have seen a rich woman borrow a fine fan, sling it to and fro until she had broken three of the pearl sticks, then hand it back to the not rich woman from whom she had borrowed it with the indifferent remark, "I am afraid I have broken it," but she did not offer to have it mended. Gloves are among the most costly of the minor articles of attire, because they so soon soil and show signs of wear. But they can be greatly saved by care in taking them on and off; by substituting old ones for journeys and times when hard service is demanded; by the supplementary fastening of buttons before wearing and neatly repairing small breaks. In fact, if money and a maid are not at command, eternal vigilance is the price of well dressing.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR DIGESTION.

Excessive heat causes gastric and intestinal diseases, and especially a peculiar disorder known as heat fever or sun, stroke. To lessen the liability to the first group mentioned some attention to the food taken into the system is necessary and it is especially requisite to avoid vegetables or fruits that are not fully ripe. There is scarcely a vegetable grown in our climate and which is used as food which is not wholesome if eaten in season, not in a semi-decomposed state, and properly prepared for the table. A like statement is applicable to fruits, from the strawberry, which is the first to appear, to peaches, pears and apples, which come later in the season. But when they are brought from a distance, having been picked when still green, and after their arrival frequently been kept by the dealers until they are more or less rotten, they cannot be considered suitable articles of food.

Children are especially liable to suffer from eating such substances. Their digestive systems are exceedingly delicate and their nervous systems are very impressionable. Frequently the groundwork for serious organic disease, from which recovery is scarcely possible, is laid in childhood through the neglect of parents to properly supervise the food of their children during the summer season. I have witnessed many cases of epilepsy which have been caused by green berries and other fruit, especially apples, that have been eaten in childhood.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

PARAGRAPHS NEW AND OLD,

A multitude of sparks do not illuminate. —*H. F. Amiel.*

Woman is a mirror of divine contradictions.—*Michelet.*

Call me not *olive* till you see me gathered.—*Spanish Proverb.*

In wishing to extend her empire woman destroys it.—*Cabanis.*

If woman lost us Eden, she alone can restore it.—*Whittier.*

Women detest a serpent through a professional jealousy.—*Victor Hugo.*

Women distrust men too much in general and too little in particular.—*Commerson.*

ANOTHER DYNAMITE PLOT.

CHICAGO, July 17th.—A dynamite bomb factory was discovered by the police this morning in a small frame building at Ashland Avenue and Thirty-Third street. The owner of the place, an old anarchist, was arrested with two accomplices. A conspiracy of long standing, the object of which was the murder of Judge Gary, Judge Grinnell and Police Inspector Bonfield, was about to be put into execution. Twelve dynamite bombs, a revolver and a dagger were found in the den.

Inspector Bonfield is reported to have said that the plot was a well arranged one. About twenty determined murderers were in the conspiracy and they were to be at a certain hour to-night at the house of Judge Grinnell, Judge Gary, Inspector Bonfield, Assistant State's Attorney Frank Walker, Gen. Stiles, and others prominent in the prosecution of the anarchists. Dynamite was to be placed beneath the houses of these and the explosive was to be touched off simultaneously. The Board of Trade was to be blown up at the same time and a wholesale reign of terror inaugurated.

Before making the first arrest, Inspector Bonfield had the house surrounded by five picked officers. Just as day light was breaking the Inspector was joined in the vicinity by a stranger and a few minutes later a man emerged from the house. The stranger nudged Bonfield and an order was given to the men who closed on the man. He made a desperate fight but was quickly overpowered and placed in charge of two of the officers. Bonfield and the other officers then rushed into the house. They were met on the stairs by a woman, the wife of the man who had been captured, but she was brushed aside and the police, guided by a stranger, entered a half-bedroom where, hidden in a corner, the Inspector found a dozen dynamite cartridges wrapped in brown paper. A further search of the room disclosed hidden in the bed a dagger and revolver. Some bundles of letters and other papers, which were also taken care of by the police, were found. Then a patrol wagon was called and the prisoner taken to the station.

The officers next went to a house some distance away. Here two other arrests were made and all three captives were taken to the Central Station.

THE POOR INDIAN.

Mr. Lc, the poor Indian, has been much written about, and yet, as a subject he is not exhausted. To HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, C. H. Farnham, that veteran traveller through Canada, has contributed an interesting article on the Montagnais Indians, who live in the neighborhood of the Saguenay River. The paper abounds in fresh information, the domestic and wild life of these Christian red men is therein vigorously described, and a clew is furnished which helps to explain why the Dominion Government has had so much less trouble with its native wards than the United States. The lines along which the Roman Catholic priests have worked in their efforts to bring the Indians out of their utterly barbarous state are also clearly traced. Protestant missionaries might profit considerably from a study of these methods. Eleven excellent illustrations accompany the article.

THE COMING COW.

That the Coming Cow of America is to be of Dutch extraction has been foreshadowed of late by the increasing strength of the displays of the Holstein breed at many cattle-shows in this country, and by the growing interest felt in the milk and butter records of imported Dutch cattle. Farmers, and, indeed, all persons who wish to be well informed, therefore, will peruse with attention the article on "Holstein-Friesian Cattle" by S. Hoxie, which appears in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August. It sets forth the history of these patient animals, which is one of most distinguished ancestry, and recites their excellent qualities as producers of milk, butter, cheese, veal, and beef. As milk-givers they surpass all other cattle of record, and from every point of view are remarkably well adapted to fill the important position they seem destined to take on the dairy-farms of this country. The article is illustrated to show excellent specimens and groups of this breed.

A HINT TO THE WORKINGMAN.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and we may be thankful that it is so, for otherwise what a sight of misery there would be. Take the average workman today. What use has he made of his life? Has he done anything, either for himself or his fellow men, that will cause him to be remembered by them when he shall have gone hence? What has he lived for? Has it been for the improvement of his mind and the good of his family and friends? Let us hope it has.

But you may ask, "What has this to do with mechanics or the trades?"

We answer, that it has everything to do with them and with those that represent them. What we want is more intelligent and thoughtful men, not in the pulpit, the law office or the counting room alone, but in the shop and the workbench—the very place where real intelligence counts and is needed if anywhere. We are not bound to let others think and direct for us, nor will we be bound to the thoughts and ideas of others unless we are satisfied with an animal existence.—A. B. Guernsey in Boston Budget.

DON'T

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it saved themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Explorer Burton thinks the white Pasha is Emin Bey.

The price of coal has been advanced another 25 cents in Montreal.

Sir John Henry Brand, president of the Orange Free State, is dead.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, it is said, is shortly to be raised to the peerage.

Four hundred people were killed by a volcanic eruption in Japan.

The village of Grafton, near Woodstock, N. B., was burned Wednesday.

Mr. A. G. Morrison, of Halifax, has been nominated by the Colchester Liberals.

The Governor-General will be unable to open the Provincial Fair at Kingston.

New Zealand is decreasing her free list and raising some of her present duties.

Private Fulton, of the 13th Middlesex, is the winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon.

Fire caused damage to the amount of about $25,000 in St. Mary's, Ont., Wednesday.

Chinamen continue to smuggle themselves from British Columbia into Washington Territory.

The English team won the Kolapore Cup Wednesday, the Canadians being thirteen points behind.

Wilson Houghton, an old man living near Tilbury Centre, was murdered by robbers on Monday night.

Several clerks of the House of Commons and the Civil Service at Ottawa have had their salaries raised.

A private letter written by Emperor Frederick shows that he was anxious to grant Home Rule to Alsace-Lorraine.

The ancestral home of the Washington family, on the Sulgrove estate, in Northampton, is announced to be sold at auction.

The King of Uganda is in a panic on account of reports that England will punish him for the murder of Bishop Hannington.

The farmers of Crawford County, Ill., will try to starve out the chinch bug by raising no grain for the next three years.

Messrs. Greenway and Martin, Manitoba Ministers, will go to Chicago and New York to close an agreement with the Northern Pacific.

At Maryborough on Saturday the Kerry moonlighters were sentenced to penal servitude for terms ranging from seven to fifteen years.

It is alleged at Ottawa that the United States has agreed to England's proposition regarding a settlement of the Behring's Sea question.

The Committee of the Whole of the House of Representatives at Washington voted down a motion to strike wool from the free list.

The Skeena River Indians are reported to have murdered a Hudson Bay Company officer and a constable and are likely to cause further trouble.

The Quebec Salvationists were attacked by roughs while returning from St. Foye and returned pistol shots for volleys of stones. Some injuries were inflicted on both sides.

The Chicago police made a raid on some Anarchists who were engaged in a conspiracy to avenge the execution of their fellows last year. A number of bombs were discovered, and three arrests were made.

The contract between the Manitoba Government and the Northern Pacific provides that the Red River Valley road shall be sold to the latter, who will undertake the work of building connections and branches.

King Milan, of Servia, came to Pesth on Saturday and met his son. They started immediately for Belgrade. Queen Natalie has sent an agent to Florence to prepare a residence for her in that city.

Queen Natalie has sent to the Servian Premier a letter in which she says: "I now insist upon being told of what crime I have been guilty. I have no reason to be afraid of the fullest light being thrown upon both my political and private life."

Signor Crispi has reason to fear that the Austrian pressure brought to bear upon Prince Bismarck, added to the energetic protests of Catholic Germany and the regent of Bavaria, will influence the German Government against his plans to curtail the privileges and weaken the dignity of the Pope.

LACK OF FACIAL SYMMETRY.

The two sides of the face are not alike, as a rule, says a German professor, the want of symmetry is confined to the upper part of the face. The left half of the brain overweighs the right half; the nose leans a little to the right or to the left. The region of the right eye is usually slightly higher than that of the left eye, while the left eye is nearer the middle line of the countenance. The right ear is also higher, as a rule, than the left ear.—*Chicago Herald.*

Words cannot express the gratitude which people feel for the benefit done them by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Long-standing cases of rheumatism yield to this remedy, when all others fail to give relief. This medicine thoroughly expels the poison from the blood.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS:—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething." Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is pleasant to the taste" and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

DUGOUT AND MAN-O'-WAR.

Queer Craft That Lie Together in Victoria Harbor.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who has been visiting British Columbia, writes as follwes from Victoria :— I doubt if there can be found in all the world a more interesting naval or marine display than fell under my notice here the other day.

Early in the morning I was awakened by a noise in the narrow area of the harbor to the Indian reservation opposite the city. The Indians, who are called Siwashes, though that is merely their own name for a man, live in decrepit, unpainted houses, amid shabby surroundings, by means of fishing and intermittent miscellaneous work for the white men. A smooth, flat bit of shore they use as a general boat landing, and here were drawn up half a dozen of their canoes. These are so peculiar that I desired a close view of one, and was delighted when I reached the place to find three of the bucks building an immense and superb one. The peculiarity of these boats is that they have tall, erect, prows, shaped like the necks and heads of animals, or, rather always of one shape, which suggests a dog's head on a very long neck. Like as the Siwash, Thinkets, and all the other Indians of the Pacific coast are to the Chinese, they are not more like them then these boats are like the boats still in use all along the coast of China at a distance from the large cities.

These Siwash canoes are really dugouts, made by scooping out the inside of great tree trunks. Some are no longer than is needed for two persons, but they are all sizes, even up to gigantic lengths, possible of attainment only by seaching for giant growths in

THE REMARKABLE FORESTS

of that coast. These Indians shape the exteriors of these dugouts very scientifically and gracefully, and then add the peculiar prows I speak of, and also the stern pieces that are akin to the prows in design, though the suggestion of an animal's head is not carried out in the stern piece.

The Indian shipbuilders I found at work were using the primitive tools. Who can say how primitive they were? The knife or axe, with which the main work was done, was something like our adze, but the blade was strapped to the handle with a leather thong, and was so fixed that the blade and handle came together at an acute angle, the edge of the blade being quite close to the knuckles of whoever was using it. The blade was of steel, but it was evident that to-day when these Indians used sharp-edged flint to cut, with, the flint might have been, and presumably was fastened to the handle in the same way. The blade had a cutting edge no wider than that of a large chisel, and when one saw the size of the cavity in the huge, hard log, and considered that it had been dug with this little implement in the hands of one man, it was impossible to avoid admiring the patience of the savage, however one might decry his lack of progress and enterprise. These boats ride through extraordinary seas, and are so swift that few white canoeists or catboat sailors care to enter against the Indians in their races.

Before I left the reservation I wandered across the lovely neck of land, a far better site for this city than that across the river where it has been built, and presently came to an estuary, or indentation, possessing the characteristics of a river. The grass and the jungle of the woodland met the water's edge, and the entire scene was placid, luxurious, and beautiful. As I walked along I saw the white bulky body of a steamboat heeled over on its side on the opposite bank of the water. It was nothing like the steamers I had seen on the coast. It was like a New York boat. Fancy my surprise when on nearer approach I read upon her pilot house a New York name, the Wilson G. Hunt. That produced a wonderful sensation. Amid what scenes had ready sail my friends seen this very boat time and time again in the days when she was one of the proudest vessels in the great city's fleet! So here was the Wilson G. Hunt that had disappeared and been forgotten. Worse yet, she has lived so long that even her last owners have also forgotten her. They have left her beached in an unused water way to rot away. Like an old horse

REJECTED BY CRUEL OWNERS.

she has been turned out to die.

This once proud old boat was practically born again when she reached the Pacific coast, and out here is connected with another set of memories even more entrancing than those her name provokes in New York. She was taken to California during the gold fever, and the speculation was such a fortunate one that she actually made a million dollars a year plying between the coast and the diggings on the Sacramento River. Her owners charged as high as $40 and $50 for a passage on her, and never, unless it may have been in Australia, has a boat carried such motley crouds or been the scene of such hilarity, prodigal waste, and disorder as she. How strange it is that she man she is named for is still alive, and likely to outlive all trace even of her memory.

Not 200 yards from this Siwash boat landing floats the first steamship that sailed the Pacific Ocean. She is the Beaver, and came out under the ownership of the Hudson's Bay Company fifty-three years ago. Her route was around Cape Horn, and she made the passage from London in 163 days. She is not nearly as considerable a boat as many of our coasting schooners on the Atlantic, and is far broad and short in her outlines. But she was as great a wonder in her day as she is now a curiosity. A local writer who calls her "the Methuselah of steamships," says of her that a duchess broke the traditional bottle of champagne over her bow and christened her by the name she still bears. It was not considered safe to trust to her engines, so little confidence was then displayed in steam navigation, and she made the trip under sail. Before she was wrecked, however, she got up steam and astonished the people by paddling her way proudly before the multitude assembled to see her. After that she was constantly under steam.

FLYING HITHER AND THITHER,

carrying stores and collecting furs. In time she passed into the hands of the Imperial Hydrographers, and now she is doing efficient service as a towboat, still using the original 75 horse-power engines built by Bolton & Watt in England before Victoria ascended the throne. A part of her deck housing has been torn away, but otherwise she is as she was in her glory except that while she was a trading boat in the fur service she was considerable of a man-of-war for these waters then, for she carried an armament of six nine-pounders.

Later on this same eventful day I drove out between the rose bushes that line the road to Esquimalt. That is the most important suburb of Victoria, and is barbarously pronounced "Saymalt" by the Victorians. Here is the only naval station of Great Britain on the Pacific coast. As though to complete the remarkable experience of the day in the most fitting manner, I soon found myself seated at the table in the ward of her Majesty's iron man-of-war the Triumph. The immense cost of maintaining this station is spent in Victoria and is her chief and most reliable source of income. In the minds of those who would embroil us with England this station is a constant and close menace to our Pacific coast cities, any one of which the great guns carried on these vessels could batter down in a few hours without the possibility of our preventing the damage as we are now situated. Once the British fleet sailed from this lovely little harbor on exactly such an errand. It was when during the heat of the so-called "54-40 or fight" movement in settlement of our Northwest boundary an American on San Juan Island called upon our troops for protection against a British order of arrest that was served upon him and that he resisted. The English Admiral vowed he would blow the Yankee troops off the face of the island. But not a gun was fired on any of his vessels, and, on the contrary during the five years that our soldiers and the British marines occupied the island many balls and parties were given and attended by the men on both sides.

Her Majesty's ship, the Triumph, illustrated the progress that has been made since the primitive dugout was the best war ship man employed, and since the day when the Indians used sharp-edged flint to cut, with, the flint might have been, and presumably was fastened to the handle in the same way. The blade had a cutting edge no wider than that of a large chisel, and when one saw the size of the cavity in the huge, hard log, and considered that it had been dug with this little implement in the hands of one man, it was impossible to avoid admiring the patience of the savage, however one might decry his lack of progress and enterprise. These boats ride through extraordinary seas, and are so swift that few white canoeists or catboat sailors care to enter against the Indians in their races.

MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

From keelson to upper deck and from stem to stern she is closely packed with engines, shafting, turn tables, steam pulleys, pumps, reels, pipes, wires, and gear of every sort that constitutes toward the loading, sighting, and turning of her guns, the transportation of shot, shell, and cartridges, the launching of her torpedoes of polished steel that shine like jewellery, the feeding of her electric lights, the working of her rudder, and the employment of all her other manifold appointments. One cannot help feeling when aboard one of these modern ships that the progress in implements of warfare is hastening warfare to some point or other very fast indeed, though the appearance is that it will roon be made too expensive to be indulged in for any but the very gravest reasons. This ship, for instance, is so filled with delicate machinery that the effect of a shot or shell striking any part where would be certain great loss in money and in the working value of the ship. So overloaded with fragile and delicate appurtenances is every first-class ship nowadays that they cannot even be run up alongside a wharf or touch abroadside against any other vessel without a certainty of serious damage to important appliance.

While I was at Esquimalt I discovered a work under charge of the British Government, of which no American paper has had any account, though it concerns the United States indirectly in a manner that may be of grave interest. It is the work upon the new naval graving or dry dock, now almost finished. This huge dock is 450 feet long on the coping level, and 430 feet long on the floor. It is ninety feet wide on top and 41 feet wide at the bottom. It is excellently constructed of hard sandstone, quarried near by, with a trauling caisson of wrought iron. Fortunately for any enemies of Great Britain on the Pacific coast of North and South America, the dock has been finished to the basis of naval requirements of twenty years ago, and is not now large enough for the first-class vessels in the English navy. Still more fortunately for this country, it is not so large or so good a dock as the one under way in California. The contract for this Canadian dock was awarded in November, 1864, and work was begun early in the following year. It cost about $900,000, which is considered a low price. One of the terms upon which British Columbia and Vancouver Island entered the Canadian confederation was that the Dominion Government should guarantee interest on £100,000 at 5 per cent. for ten years to aid this work. This was changed to the granting of a subsidy of £50,000 for the dock, and then the wily politicians got £30.000 from Great Britain. Later still, in 1873, this was increased to £50,000, and still later, in 1883, the Dominion Government took the entire work in hand and paid back to British Columbia about $300,000.

She Concluded to Live.

"J-John, d-dear," she sobbed, "d-did you ever think how near death is to us all? Wh-what would you ever d-do, J John, if I should d-d-die?"

"Well," said John, musingly, "I don't know as I have ever thought of it before my dear, but now you speak of it, my first impression is that I should bury you."

Gets Everything in the Lease.

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?

Prisoner—Yes.

Magistrate—Don't you know you had no right to do that?

Prisoner—No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have it down in the lease.

Where the Fault Rested.

He—I was so mortified that you should see me fall from my bicycle, Miss Maude, but I can assure you the fault rested entirely on the bicycle.

She—Yes, for a moment, Mr. Geelip, and then the bicycle rested entirely on the fault.

Some Good Advice.

Mr. Ham (the tragedian)—I think that the advice which Hamlet gives the player is unequalled. There is nothing the theatrical profession should give more heed to.

Friend—Any better, Ham, than the advice, "When the whistle blows look out for the locomotive?"

Of Small Value.

Husband (contemplatively)—How true it is, my dear, that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones.

Wife (not contemplatively)—Yes, I s'pose there's so little of it that it isn't considered worth saving.

Room at the Top.

Customer (to barber)—I s'pose that in your professior it is rather difficult to achieve great wealth?

Barber—Well, I dunno; it's like all head work: there's plenty of room at the top. Have your head sandpapered, sir?

A Bad Case.

First Boy: Say, is your uncle bad?

Second Ditto: Bad? Awful bad! The doctor says he's got shoebuckles on his lungs.

THE TIDES OF EMIGRATION.

BY J. E. MINER.

The vast flow of currents of humanity never ceases to wind over the face of the earth, and it seems that the general direction of the movement has been the same for thousands of years. One current after another has been dammed for a time; but the vast, vague general tendency remains the same, and as soon as a line of least resistance is found out, then a flood of population is poured along it, and, little by little, with the force of a glacier and the swiftness of driven water, the stream of human creatures flow. From the plains of India our ancestors travelled westward. Then, in the night of Time, the Greeks gained power, and the scanty beginnings of the mighty Roman Empire were first seen on earth—wave on wave of the barbarians from east and north. One hundred years before Christ the hordes of the Teutons and Cimbri in turn struck terror into the hearts of the Roman rulers. One hundred years after Christ came the great storm of those invasions. They were rude savages, but they knew how to fight and they knew how to die. They were bound in ranks when the supreme hour came, and no man could fly, even though the enemy's sword-point were at his throat. Rome seemed at the mercy of these moving nations; but the man arose who was fit to act even in that wild hour. Marius destroyed the Cimbri, and made the women who women killed the children and hanged themselves, and only the dogs were left of all the huge waves of living creatures that left the North. For years

THE BATTLE-FIELD WAS FERTILISED

by that red rain, and the peasants used the bones of the barbarians as supports for their vines; even now the place where the Teutons died is called by the name which means "Place of Putrefaction." The Romans thought themselves safe; but successive waves of migrant savages were destined to overwhelm the world. The centuries of incursions of Chinese, and the weaker race must go to the wall. In the main the floods of emigrants will move steadily on the old lines for many a year, for the establishment of Russia on the Persian Gulf, or even in India, would be mainly military and commercial. The armies of Russian labor will march eastward so long as the Russian outlet to the south is finally assured; and the powerful westerly drift will be practically unmet by any opposing flow. The English will continue to hold their own in their wild way.

MARCHING AND MIXING OF NATIONS;

for the men seem to improve in proportion as they travel distantly from the crowded little North Sea sand-bank which gave them birth. The merely luxurious classes of Englishmen who travel for pleasure are often the most offensive, and in America the manners of the wandering Briton supply a significant by-word; but the working English and Scotchman usually contrive to establish their superiority wherever they go. The Irish, though, the Celt and Frenchman, used to say that all the world would speak English one day. About was too clever to trouble his head about roguish politicians, fradulent merchants, and insolent aristocrats when he was gauging English quality. He thought of the grim, dogged, daring men who forced their way through the world's front of strong character and complete audacity. Britain can show such men in thousands and, though the world's populations reel to and fro, and are grouped or scattered hither and thither, the Englishman can take his own part. Men now living will probably see

AN OVERPOWERING FEDERATION

of English-speaking nations; all the tides of emigration will, as it were, flow towards one vast calm centre, and the fresh young blood of the new nations will mingle kindly with frostier blood of the old country, from the plains of India to Montreal and Vancouver. How many thousands of years has that persistent, recurrent wave been pouring round the globe? The abysm of time holds the secret; but the flower that gave those myriads of living life to each them in their final rest has ends which we cannot see. The movements are too vast, the forces employed are inconceivable; and we can only wonder very humbly and wait on.

A Beggar's "Guide."

The census of Paris beggars, which was taken recently by the Prefecture of Police, has brought to light some curious facts respecting mendicancy in the city. It is matter of history, of course, that Paris beggars have always been a peculiar set of people from the days of the Cour de Miracles to our own; but the *guenx* seem to thrive more than ever in these times, when money is met with comparative ease and distributed with generous hands. The Paris beggars have, accordingly, grown prosperous with the age, and we are far from the days of genuine rags and squalor of Miracle Court.

The beggar is now a days well trained in his profession. There is no advice who begs indiscriminately from door to door, and the "old bird," who only rings the bells of mansions. The *guenx* have a directory of their own, in which the names and addresses of rich philanthropists are given, as well as the days when to need for opening the purse strings. This is called the "Guide of the Grand Jeu," or "big game," and costs six francs. There is a smaller volume for "petit-jeu," which gives the addresses of mere *bourgeois* people, and only costs three francs. These guides are carefully compiled, and are constantly increased by new additions, each beggar who has discovered a donor selling the name, address and charitable qualities of the philanthropist to the publishers for a few francs or two. Full instructions are given to the mendicants in the guide books as to how they are to demean themselves before those to whom they apply for alms.

Rich Radicals, they are told, give largely to the people who represent themselves as victims of the Reactionaries, or even to those who allege themselves to have suffered as Communists at the hands of the Versailles Goverment. Others are told what clothes they are to wear when on duty; for a prosperous beggar is supposed nowadays to have a wardrope. Some philanthropists, for example, give generously to those who affect "clean poverty"—that is to say, poverty with a well washed face and faded clothes. Others are munificent to shabby genteel people who have been ruined in trade; while some are only "fetched" by famished jaws and absolute rags. M. Jain, a police inspector, lately came upon a noted haunt of beggars a man who had been a notary, and who, to show the officer what he knew, babbled legal phrases in Latin. Members of Parliament are, as a rule, a great mark for beggars.

A little five-year-old went to the Sunday-school for the first time. He was very much elated over what he had learned. "Tell me what you heard to-day," said his mother. "It was about Lot's wife," he said, becoming dramatic; "And the angel of the Lord said to Lot's wife, skate for your life, and don't you look back; but she did look back, and turned a somersault."

Donk-Khanh, King of Annam.

In a letter last autumn from Hue to the Paris journal, *Le Temps*, an interesting account is given of the young king of Annam, and of his manner of life. Annam has now been for about thirteen years practically a dependency of France, but the French general who is Resident at the court apparently does not interfere much with the internal affairs of the Kingdom, though he has the supreme control over its foreign politics. It is less than three years since the present King, who is still a very young man, came to the throne under the name of Donk Khanh.

His household consists almost wholly of women, including a hundred wives, who are divided into nine classes, according to the station of life in which they were born. Thirty women guard the entrance to his private apartments, while five more are his constant personal attendants.

One of their most important duties in the care of his finger-nails, which are as long as the fingers themselves. This extraordinary length is not only the mark of his royal station, but also of the fact that he is an educated man, a "literate."

The King has three meals a day: at six and eleven in the morning, and at five in the afternoon. There are fifty different dishes served at each meal, each of which is prepared by a separate cook who has no other duty than this.

At the stroke of a bell each cook hands his dish to a chamberlain, who carries it to a eunuch, who gives it to a woman, who kneeling, presents it to the King, who barely touches it, but lives chiefly upon rice.

This rice is remarkably white, and is chosen, "grain by grain" by soldiers whose special duty it is to cultivate it for the royal table. It is cooked in a new earthen dish, which is immediately broken after it has been once used. His chop-sticks are not made of ivory, like those in common use among those of high rank, but of a peculiar kind of bamboo, and are renewed every day.

The King goes to bed at eight, and rises between five and six. When there is no audience to be held, he spends a large part of the day in reading the reports from the different departments and from the governors of the provinces.

For it is a mistaken impression, the writer says, that Donk Khanh is a weakling, a mere Oriental sensualist. He works harder at the affairs of state than many a European consitutional monarch. There is no important affair which is not submitted to him; no important question which he does not decide. He nominates all the higher officials, and there are comparatively few state papers which do not bear his signature, the stroke of a brush dipped in carmine ink showing that he had examined it.

He is a man of unusual ability, a good judge of men, and possesses a clear under standing of the difficulties of his position.

"There are some things which I would do," he said not long ago to the French Resident, with a touch of sadness in his tones, "if I were not so young, and my throne was more secure."

Though passionately fond of the chase, when recently urged to join the foreign officers in a hunting excursion, he gave us as an excuse for declining, that the state of his Kingdom was such as hardly made it seemly for him to go pleasure-seeking. The only recreation which he allows himself is a daily walk or drive in his garden, and an occasional hawking excursion.

The letter closes with a short account of a sacrificial festival which the King holds in the second month of each year, which the writer says is remarkably impressive.

A Wonderful Needle.

An English firm of needle manufacturers have recently patented a sewing needle which requires no threading. The needle has exactly the same appearance as any ordinary needle, but the thread is securely attached in an instant, without passing the end of the thread through the eye, and is even simpler and easy that persons who are blind can use them without the slightest difficulty. To persons who have failing eyesight these needles are invaluable, and they are always necessary for the preservation of good eyesight. They are of the very best quality of steel, finely finished, and will not cut the thread as is the case with many needles. In England and throughout Europe they are in great demand, and we have no doubt will have a large sale in Canada. A sample needle is sent to any address by mail, if stamp for pcstage is sent or a package of assorted sizes is sent prepaid for fifteen cents. Letters should be addressed to Whiton Manufacturing Co., Toronto, who are the sole agents for United States and Canada.

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"What ship do you prefer, then—the Umbria?" she inquired, with some surprise.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

BY BESSIE STAR KEEFER.

If the disloyalty cry raised above my unfortunate head has subsided, perhaps even the over zealous people who raised it may be willing to listen to a few words, even from me, on national and international councils of women.

The great international scheme has been tried, with what wonderful success all the world knows. Two years ago it entered into the wise head of Susan B. Anthony that it might be helpful for the women workers of the world to know one another, and to learn what each was doing for the uplifting of womanhood everywhere. Working within our own narrow limits, we invest our own piece of work with

UNDUE IMPORTANCE

as in comparison with that of others; and so she sought to bring together in convention those workers that each might be broadened as well as helped in her own toil.

Her young friend and disciple, Miss Rachel G. Foster, of Philadelphia, a lady of wealth and high social standing in her own city, joined hands with her in this venture, acting as secretary, and corresponding with the known women of all countries; and the two have rested the weight of responsibility for this convention. Nearly were two women more unlike, but never were two women more devoted to one another and to the cause of womanhood—the one youthful and winning, courted and flattered, the other a veteran whose face is marked with stern lines by forty years of hard work, contumely, and patient self-sacrifice that the great army of women, whose cry had reached her even in her happy girlhood, might be relieved from the yoke of oppression under government made by men for men, and petty tyranny of their own sex.

For once Washington was startled into admiration for something other than Washington society. Fifty-seven women, each of whom could interest or instruct the best audiences that ever gathered in Albaugh's great Opera House, each with an individuality of her own, and each with knowing and hearing, was

A NEW PHENOMENON

demanding study, and so Washington studied it. This great gathering of women did the city good. It discovered to the wives and daughters of the upper classes that there is something in life worther their thought and attention and effort, and to the lower that no woman need grovel when so many hands are stretched out to help. It did the nation good that this first International Council of Women was organized in the brain of one of its own, held in its own city, and managed by an American Committee; and the cause of womanhood throughout the world has received an impetus that will enable it to open many a prison door, and

CAST OFF MANY A SHACKLE.

It has given men generally a better opinion of "the other side of the house," that fifty-four state societies—temperance, suffrage, missions, social purity, red cross, etc.,—could be represented by fifty-seven speakers and two thousand fraternal delegates of such divergent views, without a single altercation taking place during the nine day's session, while the fact that such a convention was successfully managed as to its finances, even though the expenses amounted to over eleven thousand dollars, gives women everywhere greater confidence in themselves and their own business capabilities.

In five years another such International Council will be called, but there will be a difference in the call. This time the representation was from various National Societies, then it will be only from National Councils, which shall be made up of representations from these National Societies. Such a National Council has been formally formed in the United States with Miss Willard for its President and Miss Anthony its Vice President, and the foreign delegates have

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"Yes, sir," replied young Mr. Dinwiddie from the sofa, "I anticipated a storm and brought an umbrella. We need rain badly, Mr. Hendricks. Er—you were saying, Miss Clara—"

Other Worlds Than Ours.

Recent improvements in telescopes have enabled astronomers to make interesting discoveries, and it is positively asserted by Sig. Schiaparelli, of Milan, who, it is said, has the finest instrument in the world, that Mars is inhabited by a people somewhat like ourselves. He has made the wonderful discovery of a series of canals in that planet. They are nearly a hundred miles wide, and run from the sea-coast to the interior. According to Prof E. A. Boyle other astronomers have seen the same phenomena. It is known that Mars has snow and rain, while there are indubitable evidences of animal li e.

RANCHING IN CANADA.

Its Condition and Prospects in the North-West.

There are good reasons for believing that the Canadian North-West will some day constitute the cattle and horse-producing country of the world. That, however, will be after the disappearance of the present system of huge roaming herds, leased lands of scores of thousands of acres, and enormous capital in the hands of a few people. But, first, to speak of things as they are.

The grazing country of the North-West extends from 20 miles north of Calgary to the United States boundary. Corn can not be grown here as the summers are too frosty, but it is ideally adapted for dairy and stock purposes, while the rolling foot hills form a perfect breeding and training ground for horses, the roughness developing muscle, the gravel and stone hardening the hoofs, water being abundant and the atmosphere highly bracing.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY

here dates only from 1882, yet a rough estimate would place upon it now 70,000 cattle, 25,000 sheep and 8000 horses. The following are the principal owners of these: The North-West Cattle Company, 9000 head on 200,000 acres; Waldron Ranch Company, 13,000 head on 200,000 acres; Powder River Ranch Company (owned in England in connection with the name of Mr. Moreton Frewen) 6000 head on 70,000 acres; Oxley Ranch Company in which Mr. Stavely Hill and Lord Lathom are largely interested), 7000 head; Cochrane Ranch Company, 6000 head; I. G. Baker & Co., 6.00 The Home Cattle Company, 6000 head; The British American Ranch Company, 6000 sheep 1200 horses.

Already four million acres are leased, very much of it, of course, with nothing on, and the leases being therefore liable to be cancelled at any moment, while the capital of the stockmen is upwards of thirty-two million of dollars. Besides these four million acres there is as much more held under lease for stock raising in small bands of five hundred head, with care and six weeks feeding and watching during the time of the deep snow.

TO BEGIN WITH THE CATTLE.

The winter of 1886 7 taught stock raisers a series of very severe lessons. The more experienced ones, like Mr. Murphy, the Manager of the Powder River Ranch Company, suffered none but perfectly normal losses (he having made an affidavit that his losses were under 5 per cent.); but most of the other stock-raisers have been attempting to do with domestic cattle what only the much hardier "range" cattle can stand. One of the stockmen told me that the proportion of his losses was that of seventy-six of one hundred range cattle, and twenty-two head lost out of seventy six domestic cattle. There is no doubt, however, that the losses even during the most exceptional season were greatly exaggerated, owing to the fact that for three years no regular account of losses had been taken, but a rough average of deaths deducted theoretically from each herd. That winter an accurate count was made for the first time at the "round ups," and the losses which should have been spread over the three years were all distributed to one severe season. It must be remembered, however, that

THE HARD WINTER IN MONTANA

killed no less than 65 per cent., and so severely were the losses of the stockmen felt that the banks ceased advancing them money, and numbers of them were compelled to abandon the occupation. The basis, however, for the bright anticipations for the future of stock raising in the North-West consists in the simple and indisputable fact that of two twin cattle born in Texas and kept until they are four years old, one there and one in the North-West Territories, the latter will weigh fifty per cent more. This Canadian stockmen are never weary of dwelling upon, and the fact that American stockmen appreciate it is shown by the enormous migration northward. If it could be managed, therefore, the ideal way would be to breed calves south of Kansas and mature them in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that this arrangement will be some day adopted, for it is an interesting fact, not generally known, that the "Stock Association of the Western States," when it met in convention in St. Louis, in the autumn of 1885, was so converted to the idea that they actually memorialized Congress to lay out a watered trail six miles wide, from Texas to the international boundary, which should meander to follow the necessary water courses.

SHEEP RAISING

is a different kind of industry altogether, and because of the scarcity of water in certain districts the Canadian Government has strictly limited the area upon which sheep may be raised. A cattle ranch has no particular local habitation. The herds wander at their own sweet will all the year round except at the two times when they are gathered together for inspection and branding. But sheep are, of course, never allowed out of the sight of the shepherd and their dogs, and return home nightly to their enormous sheds. The growth of the sheep industry around Calgary in three years has been from nothing to twenty-five thousand, and the increase this year over the loss has been 20 per cent. The loss, however, is now extremely heavy from 10 per cent to 40 per cent, but almost entirely owing to mismanagement. The sheep were kept in too large bands, from three to four thousand in one shed, and the consequence was that one or two cold nights thousands of them were smothered by the crowding in of the outside ranks. Such an accident, of course, never occurs twice at the same place.

AS FOR HORSES,

the climatic loss during the hardest winter that has ever been known was simply nothing—to be perfectly accurate it was 1-5th of 1 per cent. Horse raising has received a great impetus lately from the importation of large numbers of Irish mares and American horses, and in regard to the former it was especially noticeable that they improved in appearance and health every day during the very coldest weather. I rode out to see several bands of colts raised without any special attempt at fine breeding, and was simply astounded at their quality. One colt in particular, which was trotting around in a corral, having been picked out by his owner for a saddle horse, would have passed at home for an animal bred with the greatest care from the best stock. So admirably built was he that Mr. Cochrane, his owner, promised me to have him photographed in action, and send the photograph to England as a specimen of a rough-bred Canadian horse. He assured me that the colt was nothing out of the common and that I could have as many as I wished just like him for $100 to $125. My guide, through the technicalities and mysteries of stock raising, I must say here, was Mr. W. Pierce, the Government Inspector of mines at Calgary, whose opinion will receive everywhere in Canada the greatest respect, and his own opinion of the future, as he expressed it to me at parting, is that the prospects of ranching were never so bright, and that in particular there is an illimitable field for men with small capital. This suggestion leads me to speak of the

PRESENT SYSTEM OF CATTLE RAISING

as compared with that which must necessarily, and indeed should, supersede it. At present the stock man leases his land from the Government for a period of 21 years, subject to two years' notice of cancellation when when the lease was granted before the spring of 1886. Since 1886 all leases have been subject to homestead entry whenever the Government chooses to permit an incoming settler to take up his 160 acres. The old leases pay one per cent. per acre per annum, the new ones two cents. As a matter of fact the Government has never served a notice of cancellation, but the lease holders have always given way before the squatter. The extravagance of the method of practically handing over the whole country to a score or two of individual capitalists is self evident, and it is quite inevitable that before the

CROWDS OF INCOMING SETTLERS,

it will have to give way. The question is in what direction shall the alterations be made, or in other words, shall the Canadian Government frame a definite policy for the guidance and protection of the small ranchmen, as it has done for the small farmer; or shall it continue, as at present, to let a squatter quietly appropriate a spring and thus secure for himself a monopoly of all the surrounding land? Owing in a great measure to the exertions and representations of Mr. Pierce, the Government has aroused itself to the necessity of immediate action for the protection of the water and timber. One illustration will show how imperative this need is. On the Belly River, between Slide Out and Fort Kipp, the sinuosities of the stream measure 27 miles. Twelve men have already located on this, and if two more men settle there will not be a single spot on that 27 miles where cattle can get water. Sometimes even because the course of the river is from 150 to 300 feet below the

LEVEL OF THE HIGH PRAIRIE,

a mile of wire fencing would fence in 1500 acres of land. This country, of course, can never be thickly populated, for from 15 to 20 acres are necessary for each hoof. If a man lives from stock he must must have at least from 100 to 150 head. Therefore, to make a living he must have 1500 to 2500 acres; that is, he must live on a piece of land four miles square, and at least two miles from his nearest neighbor. Under such circumstances no schools, no churches, none of the advantages which civilization confers upon a community, are possible. A way out of the difficulty has been suggested, and so excellent a way that its adoption sooner or later, when the best interests of the ranch country are understood, is almost a matter of certainty. It is known by the few people who venture to advocate it at present as

"THE HAMLET SYSTEM,"

and is to consist in the Government selling four sections, or 2500 acres, of stock land at a nominal rate, but without requiring the purchaser or settler to live on it. He would be required, however, to settle in the country for say five to seven years in order that he might acquire himself there by personal relations, before he could have it. The Government would take four townships as a "Hamlet," which would thus accommodate thirty-six settlers. It would pick out a place for a village where all the settlers would live, and hold their cattle over all their lands together as a common herd. They would thus not only have the advantage of community living but they would be of the greatest possible help to each other in handling their stock. They would form an association for holding hay lands; and under such an arrangement the very important question of diverting river courses to make valueless lands grow

A TON AND A HALF OF HAY

to the acre, and thus for each acre increase the capacity of the country by three head of stock, would admit of and secure easy and natural settlement. As I have said, it is quite certain that the big scale of the present arrangements must break up, and the only question is will the Dominion Government "let things slide" into a chaos filled with the elements of future conflict and discontent, or will it be wise and fore-seeing enough to adopt a fixed policy which shall secure the comfort of the greatest possible number of future citizens. That it will take the latter and wise course is fortunately indicated by the fact that a good deal of new land is being leased for small ranches in lots of 640 acres, to support say a hundred head of cattle, the settler not living entirely from his stock.—[HENRY NORMAN, in Montreal Star.

Family Economy in Germany.

As a people we have not learned the art of getting the most out of what we have. With our larger incomes and better opportunities we often enjoy far less of comfort and contentment than our foreign brethren, who with their limited resources have learned how to husband and to make the best of the little that falls to their lot. Those who have seen the inside of life in France and Germany know how true this is. I well remember how it impressed me in my first experience in Germany. "Living in a private family, my breakfasts, which, though consisting only of the usual rolls and coffee, were nevertheless ample, were always brought to my room. With the coffee there came invariably a little jar of milk and some lumps of sugar. During the whole six months of my stay in that house, the number of lumps was never more nor less than five. An American lady living in another family in the same city was wont to aver her conviction that her landlady counted the grains of coffee for every pot-ful she made. Every scrapful of food was utilized.

Like economies were manifested everywhere, indeed, they were a part of common education, not only at home but at school, where, for instance, the girls were taught to sew and mend, as they were to read and write. And when I went about with the people and saw how they lived; how contentedly and pleasantly they took the affairs of life; how much they made of simple and inexpensive pleasures; how little they were beset with false pride or shoe; and the petty ambition to go ahead of their neighbors, which are such corrosive influences in America and English society; how much of human kindness and home joy and social satisfaction they had with incomes and prices which would make life for average Americans of similar station a torturing struggle with want—I could not avoid the conviction that in their ways was a lesson which it would be a blessing for us to learn.

For the Year 1886

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

An Invocation.

BY WILL T. JAMES.

When distant, twinkling stars appear
Through the earth's pallid atmosphere,
And when I seek my nightly couch,
O! Father, for my safety vouch.

When slumb'rous eyes and muffled breath
Bespeak me betwixt life and death,
Then may my guardian angel keep
Her midnight vigil while I sleep.

And when nocturnal hours have run
The next day's duties are begun,
For which my head and limbs prepare
That I may my own burden bear.

But when the night of death shall come,
And I must quit this mortal home,
Secreted hence by spirits bright,
Admit me to the realms of light.

I Know Him!

I know in Whom I have believed,—2 Tim. 1. 12.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

I know Him! yes, I know Him!
He is my truest friend;
I have no friend like Jesus,
On whom I can depend;
The friends I trust forsake me
With less of pain and fear
But He comes all the closer,
Because I need Him more.

I know Him! yes, I know him!
He is my precious Lord;
My hope, my joy in sorrow,
My comforter, restored
By pardon to His favor,
I dwell in Him, and He
—My blessed, blessed Saviour—
Doth sweetly dwell in me.

I know Him! yes, I know Him!
He is all of life to me;
His presence makes my Heaven;
His trust, my liberty
His faith gives strength in weakness;
His grace, makes strength abide;
His glory is my pleasure;
His word my certain guide.

I know Him! yes, I know Him!
My times are in his hand;
By His sure leading, keeping
I, bye and bye, shall stand
Amid the host who praise him,
With them my tribute bring,
Join in the songs they raise Him
And crown Him Lord and King.

The Conditions.

BY W. H. STEVENS.

"Do you love Christ? He loveth me,"
Asked a maiden as true as fair,
Whose heart was filled with precious care
For one who wished her love to be.

"If you love Him you must love Him;
He is a Friend Whom I hold dear!
A Friend Who chased away the fear
From off my eyelids growing dim.

"He went down into my grave
And with me slept, awoke like sleep,
And took me into his charge to keep
As one he long desired to save.

"To save me from the future's pain,
To save me for that holy place
He interposed His perfect grace
That gives to me the greater gain.

"He is my 'Elder Brother' now!
Who has fulfilled the law in sin proved
That He has more than brother loved.
To Him you must in reverence bow.

"If you wish for my consent,
Ere the consecrated deed be done,
Of binding two hearts into one
You must be His to all intent."

The Flowers I Love.

J. R. POLLOCK, R. A.

I love the tulips golden
All in the month of May;
I love the fragrant roses
That scent the Summer day

I love the calla lily;
The lilies of the vale;
The peerless water-lily;
And daisies of the dale.

I love the morning-glory
With cups of pink and blue;
I love the honeysuckle
In dells of golden dew.

I love the dandelions
In Spring that deck the plain;
And in the Fall the golden-rod
Ere snow-flakes come again.

I love the graceful orchids,
And buttercups so bright;
And pretty blue-bells dangling
In unconcerned delight.

I love the velvet pansies
With hearts of golden hue;
I love the sweet carnations,
And bright nasturtiums too.

I love the autumn asters;
I love the balsam bells;
I love the Summer gardens
Where sweet dianthus dwells.

I love the wild May-flowers;
I love the daffodils;
I love the snowdrop blooming
Along meandering rills.

I love the fuchsias laden
With crimson drops and blue;
I love the bright geraniums
With leaves of scarlet hue.

I love the oleander;
I love the white primrose;
I love the wild sweet-brier;
I love the sweet wild-rose.

I love in Spring the lilac
Whose fragrance scents the air;
I love the snow-ball blooming
With blossoms pure and fair.

I love the orchard blossoms;
I love them all and each—
The early plum and cherry;
The apple and the peach.

I love them all forever—
The flowers of the earth—
For God has made them lovely;
His goodness gives them birth;

He paints their every bloesom;
He tints their every hue;
Embalms them with sweet fragrance;
Distils for them the dew.

Studying Nature.

The young should not be permitted to grow up without noticing the book that is always open before their eyes—with its alternate pages of still life and moving life.

"The assuming commonplace of nature" includes the little creepers as well as the little bloomers, and the boy or girl who studies the insect and vermin kingdom—down in the footnotes of the great book—will have a wiser maturity than those who never see a worm or spider except to squeal or make up a face.

Professor A. J. Cook says in "Gleanings in Bee Culture:"

"I believe I am doing my children a substantial benefit in encouraging them to study insects, birds, and even humble-bees. I spent all of last week in lecturing before the Wisconsin Farmers' Institutes, and I urge everywhere that parents encourage their children to rear insects and watch their wonderful transformations. How easy this is! The child has but to put a cabbage caterpiller, the so-called 'cabbage worm,' under a common glass tumbler, with a little of its food-plant, and all the life-changes can be easily watched. What an easy way to awaken the interest and inquiry of our children, and to keep them from the street-corner, the saloon, and the jail!"

Curiosity is strong enough by nature, and only needs educating in lines and directions of real knowledge and above false and foolish disgust. Wordsworth's

"Curious child applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell"

is a pretty picture to hang in the bed-chamber of any juvenile entomologist.

In Musical Circle: He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?" She—"I should think, my love, that you were a lyre."

Alma Ladies' College.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Nearly 200 students in 1886. 16 graduates and certificated teachers in the faculty. Total expenses from $40 to $60 per term or from $150 to $250 per year in advance including Music and Fine Arts. Address, B. F. Austin, Principal.

Self-Threading Needles!

One of the latest inventions of interest to ladies is the new patent sewing needle, which is in to all appearances like any ordinary needle, but which can be *instantly* threaded without passing the thread through the eye, and is so simple in operation that even persons who are blind have no difficulty in using them. They are made in England by a well-known firm of needle manufacturers, are nicely finished and finely tempered, and do not cut the thread as many do; they are just being introduced here, and *sample* packets are sent by mail to any address for fifteen cents by the Whiton Manufacturing Company, Toronto, Oatario, and as we know this firm to be thoroughly reliable and the needles are to *catch penny*, but a useful and genuine novelty, we would advise our readers to send for them.

Poppy red, ecru, old rose, reseda, an Gobelin blue are popular colors for the foundation of dress black latet oilets.

They "Mean Business."

If any one has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial and has not been cured thereby, the manufacturers of that unfailing Remedy would like to hear from that individual for when they offer as they do, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh which they cannot cure, they mean just exactly what they say. They are financially responsible, and abundantly able, to make good their guarantee if they fail, as any one can learn by making proper enquiry. Remedy sold by all druggists, at 50 cents.

Foot trimmings on skirts are surely being revived, and occasionally a single flounce of considerable depth is seen.

A feeling of dullness and languor,
Which is not alone to pay,
And resembles suffering only
As the mist resembles rain,

is often the first indication of incipient disease. In such cases the famous "ounce of prevention" is the highest wisdom, and may be found in its most potent form in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, by its wonderful blood-purifying and invigorating tonic properties, will quickly restore the ebbing vitality, repair and strengthen the system, and thus ward off threatening sickness. Its saving influence reaches every organ of the body.

Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce, and an acre of poppies will yield $1,000 worth of opium.

"What's In a Name"?

Shakespeare said there was nothing, but there is. Would Cæsar have had such notoriety if his name had been Caleb W. Pickersgill? Think of Nutti having $7,000 a night if the bill-boards announced her as Jane Brown! The idea is absurd. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets is a name that has made a record. These tiny, sugar-coated pills cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness.

Although most ladies prefer wool dresses for travelling, silk and wool combinations are often used for such toilets this season.

A Cure for Drunkenness

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobbaco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not *mentioned* above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East. Toronto, Ont.

Eternal vigilance enables a man to carry the same umbrella for years.

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SYMPTOMS—MOISTURE: Intense itching and stinging most at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumours. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Gold, silver and other fancy embroideries are used to trim summer costumes of pongee and cashmerette.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send in their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Allie had just had a birthday. Being asked how old he was, he replied, "I'se just next to what I was."

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

A single spray of flowers is seen upon some of the newest lace parasols, as if blown there by the wind.

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FLOWER bonnets are likely to be extensively worn at summer evening entertainments where a bonnet is necessary.

HOLT'S CORN CURE cures in one minute.

"POPPY" bonnets are composed entirely of red, black or white poppies, with velvet petals and a few perky-looking buds.

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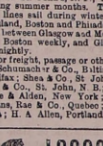

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888

ALL the Toronto dailies at The Tribune office.

MR. E. W. RATHBUN spent Tuesday in Montreal on business of importance.

Two or three weddings are talked of as likely to occur in the immediate future.

THE legislature of Manitoba is composed of 33 Ministerialists and 5 oppositionists.

WHEN a lawyer dies, it is absurd to put over his grave, "Here lies So-and-So." He doesn't, because he is dead.

A TRAIN of eleven loaded cars together with the coach came in over the line of the B. of Q. Ry. on Tuesday morning.

ONE of the old willow trees on Mill street was rent in twain and one half levelled to the ground by the cyclone of last week.

THE Sabbath question was ably treated by Rev. R. J. Craig, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, last Sunday evening.

THE Quinte carries an excursion from Trenton to Napanee this evening, calling at Deseronto. The steamer remains one hour in Napanee.

A TRACK has been laid down in front of the Flour Mill so that cars may be loaded and unloaded while the elevator is undergoing repairs.

MR. M. MCFAUL, Jr., is making large improvements on his property, among others the erection of a kitchen 14x12 ft. and the sinking of a well.

Kingston defeated Napanee at cricket last week. Mr. J. F. Stokes made a capital score, his batting being styled the neatest seen on the ground.

IT is said that if ever Lord Salisbury's bill for reforming the House of Lords should become law that Sir John A. Macdonald will be made a life peer.

MR SCOTT, of the Napanee *Beaver*, gave us a call on Monday morning on his way home from Davey's Island where his family are spending the summer months.

EVERYTHING wears a busy appearance at the car works, the new cars for the C. P. R. being turned out very rapidly by Supt. Greenwood and his staff of assistants.

A NUMBER went up to Belleville on Monday to attend the regatta. They report a slow time. The Maitge won in the second class and the Merle in the third class.

MR. WM. GRANT has removed to his new house in the west end. Mr. E. R. Chapman has moved into the residence on St. George street lately occupied by Mr. Grant.

WE are assured that if the boards on the board-walks were laid longitudinally with the walk, they would not be worn out half so rapidly and would be less liable to become loosened.

Do not forget that all subscriptions to THE TRIBUNE should be paid by the end of this month. This can be easily done without involving anything like hardship on one solitary subscriber.

IT is said that enough salt underlies the city of Ithaca, N. Y., to supply the world for a century, and that a syndicate has been formed to build there the largest salt works in the state of New York.

THE bay was dotted with craft on Sunday their white sails looking quite pretty under the rays of the sun. The yachts were on the way up the bay to take part in the Belleville regatta.

OUT of the 80 Belleville pupils who wrote at the recent examinations for entrance to High School only 13 passed. Allan Chown, only eleven years of age, was one of the successful candidates.

The song service in the Methodist Church attracted a very large congregation last Sunday evening. The various selections rendered by members of the choir were of a more than usually interesting character.

WITH a dozen beautiful spots along the bay within sight of Deseronto it is surprising that residents of the town do not run up some cottages and betake themselves and their families thither during the summer months.

GEN. Boulanger and M. Floquet, Premier of France, fought a duel last Friday, the former being severely wounded in the throat. The affair caused considerable excitement and it is supposed has turned to the disadvantage of Boulanger.

VISITORS to the Cemetery cannot but admire the beauty of its situation. It has been surrounded with a neat wire fence and the work of grading the drives and walks is well advanced. Already quite a number of plots have been selected.

AT a banquet in London Hon. Oliver Mowat said that imperial federation was not favourably regarded in Canada. He stated that the young men of this country were in favour of independence, but that their elders thought the time was not yet come for separation.

COMMISSIONER MARRIGAN has been grading the north side of west Main street in a manner which must greatly improve the drainage in spring and wet weather. His men are justly proud of the good job they have made of the board walk in the vicinity of the Methodist Church.

UNGER'S Island has become a very popular resort with our people who there find a cool retreat from the cares and bustle of the town. It has the advantage of being convenient and withal a pretty spot. The TRIBUNE hopes before long to see a tramway or good gravel road from Deseronto to the Island.

MR. GEO. A. PARNHAM has secured the services of a first class baker in the person of Mr. George E. Pierson, late of Seaforth. Mr. Parnham desires to inform the public that he is now prepared to furnish bread of a quality that cannot be surpassed. Pies, cake, buns kept constantly on hand at moderate prices.

EVEN though said to be the haunt of the adhesive wood tick Capt. John's Island is a valuable property which should be purchased by the corporation and converted into a public park or resort for the people of Deseronto. At the outlay of a comparatively small sum it might be made a pleasant and attractive locality.

TENDERS are asked for the completion of S. Mark's Church. See Advt.

MEN are busy excavating preparatory to building the foundation of the new chemical works.

THE rain of Wednesday was general all over the district and must have done much good.

OWING to the presence of shad the bass cannot be induced to bite and fishermen are despondent.

THE congregation of the Holloway Street Methodist Church, Belleville, will picnic at the Mohawk grove to-day.

THE A. O. U. W. membership in Ontario now numbers over 15000 in 103 lodges. Nine new lodges were instituted last month.

AS we go to press the results of the recent promotion examinations come to hand. They will be published in next week's issue.

WILLIE COUGHLIN had his arm dislocated at the elbow while engaged in a friendly encounter with a companion on Wednesday evening.

MR. J. R. BOOTH has secured the contract for building the walls of the new extension to the Terra Cotta Works with terra cotta fire-proofing material.

INDIANS on the Skeena River, British Columbia, are causing trouble and "C" battery of Dominion artillery has been despatched to establish order.

THERE will be a total eclipse of the moon on Sunday night, 22nd July, commencing a little before midnight. Front gate astronomers should not forget this event.

MR. R. W. MEEK, editor of the Kingston *Whig*, has been appointed secretary of the provincial exhibition. No better choice could have been made for the position.

David Minthorn, Watertown, N. Y., has a timepiece carried by old Thayendanega —Joseph Brant. The watch was sent to the old warrior by King George III.

OFFICERS of the governor-general's foot guards are gaining a little cheap notoriety by a silly quarrel. They have tendered their resignations which, it is hoped, will be accepted.

IN Egan's window can be seen a very accurate picture of the newly elected president of the B. H. M. Club, which has been obtained at great trouble and expense. Go and see it.

MRS. HILLMAN has on account of ill health, resigned the position of organist of S. Mark's Church the duties of which she has so satisfactorily performed during the past six months.

IT has been stated that railway trains in England are now driven at an average speed 14 per cent. higher than it was twenty years ago, with scarcely more than half the quantity of coal.

A WORKMAN in the Carson mint has discover that drill points, heated to a cherry red and tempered by being driven into a bar of lead, will bore through the hardest steel or plate glass without perceptibly blunting.

AMONG those who participated in the pleasures of the Presbyterian excursion on Thursday was the infant child of Mr. & Mrs. George Antoni. The little mite of humanity is four months old and weighs only six pounds. It was the observed of all observers.

ONE of the worst pieces of boardwalk in town is that along Centre street between Main and Thomas streets. During the past two years we must have received hundreds of complaints about it. Since the opening of the market it is more used than formerly.

ONE word to the reader before we go to press. The Methodist excursion to Massassaga takes place next Wednesday, 25th inst. A grand time, good people, big baskets, lots of amusement. Tickets 25 cents. Steamer Quinte; Capt. Christie; polite officers.

THE TWEED *News* favours railway connection with Kingston by the N. T. & Q. Ry as it will be of great advantage to Tweed and the township of Hungerford. It thinks that Tweed has not been well treated by Belleville in the matter of railway communication.

MR. WM. JOHNSON, inspector of weights and measures, has been instructed by the government to visit the different salt works to see that the government regulations respecting weight, etc., are complied with. The barrel of salt should weigh 280 lbs. Any person selling a barrel containing a less quantity is liable to heavy penalties.

ONE day last week the sun coming from behind a cloud caused the end of the Flour Mill to reflect its rays in a manner which made that structure appear as if it was in a blaze. A lady on east Thomas street roused the whole neighborhood by crying fire, and giving other signals of alarm.

AT the Entrance Examinations to High Schools or to the 5th class in Public Schools, 25 candidates from Schools in Tyendinaga, and from the Deseronto Public School tried for admission, and only one candidate succeeded in reaching the minimum of 367 marks. The successful applicant was Clara D'Arcy, from S. S. No. 7, Tyendinaga, and her teacher is Annie Nash. She obtained 398 marks.

AN exchange says: "This is put down as the latest swindle in connection with the sharper. The farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The sharper says: "Oh, we'll keep the note," and writes across the face, "Not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party with an "e" added to the "not," which makes it read "Note transferable."

HERBERT ROSE, a boy about eight years old, was tried before police magistrate Gordon at Trenton, on a charge of setting fire to the brick block formerly occupied by Smith & Bryson. A coroner's jury had rendered a verdict against him, and the result of his trial before the magistrate was his conviction and sentence to six months in the county gaol, execution of the sentence being suspended.

ONE of the boldest building operations ever attempted is being performed at *The New York Times* office. A new thirteen story granite building is being constructed around and in substitution for the old building. The work of publishing the paper in the old building is going on as usual. Every foot of the old building will be wiped out bit by bit as the work proceeds. The new one will be one of the handsomest buildings in the city.

Dominion immigration returns for June show 14, 789 arrivals during the month, of whom 5,610 settled in Canada and 9,170 were passengers to the United States. During the first six months of the current year the total arrivals have been 84,543, as compared with 70,765 for the same period last year. The number of settlers in Canada has been 40,323, an increase of 4,176 over the same period last year.

Try It in Canada.

A law in New York state abates three dollars a year from the farm tax of the inhabitant "who shall construct on his own land and keep in repair a (roadside) watering trough, well supplied with water, the surface of which shall be 2½ feet or more above the level of the ground and easily accessible for horses with vehicles." Such a law in this province would be of great public utility.

The Chemical Works.

Mr. Philip Conley has already commenced the mason work of the new Chemical Works building. The new structure will be built in several sections all separated by fire proof walls. It will be a substantial structure, and built of fire proof material manufactured at the Terra Cotta Works of the Rathbun Company. The work of building will be pushed forward with all speed possible and in a few months it is expected the works will be again in operation.

Mr. Crossley's Excursion.

The steamers "Hero" and "Quinte" are both engaged to carry Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to 1000 Islands on Saturday Aug. 11th. Quinte will leave Napanee at 6:30 a. m., Deseronto 7.20, Picton 8:40, Glenora 9, Adolphustown 9:15, Bath 11. The Hero will leave Trenton at 6 a. m., Belleville 7:15, Northport 8:15, Cronk's 8:40, Cole's 9:15. Plenty of room this year. Tickets $1.00. Trip to Alexandria Bay and among Islands on Monday morning free. See bills for particulars.

Decadence of the English Aristocracy.

The American Telegraphers seem to assume that their readers are delighted with the idea of having an American duchess even though their representative in the British peerage has only secured the left hand of one almost unclean of mortals. According to them the aristocracy are rushing pell-mell into the arms of the new duchess and only the Queen stands aloof. If this statement be true it need only be said that the aristocracy in question is rushing to its own destruction. The English people would not long allow that such a crowd should be counted as the high society of England or that it should have a hereditary rulership over a proper living people:—Montreal *Witness*.

Rain, Welcome Rain.

On Tuesday afternoon there were indications of rain, but it was thought it would, as on former occasions of a like nature this season take its way by on Wednesday morning, much to the delight of all, and farmers in particular, a few drops commenced to fall and eventually the welcome rain came down in a good steady pour. Although too late to be of much service to some of the crops the rain will be found to help corn, late grain, and root crops, and will be of great benefit in the pasture fields where cattle were famishing in a vain effort to pick up a doubtful living. The whole face of nature has been refreshed and revivified by the copious showers of this week.

Earl Russell's Prophecy of Mr. Gladstone.

The following reference to Mr. Gladstone appeared in a pamphlet written by Earl Russell in 1866: "If he (Mr. Gladstone) should undertake the heroic task of rivetting the union of the three kingdoms by affection even more than by statute if he should endeavour to efface the stains which proscription and prejudice have affixed on the fair fame of Great Britain, then, indeed, though he may not reunite his party, and though he may not come to return to power, he will be enrolled among the noblest of England's statesmen and will have laid the foundation of a great work which either he or a younger statesman will not fail to accomplish."

Protection from the Sun.

Laborers exposed to the sun should place something green such as a leaf from a burdock, a clover head, or even a tuft of grass in their hats during the sultry days of summer. It cools the head and is a preventive of sun stroke. Harvesters, also, should protect themselves in this way, and slack their thirst with water into which a quantity of oatmeal has been stirred. A well-known character of Dayton, Ohio, wears large sheets of tissue paper in his hair. They are colored blue, orange and green. These colors, the wearer claims, deprive the sun's rays of heat. The blue represents the higher atmosphere, the orange the clouds, and the green the earth.

Casualties.

ON Saturday morning Mr. John Holcomb had his hand badly crushed between the bumpers of two cars. Two fingers were badly smashed, but Dr. Vandervoort thinks that by care amputation may be rendered unnecessary. On Tuesday Ernest Godwin while waiting on the department of the Cedar Mill, had a tie thrown run under his knee cap inflicting an ugly wound which required the Doctor's attention. On the same day Wm. Badgley's overshirt caught in the chain of the heading mill in the lath department of the Big Mill, but was with much difficulty extricated before receiving severe injuries. On Monday, Mr. Jacob Sills, in the sash factory had his right arm cut at the joint, and on the same day John Stearns had his thumb nearly cut off in the shingle mill, both men being attended by Dr. Vandervoort.

Athletes Afloat.

On Sunday morning nine members of the Athletic Association, having chartered a sailing yacht, set out to spend the day by taking a trip to Davey's Island and Glenora. All aboard, they organized by appointing nine officers, thus leaving no room for a crew. Never has such a display of seamanship been made on the bay, a brilliant and novel feature being an exhibit of tacking in a fair wind, a feat which was successfully accomplished. Davey's Island was reached and its high rolling sunk green lawns, millionaire cottages, and gilded hotels enjoyed. Glenora was next visited and a square meal tucked under the belts of the happy nine. An early start was made for the return trip, the tender consciences of some of the muscular Christians telling them they must be home in time for evening service. A fair wind carried them to Thompson's Point, but here refused to waft them any further. In vain the boatswain whistled for wind, while the other officers wet the sails and their own whistles. Old Eolus refused to come to their assistance and the Captain ordered the sweeps to be run out with an order that all hands should man them by relays. With some misgivings the orders were obeyed. By great expenditure of grunts, perspiration and epidermis of their digits, the quill drivers forced their unwieldly craft through the water, reaching their moorings at Deseronto at a late hour hungry, exhausted and disgusted. It is said they had barely energy enough left to make their way to their homes while the groans of those who painfully ascended hotel stairs were dismal and excruciating in the extreme. No more yachting for them on Sunday.

Choir Concert on the Bay.

The members of the Choir of the Methodist congregation have chartered the good steamer Quinte and will give a musical excursion by moonlight on the evening of Thursday, August 9th. The steamer will be gorgeously illuminated and a concert of high class music will be given by the choir and others, thus ensuing an evening of rare pleasure and profitable enjoyment. Tickets, 25cts. Keep the date in mind and secure your tickets early from members of the choir and the committee.

Masonic Excursion.

The members of Craig Lodge, A. F. & A. M., enjoyed their annual excursion to Davey's Island and Glenora last Friday evening. There was a good and respectable attendance, the members of the order being out in force. The sail was much enjoyed by all. Young people tripped the "light fantastic" to the inspiring music of a good band and everything went merry as the traditional wedding bell. The hill at Glenora was climbed as usual by those to whom the blue lights had communicated sentiment. The return trip was greatly enjoyed and the dock reached by the Quinte at about midnight.

The "Twelfth" at Lime Lake.

Four Orange lodges of East Hastings and two from Tamworth, who, owing to the long distances from the railways, could not take part in the large gatherings at Port Hope and Kingston, met at Lime Lake for the purposes of keeping the twelfth and of helping the Methodist church at that place. A dinner was prepared by the ladies of the church, which was partaken of by over five hundred, after which the happy crowd adjourned to the woods and listened for over two hours to speeches suitable to the occasion by the Revs. E. A. Sanderson, D. McMetherly, I. Clarke and Wm. Hudson, Esq., M. P. P.

Methodist Excursion next Wednesday.

THE Methodist Sunday school has chartered the favorite steamer Quinte for their excursion to Massassaga Point on Wednesday, 25th inst. The proprietor of these grounds has expended a large sum of money during the season in beautifying and putting them in order. There is no more beautiful place on the bay for a pic-nic than Massassaga. Tickets for the round trip only 25 cts; children under 12 years of age 15 cts. The boat will leave Deseronto at 8 a. m. returning about 6 p. m. If you wish to spend a day of invigorating enjoyment buy your ticket and board the Quinte early next Wednesday morning. The Methodists pride themselves on getting up a first class pic nic.

A Soft Snap.

Chief Koughtetath favours us with a cheery letter, dated 14th inst., from Wallingford, Conn., a town which he informs us is 87 miles distant from New York. His headquarters are at New Haven, Ct. He is at present filling the role of a Kickapoo Indian chief with very great acceptance and appears to have struck a remunerative contract, having only two hours a day of duty after which he has the rest of the day to himself. He desires to be remembered to all his old Deseronto friends whom with true magnanimity he has not forgotten in the hour of prosperity. In that part of the country they are having rain every day and the country, he states, is looking grand.

"Men in Mars."

M. FAYE, the Paris astronomer, recently read an interesting communication at the Academy of Science, which contained some curious information concerning the "Men in Mars." The author of the communication is M. Perrotin, of the Nice Observatory. This gentleman brought a powerful glass to bear on the planet, and from what he saw it appears that Mars is not entirely inhabited by men, but by most skilful and energetic canal-cutters and engineers who put M. de Lesseps and his fellow-piercers of isthmuses "in back seats." Astronomers have already called the lines going from sea to sea on the surface of Mars "canals" but M. Perrotin says that some of these waterways are, like the Panama project, still unfinished.

Headed the Procession.

The Orange Demonstration at Port Hope on the 12th of July was one of the most imposing celebrations held in Ontario on that eventful day. About 1,200 men marched in the procession. South Hastings, was given the post of honour, the Shannonville Lodge headed by the Rathbun Company's Band heading the procession. The speeches in the afternoon were very good including a suggestive address by John White, Esq., ex-M. P. In its notes on the events of the day the Port Hope *Times* states that "the Rathbun Company Band headed the procession and played good music." The Belleville *Intelligence* report says that: "The Deseronto Band, which accompanied the South Hastings contingent, had the place of honour assigned it in the procession, at its head, and well sustained the honor. Many were the favourable comments passed upon it, and they were well deserved. The Band is a credit to the town, but then like everything that Deseronto does, it must be well done." We are glad to read such flattering comments on this organization. The members of the Band were delighted with their trip and speak in highest terms of the courtesy and hospitality they received from the officers and members of the Shannonville Lodge.

Building Operations.

Building operations continue quite brisk. In addition to the new building already chronicled in these columns a number of residences have recently been contracted for or already commenced. Mr. Geo. Clement, builder, has received a contract from the Rathbun Company to erect a house on St. George street, boy and Mr. Poitras' residence. It will be 23x28 ft. and 20 ft. post with kitchen 14x16 ft., and 10 ft. post, with woodhouse, cellar, &c. Mr. John Gault, builder of Napanee, has nearly completed for Robert Gault a handsome brick residence 22x28 ft., with kitchen 18x18, cottage roof, on east Dundas street. Mr. George Clement has also the contract for the carpenter work of this edifice. Mr. Gault has also commenced to build a handsome brick residence on west Thomas street for Mr. Andrew Knapp. It will be 22x28 ft., kitchen 16x16 ft., and woodhouse 12x13 ft., all of brick. Mr. Gault will also build a residence on west Thomas street for Mr. Wm. Irvine. It will also be of brick 24x30 ft., kitchen 12x18 ft., &c. Mr. Geo. Stewart, of the Deseronto House, is collecting stone and other material for a handsome residence to be built on Mill street on the site of the shop recently occupied by the late Mr. Edward Gracey, and which he has removed for the purpose. Mr. Char. Pallie is the contractor. The house will be of brick 30x36 ft., with kitchen 20x18 ft. Mrs. Green is rebuilding the house on Dundas street formerly owned by Mr. A. Sagar. Several other residences will soon be commenced. These together with the new Chemical Works buildings and the addition at present in progress on the sash factory and terra cotta works as well as the renovation of the Methodist Church afford employment to a large number of mechanics and labourers.

A New Enterprise.

Messrs. F. S. Emmons and R. J. Dunning, two enterprising young men, have under the style of the Riverside Canning Company, started a canning factory at Shannonville where they will put up all kinds of choice fruit, vegetables, etc. Though this has not been a favourable year for such a venture the young men have already met with much encouragement and are finding a good market for the products of their factory. Such an establishment we have long advocated for Deseronto, but we are glad to find that Shannonville is the seat of such an industry, which must become a great benefit to the district. The farmers should give all encouragement to the new enterprise by raising such vegetables as may be required, thus ensuring a good market. It is becoming more and more evident that the system of agriculture which has obtained in the part of this district must be completely changed, and more attention be paid to raising stock, market gardening, and new methods generally. We wish the young men all success in this new venture.

Presbyterian Picnic.

The congregation and Sabbath school of the Presbyterian Church held their annual excursion and picnic on Thursday, 19th inst. Favoured by royal weather the event was a most pleasing success, being thoroughly enjoyed by the whole party over four hundred in number. Headed by the Rathbun Company Band, the various classes of the Sabbath School marched in procession from their room to the dock where they boarded the Quinte. That fine vessel soon swung off and commenced her trip down the bay. The sail was most pleasant and invigorating. Past the Reach, Davey's Island, Glenora, Adolphustown, Indian Point, and the Upper Gap with its swell suggestive and in some cases indeed provocative of sea-sickness, the steamer proceeded to Stella Point, the very best of picnic grounds. Arrived at the grove dinner was speedily prepared and partaken of by the hungry hundreds, and, it may be observed, that in the matter of absorbing picnic delicacies the undemonstrative Presbyterian yields not precedence to his brethren of any other religious belief whatever. After dinner various pastimes, such as cricket, baseball, races, were indulged in. In fine all from the Reverend pastor and ever busy superintendent down to the six pounds baby entered into the spirit of the occasion and enjoyed themselves. The return trip was very pleasant. The Rathbun Company Band furnished delectable music; the choir gave several selections; Messrs. F. Hogle and H. Parks with banner and mouth organ rendered pleasing duets, and every person was cheerful and happy. Capt Christie, Purser Power, and the officers and crew of the Quinte were the very pink of perfection in the way of courteous attention and politeness. About 8 p. m. Deseronto was reached, the whole party being greatly benefited by their pleasure and health giving trip down the Bay of Quinte.

Maurice Hays, a well-to-do farmer at Erinsville, dropped dead in the field on his farm while binding hay, last Monday morning. He was 55 years of age and heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death.

Henry Finkle, of Newburgh, died Wednesday morning, aged 67 years. He was one of the leading men of the village and, besides running a fine carriage works, was owner of the Kingston and Newburgh and Kingston and Napanee stage lines.

A new dodge is reported to be in vogue in the summer resorts this season. A big maskinonge is passed from one to another and passed off as caught at each place.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received up to the 28th July for the works required in the completion of S. Mark's Church, Deseronto, separately as follows:—

CHANCEL and VESTRY, BELL TOWER, and CHIMNEY.

About 25 cords STONE and 40 loads SAND now on the ground to be taken at a valuation.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of F. Donoghue & Bro., Deseronto, or Thomas Hanley, Architect, Belleville.

The Committee does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

E. A. RIXEN, Sec'y,
Deseronto, Ont.

NOTICE.

ALL persons found trespassing on my garden or orchard will be prosecuted according to law.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.
Deseronto, July 19th, 1888.

Building Lots.

FOR SALE on Green street, lots 13, 14 and 15. For information apply to
MR. PATRICK O'GONNOR,
O'Connor House,
April 27.—3 mos. Deseronto.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.
Apply to
F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, June 7, 1888.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.
Apply to MR. F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, April 12, 1887

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.

THE RATHBUN CO.

JUSTICE
CAN'T BE DONE.

Every week, we realize the fact that justice can't be done to such a large stock as ours', in the small space of one column in a newspaper. You must come and see for yourself. Sometimes we have so many bargains that we can't mention all of them. All the more necessity for you to come direct here, so that if there are any plums to be had, we may have a chance to show them to you. Again some of you are asking other dry goods people, for some of the bargains which can only be obtained from us. Things of that kind are unpleasant for you and unpleasant for them. Our advice to you is to avoid any unpleasantness of this kind, by coming direct to us. We can always do well for you. We can give you bargains which are simply unapproachable. Don't forget during the heated season that we have a very large stock of dress materials of every description with trimmings, and buttons to match. Don't forget that Miss Allison has become proficient in the art of Dress and Mantle making, and is giving such excellent satisfaction to all her numerous customers is able to make you up a dress guaranteed satisfactory. In Millinery goods we have genuine surprises for all our customers—Miss Smith will give you some royal bargains in Hats and Millinery goods of every description.

Clothing.

Our Clothing Department has this season received a much needed and much appreciated complement in our large stock of Boy's Clothing. The mothers are pleased, the boys are pleased—in fact everyone who has seen the handsome lot of suits is pleased. We have suits to fit boys of every age and every size. We take a pride in keeping a good assortment. Bring your boys to us for clothing. Boy's Boating Shirts, Boy's Hats, Boy's Ties, Boy's Collars. In Men's Ordered Clothing it is hardly necessary to tell you about Mr. Walters and his stock. He has a very fine stock and will make you up a suit of clothes not only guaranteed satisfactory, but guaranteed equal in style and finish to any city work. Every year finds him, if possible, more skillful and more obliging than the preceding one. He makes a specialty of Clergymen's Clothing, and clergymen are allowed a liberal discount on all purchases.

In Ready-Made Clothing our assortment is very large and our prices are low. We can give you some bargains in Ready-Made Clothing.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto July 20, 1888

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 43 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LAMB, 6 to 7 " "
BEEF, 44 to 6 " "
LARD, 14 to 13 " "
EGGS, 12 to 13 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 125 cts. to $1.30 per bag.
HAY, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 40 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 " "
GEESE, 50 to 55 cents each.
Hides 3 to 4 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 90 to 100 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 4 " "
Hogs, live weight, $5.50 to $6.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $7 to $8 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

BALLANCE.—At Kingsford, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. William Ballance, of a son.

DEATHS.

CRAIG:—At the Manse, Deseronto, on the 16th inst., Eric Storms, infant son of Rev. R. J. and F. Gertrude Craig, aged 16 days.

MOYSE:—At Cobourg, on the 15th inst., Mr. John Moyse, aged 33 years and 4 months.

MCCULLOUGH:—At Napanee, on the 12th inst., Mr. Chas. McCullough, aged 62 years.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well-known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower* it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Union lodge, No. 9, A. F. and A. M., Napanee, will meet for the first time in their new hall 20th July. The committee are vigorously pushing forward the final arrangements. More commodious lodge quarters will not be found in Eastern Ontario.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has long held the first place, as a hair-dressing, in the estimation of the public. Ladies find that this preparation gives a beautiful gloss to the hair, and gentlemen use it to prevent baldness and cure humors in the scalp.

CARTER'S

BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM

OPPOSITE THE

O'CONNOR HOUSE, DESERONTO

The undersigned thanks the public of Deseronto and vicinity for the liberal patronage accorded him during the past 12 years he has been in business and hopes he will continue to merit a continuance of the same.

He is showing a full line of Ladies', Gents and Children's BOOTS & SHOES of the best make in Canada which he is selling at rock bottom prices.

He makes CUSTOM WORK and Repairs a specialty, having engaged MR. J. A. MOORE, late of Belleville, a first class hand at sewed work. Any persons favouring him with orders for HAND-SEWED boots can depend on getting them to suit at lowest possible prices. A call to inspect his stock and work is earnestly solicited.

T. N. CARTER.

IMPORTANT TO ALL
Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with

DANDRUFF

USE

D. DORENWEND'S

"HAIR MAGIC"

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

DO NOT DELAY, if your hairis in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egar, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, Toronto, Canada. Sole Manfr.,

A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.

No Universal Remedy

has yet been discovered; but, as at least four-fifths of human diseases have their source in **Impure Blood**, a medicine which restores that fluid from a depraved to a healthy condition comes as near being a universal cure as any that can be produced. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** affects the blood in each stage of its formation, and is, therefore, adapted to a greater variety of complaints than any other known medicine.

Boils and Carbuncles,

which defy ordinary treatment, yield to Ayer's Sarsaparilla after a comparatively brief trial.

Mr. C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., writes that for years he was afflicted with boils which caused him much suffering. These were succeeded by carbuncles, of which he had several at one time. He then began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after taking three bottles, the carbuncles disappeared, and for six years he has not had even a pimple.

That insidious disease, **Scrofula**, is the fruitful cause of innumerable complaints, **Consumption** being only one of many equally fatal. Eruptions, ulcers, sore eyes, glandular swellings, weak and wasted muscles, a capricious appetite, and the like, are pretty sure indications of a scrofulous taint in the system. Many otherwise beautiful faces are disfigured by pimples, eruptions, and unsightly blotches, which arise from impure blood, showing the need of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to remedy the evil.

All sufferers from blood disorders should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial,—avoiding all powders, ointments, and washes, and especially cheap and worthless compounds, which not only fail to effect a cure, but more frequently aggravate and confirm the diseases they are fraudulently advertised to remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER

in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.

Corner Main & St. George Streets, Deseronto.

A Years' Experience!

After nearly a years experience of Simson's Liniment I have found it to be what I supposed at first it was, a an excellent Liniment to have about stable. I have used it in cases of Cuts, Galls, Bruises and Sprains on my horses, and in every case found relief at once. Cleansing the cuts and galls so that they healed rapidly, and reducing the soreness in cases of sprains and bruises in a short time.

Nothing has presented itself to me that has so effectively relieves and prevents the Horse Distemper. I have also found it of very great service, both in my own family and in the families of my men, in cases for which it is intended to be used.

R. T. WARDEN,
Livery Stable, 31 King Square,
St. John, N. B.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exists thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y, OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

Who will write Policies as low as any other Stock Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

DON'T NEGLECT THE COUGH

COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA DIFFICULT BREATHING and all THROAT and LUNG complaints.

Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic.

Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.

P. PLMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.
(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.

Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock. Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their footwear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', -:- ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL,
SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER,
SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD —BINDERS,— REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.

Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY

REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord*, and *Generative Organs of Both Sexes*, either sex, *Emissions* and all ills caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich*

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING
TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY
NEWSPAPERS
Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

Invention

has revolutionized during the last half century. Not least among wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; and one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

To the Public.

THE TRIBUNE

OFFICE

Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of

Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,

NEW TYPE,

—AND—

OTHER EQUIPMENTS

Have been lately added to

OUR OUTFIT,

enabling work to be

Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY

should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto News Co.,

LIMITED),

DESERONTO, ONT.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

Mr. M. B. Burr will rebuild his mill at Bloomfield.

An Orange hall will be erected at Foxboro.

Trenton's imports for June were $8,103; exports $88,304.

Crops in the back townships of Hastings are looking well.

Hay cannot be had at Thomasburg for either love or money.

Frank Reid caught a maskinonge in Moira Lake as long as himself.

The new uniforms for the Gananoque Brass Band cost $200.

Travel on the Thousand Island Railway is rapidly increasing.

An effort will be made to re-open the Belleville stove foundry.

William Pugh, Kingston, was killed by a railway train near Syracuse.

A small steamer will be placed on the waters of lake Calabogie.

The Presbyterian church at Lonsdale has been renovated and re-opened.

Tourists are beginning to visit the lake at Marmora in larger numbers.

Belleville people are not satisfied with the work done by their high school.

The population of Farmersville taken for purposes of incorporation is 912.

If proper inducements are offered a new woolen mill will be started in Cornwall.

Destructive bush fires have been doing much damage on the 3rd con. of Tyendinaga.

Trenton, like other primitive villages, is grievously afflicted with the cow nuisance.

W. Cumming, Trenton, was handling his revolver and it went off, the ball wounding his scalp.

The Young Men's Christian Association started in Stirling has failed for lack of support.

The N. T. & Q. Ry, station at Yarker has been neatly painted, &c, and looks very fine.

Thomas Kerr, a well known commercial traveller, died very suddenly at Kingston last Sunday.

The Napanee Driving Park Association has been incorporated with a capital of $10,000.

Kingston Locomotive works pay $1200 daily in wages, over 500 men being employed.

The bridge at Cloe's Mill, North Fredricksburg, has been completed and is now open for travel.

Trenton is pushing to the front and will have a fair of its own on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of October.

Madoc by 22 of a majority has voted eight thousand dollars to build a high school. Well done, Madoc.

W. Jones, Sheffield, took a load of blueberries to Napanee, the first of the season, and sold them readily at 12c. per quart.

A. Parent, R. A. Samson, and Jas A. Quinlan were each fined $20 and costs for violation of the Crooks Act.

Capt Manson has received orders from the department at Ottawa to proceed with dredging operations at Belleville.

The financial report of the Tamworth Methodist church has been issued. It shows receipts amounting to $835.44.

Smith's Falls keeps up its reputation for public spirit by unanimously voting $10,000 for general public improvements.

The summer meeting of the Ontario fruit growers association at Picton last week was comparatively unsuccessful.

Thos. McIntyre, a well to do farmer of Elmsley, was killed last Friday by falling from a load of hay.

A man named Overton, of Whitby, committed suicide at Bowmanville by shooting himself through the head.

The town of Hawkesbury is in danger of being wiped out by the discontinuance of the Hamilton milling business.

Attempts at train wrecking have been made several times recently at Gilmour station on the C. O. R. Railway.

The dwelling, barn, and cheese factory owned by Wilson Read, two miles north of Canifton, were destroyed by fire on the 12th inst.

Large shipments of ashes have been made from Picton to Connecticut. These ashes should be used by farmers in the bay district.

Some Madoc citizens played a trick on a Stirling man recently by painting his feet when he was asleep. It was a large contract.

Belleville authorities do not know what in the world to do with a semi-insane man named Whitley. Happy thought, pass him along to Kingston.

The Kingston regatta was not a success; there were several collisions and other mishaps. Lake Ontario yachting is evidently a thing of the past.

Owing to difficulty of collecting subscriptions consequent on the poor crops, the memorial church at Adolphustown will not be completed this year.

Trimble's slaughter house in West Napanee has been destroyed by fire; supposed by parties who have long suffered from it as a disagreeable nuisance.

The house and its contents, belonging to Fred Trumpour, Hallowell township, were destroyed by fire last Friday morning. Loss covered by insurance.

L. L. Callagher, of Wilton, will sue the corporation of Kingston for $5,000 for damages received by his vehicle striking against the railway track and causing him serious injuries.

Angus Macdonald, formerly connected with the famous "Coffin" Macdonald gang, was arrested in Belleville while in the act of burglarizing a shop in that city.

Rev. Father Davis, Madoc, has adopted a novel scheme to remove the debt on his church. He chose five young men and insured the lives of each for $1,000.

The family of Robert Barr, section 4 Station, have been sadly bereaved, six father dying on June 5th, and four children having since died from diptheria.

The Gananoque *Reporter* objects to the practice of congregations engaging societies to lay corner stones of new church edifices. The *Reporter* is right in its line of argument.

A Sidney farmer writes that "Farmers should sow their grain after a fall of rain to ensure good crops. The men that stand, ditch and attend to the plowing and sowing are the men that get good crops. One of our neighbors who did this and has put up good wire fences has as good crops as last year. He took twenty-one loads of clover off nine acres." This long drought has been sent by Providence to teach farmers of the bay district that their old primitive methods of agriculture should be discarded.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER IX.

HIGH-WATER.

Meanwhile, Warren Relf, navigating the pervasive and ubiquitous little *Mud-Turtle*, had spent his summer congenially in cruising in and out of Essex mud flats and Norfolk broads accompanied by his friend and chum Potts, the marine painter—now lying high and dry with the ebbing tide on some broad bare bank of ribbed sand, just relieved by a battle-royal of gulls and rooks from the last reproach of utter monotony; now working hard at the counterfeit presentment of a green-grown wreck, all picturesque with waving tresses of weed and sea-wrack, in some stranded estuary of the Thames backwaters; and now again tossing and lopping on the uneasy bosom of the German Ocean, whose rise and fall would seem to suggest to a casual observer's mind the physiological notion that the finned crabs and lobsters had given it a prolonged and serious fit of marine indigestion.

For a couple of months at a stretch the two young artists had toiled away ceaselessly at their labour of love, painting the sea itself and all that therein is, with the eyots, creeks, rivers, sands, cliffs, banks, and inlets adjacent, in every variety of mood or feature, from its grassiest calm to its angriest tempest, with endless patience, delight, and satisfaction. They enjoyed their work and it repaid them. It was almost al the payment they ever got, indeed, for, like loyal sons of the Cheyne Row Club, the crew of the *Mud Turtle* were not successful. And now, on September was only less than half through, Warren Relf began to bethink himself at last of Hugh Massinger, whom he had left in rural ease on dry land at Whitestrand under a general promise to return for him 'in the month of the decline of roses,' some time between the 15th and the 20th. So, on a windy morning, about that precise period of the year, with a north easterly breeze setting strong across the North sea, and a falling barometer threatening squalls, according to the printed weather report, he made his way out of the mouth of the Yare, and turned southward before the flowing tide in the direction of Whitestrand.

The sea was running high and splendid, and the two young painters, inured to toil and accustomed to danger, thoroughly enjoyed its wild magnificence. A storm to them was a study in action. They could take notes calmly of its fiercest moments. Almost every wave broke over the deck; and the patient little *Mud-Turtle*, with her flat bottom and centre board keel, tossed about like a walnut shell on the surface of the water, or drove her nose madly from time to time into the crest of a billow, to emerge triumphant one moment later, all shining and dripping with sticky brine, in the deep trough on the other side. Painting in such a sea was of course simply impossible; but Warren Relf, who loved his art with supreme devotion, and never missed an opportunity of catching a hint from his ever-changing model under the most unpromising circumstances, took out pencil and paper a dozen times in the course of the day to preserve at least in black and white some passing aspect of her mutable features. Potts for the most part managed sheet and helm; while Relf, in the intervals of luffing or tacking holding hard to the mast with his left arm, and with his left hand just grasping his drawing-pad on the other side of the mast, jotted hastily down with his right whatever peculiar form of spray or billow happened for the moment to catch and impress his artistic fancy. It was a glorious day for those who liked it; though a land lubber would no doubt have roundly called it a frightful voyage.

They had meant to make Whitestrand before evening; but half-way down, an incident of a sort that Warren Relf could never bear to miss intervened to delay them. They fell in casually with a Yarmouth lugger, disabled and distressed by last night's gale, now scudding under bare poles before the free breeze that churned and whitened the entire surface of the German Ocean. The men on board were in sore straits, though not as yet in immediate danger; and the yawl gallantly stood in close by her, to pick up the swimmers in case of serious accident. The shrill wind tore at her mainmast; the waves charged her in vague ranks; the gaff quivered and moaned at the shocks; and every now and anon, with a bellowing rush, the resistless sea swept over her triumphantly from stern to stern. Meanwhile, Warren Relf, eager to fix this stray episode on good white paper while it was still before his eyes, made wild and rapid dashes on his pad with a sprawling hand, which conveyed to his mind, in strange shorthand hieroglyphics some faint idea of the scene as it passed before him.

"She's a terrible bad sitter, this smack," he observed in a loud voice to Potts, with good-humored enthusiasm, as they worked together with struggling hands on the deck of the *Mud-Turtle*. "The moment you think you've just caught her against the skyline on the crest of a wave, she lurches again, and over she goes, plump down into the trough, before you've had a chance to make a single mark upon your sheet of paper. Ships are always precious bad sitters at the best of times; but when you and your model are both plunging and tossing together in dirty weather on a choppy channel, I don't believe even Turner himself could make much out of it in the way of a sketch from nature.—Hold hard, there, Frank! Look out for your head! She's going to ship a thundering big sea across her bows this very minute.—By Jove! I wonder how the smack stood that last high wave!—Is she gone? Did it break over her. Can you see her ahead there?"

"She's all right still," Potts shouted from the flow, where he stood now in his oilskin suit, drenched from head to foot with the dashing spray, but cheery as ever, in true sailor fashion. "I can see her mast just showing above the crest. But it must have given her a jolly good wetting. Shall we signal the men to know if they'd like to come aboard here?"

"Signal away," Warren Relf answered good-humouredly above the noise of the wind. "No more sketching for me to-day, I take it. That last lot she shipped wet my pad through and through with the nasty damp brine. I'd better put my sketch, as far as it goes, down below in the locker. Wind's freshening. We'll have enough to do to keep her nose straight in half a gale We're going within four or five points of the wind now, as it is. I wish we could run clear ahead at once for the poplar at Whitestrand. I would too, if it weren't for the smack. This is getting every bit as hot as I like it. But we must keep an eye upon her, if we don't want her crew to be all dead men. She can't live six hours longer in a gale like to-day's I'll bet you any money."

They signalled the men, but found them unwilling still, with true seafaring devotion, to abandon their ship, which had yet some hours of life left in her. They'd stick to the smack, the skipper signalled back in mute pantomime, as long as her timbers held out the water. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to lie hard by her, for humanity's sake, as close as possible, and to make as slowly as the strength of the wind would allow, by successive tacks, for the river-mouth at Whitestrand.

All day long, they held up bravely, lurching and plunging on the angry waves; and only towards evening did they part company with the toiling smack, as it was growing dusk along the low flat stretch of shore by Dunwich. There, a fish-carrier from the North Sea, one of these fast long steamers that plough the German ocean on the look out for the fishing fleet—whose catches they take up with all speed to the London market, fell in with them in the very nick of time, and transferring the crew on board with some little difficulty, made fast the smack—or rather her wreck—with a tow-line behind, and started under all steam, to save her life, for the port of Harwich. Warren Relf and his companion, dispising such aid, and preferring to live it out by themselves on full hands, were left behind alone with the wild evening, and proceeded in the growing shades of twilight to find their way up the river at Whitestrand.

"Can you make out the poplar, Frank?" Warren Relf shouted back, as he peered ahead into the deep gloom that enveloped the coast with its murky covering. We've left it rather late, I'm afraid, for pushing up the creek with a sea like this! Unless we can spot the poplar distinctly, I should hardly like to risk entering it by the red light on the sandhills alone. Those must be the lamps at Whitestrand Hall, the three windows to starboard yonder. The poplar ought to show by rights a point or so west of them, with the striped buoy just a little this side of it."

"I can make out the striped buoy by the white paint on it," his companion answered, gazing eagerly in front of him; "but I fancy it's a shade too dark now to be sure of the poplar. The lights of the Hall don't seem quite regular. Still, I should think we could make the creek by the red lantern and the beacon at the hithe, without minding the tree, if you care to risk it. You know your way up and down the river as well as any man living by this time; and we've got a fair brace of us on our backs, you see, for going up the mouth to the bend at Whitestrand."

The wind moaned like a woman in agony. The timbers creaked and groaned and cracked. The black waves lashed savagely over the deck. The *Mud Turtle* was almost on the shore before they knew it.

"Luff, luff!" Relf called out hastily, as he peered once more into the deepening gloom with all his eyes. "By George! we're wrong. I can see the poplar—over yonder; do you catch it? We're out of the proper bearings a quarter of a mile. We've gone too far now to make it this tack. We must try again, and get our points better by the high light. That was a narrow squeak of it, by Jove! Frank. I can twig where we've got to now, distinctly. It's the light in the house that led us astray. That's not the Hall: it's the windows of the vicarage."

They ran out to eastward again, for more sea-room, a couple of hundred yards, or farther, and tacked afresh for the entrance of the creek, this time adjusting their course better for the open mouth by the green lamp of the beacon on the sandhill. The light fixed on their own masthead threw a glimmering ray ahead from time to time upon the angry water. It was a hard fight for mastery with the wind. The waves were setting in from the sea and strong tow-rope now; but the tide and stream on the other hand were ebbing rapidly and steadily outward. They always ebbed fast at the turn of the tide, as Relf knew well; a rushing current set in then round the corner by the poplar tree, into the current that had carried out Hugh Massinger so resistlessly seaward in that little adventure of his on the morning of their first arrival at Whitestrand. Only an experienced mariner dare face that bar. But Warren Relf was accustomed to the coast, and made light of danger that other men trembled at.

As they neared the poplar a second time, making straight for the mouth with nautical dexterity, a pale object on the port bow, rising and falling with each rise and fall of the waves on the bar, attracted Warren Relf's casual attention for a single moment by its strange weird likeness to a human figure. At first, he hardly regarded the thing seriously as anything more than a stray bit of floating wreckage; but presently the light from the masthead fell full upon it and with a sudden flush he felt convinced a, once it was something stranger than a mere plank or fragment of rigging.

"Look yonder, Frank," he called out in echoing tones to his mate; that can't be a buoy upon the port bow there!"

The other man looked at it long and steadily. As he looked, the *Mud-Turtle* lurched once more, and a reflected pencil ray of light from the masthead lamp over the surface of the sea, away in the direction of the suspicious object. Both men caught sight at once of some floating white drapery, swayed by the waves, and a pale face upturned in ghastly silence to the uncertain starlight.

"Port your helm hard!" Relf cried in haste. "It's a man overboard. Washed off the smack perhaps. He's drowned by this time I expect, poor fellow."

His companion ported the helm at the word with all his might. The yawl answered well in spite of the breakers. With great difficulty, between wind and tide, they lay up beside the myster ous thing slowly in the very trough of the billows that roared and danced with hoarse joy over the shallow bar; and Relf, holding tight to the sheet with one hand, and balancing himself as well as he was able on the deck, reached out with the other a stout boathook to draw the tossing body alongside within hauling distance of the *Mud-Turtle*. As he did so, the body, eluding his grasp, rose once more on the crest of the wave, and displayed to their view an open bosom and a long white dress, with a floating scarf or shawl of some thin material still hanging loose around the neck and shoulders. The face itself they couldn't as yet distinguish; it fell back languid beneath the spray at the top, so that only the throat and chin were visible; but by the dress and the open bosom alone, it was clear at once that the object they saw was not the corpse of a sailor. Warren Relf almost let drop t he boathook in horror and surprise.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, turning round excitedly, "it's a woman—a lady—dead—in the water!"

The billows broke, and curled over majestically with resistless force into the trough below them. Its undertow sucked the *Mud-Turtle* after it fiercely towards the shore away from the body. With a violent effort, Warren Relf, lunging forward eagerly at the lurch, seized hold of the corpse by the floating scarf. It turned of itself as the hook caught it, and displayed its face in the pale starlight. A great awe fell suddenly upon the astonished young painter's mind. It was indeed a woman that he held in his hand—the dripping hair—a beautiful young girl, in a white dress; and the wan face was one he had seen before. Even in that dim half-light he recognized her instantly.

"Frank!" he cried out in a voice of hushed and reverent surprise—"never mind the ship. Come forward and help me. We must take her on board. I know her! I know her! She's a friend of Massinger's."

The corpse was one of the two young girls he had seen that day two months before sitting with their arms round one another's waists, close to the very spot where they now lay up, on the parched and naked roots of the famous old poplar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Troublesome Language is Japanese.

When first the Japanese learned from the Chinese the use of letters they, with characteristic ingenuity, adopted contracted forms of 47 Chinese characters to represent the syllables of their language, and at the same time with curious unwisdom adopted curative forms of the characters to represent the same sounds. But, further, to make confusion worse confounded, they paid their instructors the compliment of taking over bodily their writing and their literature. There are thus three ways of writing Japanese—(1) the 47 contracted Chinese or Katagana characters; (2) with the curative forms of other Chinese or Hiragana characters; and (3) with the Chinese characters pure and simple. Every school boy has to learn these three systems, and his studies are complicated by the fact that while the first two systems are phonetic the third is mainly ideographic.

But we have not yet reached the end of the difficulties which surround Japanese writing. For although, as has just been said, the Chinese characters are mainly used ideographically, they may at the discretion of the writer be made to represent either the mere sound of the Chinese words which they signify, or the mere sounds of the Japanese words which they signify. Take as an example—the Chinese character meaning "heaven," and pronounced *Tien*, when occurring in a Japanese text may either be read according to an old Chinese pronunciation, *Ten*, "heaven," or as the Japanese word for the same meaning, *Ame*, or simply representing the sounds of *Ten* or *Ame*, apart from their meaning. This is much as if our letters consisted of signs such for instance, as &, which, let us suppose, might either be read "and" or "et," or as the syllable "an d" or "e t," and so be used in such combinations as b&, hand or &iam, etiam.

He Rights.

A certain "periwinkle man" at Melbourne was, without doubt, w.nat might be called "a jolly dog." His only care was to catch a sufficient number of those small like creatures to peddle for money enough to furnish his simple daily wants. He had few worldly goods, and his personal effects were confined to one suit of clothes and a basket. That he understood his rights as a citizen may be suggested by the following anecdote, taken from "Lights and Shadows of Melbourne Life":

When the day came for washing his one shirt, he used to go to the public library and take a piece of soap out of the lavatory, in the full belief that he had a perfect right to do so, and when we informed him that he had committed larceny, he was not only greatly surprised, but highly indignant.

"Wasn't it bought with the public money?" he asked, "and put there for the public use, and haven't I, one of the public, as much right to it as any one else?"

"Of course, but you must go there to use it."

"They wouldn't let me wash my shirt there, would they?"

"Not if they knew it."

"Well, then, what benefit is the soap to me, if I can't take it to where I do my washing?"

"My good fellow, you must understand the trustees do not find soap for washing shirts, either there or anywhere else. It is placed in the lavatory for the use of those visitors who have dirty hands before they handle the books, and you may go there and use it as often as you like, and as much as you like.'

"But if I have the right to use the soap at all, what difference can it make whether I use it inside the building or outside."

"None whatever, as far as the soap is concerned, but the law says you must not take it away."

"The law be hanged! Right's right, and wrong's no man's right." And the injured citizen could not be made to comprehend any side of the question but his own.

A Drop of Ink.

A drop of ink—how much it holds
Upon my pen-point newly wet;
A brilliant fancy it enfolds,
Perhaps, if I could only get
It rightly spread upon the sheet
Of paper, spotless, free from stain—
Alas! I gaze out in the street
And chew my penholder in vain.

Maybe within that inky drop
A poem lies, designed for fame;
But I can't reach Parnassus' top
Because, you see, my feet are lame.
An epigram it may contain
Replete with wisdom and with wit
I'm sure it would not make me vain
If Fate would let me make a hit.

But while I'm speculating here,
The ink will dry upon my pen;
I'll cast aside all doubt and fear,
Maybe my Fate will help me then.
All men of genius I suppose,
Dash down their burning thoughts red hot—
I'll do the same myself—here goes!—
By Jove! I've only made a blot!

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle.

Judge Thurman's name is a German origin and his friends have discovered that it used to be spelled Thormann. That is an ominous discovery. The English for Thormann is "Foolish."

Colonel Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?" "That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

SUMMER SMILES.

We can't understand a ship being "short-handed" when it has yard-arms. Thirty-six inches is a good average length for an arm.

It would no doubt shock many an actress who considers herself a "star" did she ever by accident happen to read that word backward.

"Speaking of butterflies," said an old punster at the Museum "what is home without a moth there?" And all the wax figures groaned.

"Ah! I'm saddest when I sing,"
She sang in plantive key;
And all the neighbors yelled,
"So are we! so are we!"

"Ah! this is quite Springlike," as the tramp remarked when he had settled himself for a night's sleep on a buckboard in a secluded carriage shed.

Fiancee (dreamily)—"Alamazzor, do you not believe in electric affinities? Were we not born to be each one's another? Finance (from foreign climes)—"What a luffly language ze Eenglish is!"

The cottonsseed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes a thread, the thread becomes a fabric, the fabric becomes a print, the print becomes a wrapper and the wrapper becomes a beautiful women. Such be evolution.

Little Mr. O'Flynn—"We have bin married foive years an' more, an' it's divil a cross word to me ould woman have I spoken yit!" Big Mrs. O'Flynn—"If yez did, it would be ther last word yez would iver spake."

That's what's the matter:
A woman can read the new fashion books
And follow the styles as they go,
But a woman can't see how her own bustle looks
Until she sits down in the snow.

Do you attend church regularly?" queried the pastor of a man who had just moved into his parish. "No, I never go to church, but attend all the weddings and funerals. I enjoy them just as well, and then there are no curlections."

A young lady not accustomed to waltzing, at the earnest solicitation of a friend made the attempt. When the music ceased another friend said gaily; "Well, I see you have got through all right." "Yes, was the reply, "but it was a tight squeeze."

A man came into a cigar shop, bough at cigar and threw a dollar down on the counter. He was hurriedly departing when the dealer called after him: "Hold on, hold on, it's bad!" "Never mind," answered the purchaser, as he quickly passed out, "I'll smoke it anyhow."

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way. "What makes you so quiet, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for any thing to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

"So you are going to move, Mrs. Marjoram?" "Yes, Mrs. Sweetbriar; into a lovely detached house on Elm Road." "Has it got a view?" "I should say it had. Why, we can look right into the dining-room next door and see the family eat their meals." "Dear, dear how lucky you always are!"

"Now, Johnnie, go and kiss your little sweetheart and make it up," said Johnnie's mother. "No I won't." "Go and tell her how much you love her and how sorry you are." "No I won't. Pa says he got into a breach of promise case by tellin' a girl that, and had to marry the old thing. I won't run any risks, I won't."

The Man Who Was in Her Room.

Scene in a private boarding house: First Boarder—"There's some one in Mrs. De Boots' room; I hear her talking."

Second Boarder—"It's a man. Listen!"

Mrs. De Boots (in her room)—"Kiss me, Jack."

Chorus of Boarders (in an undertone)—"Oh! oh! oh! and her husband's name is Charlie!"

Mrs. De Boots (within)—"Do you love me, Jack?"

Deep Masculine Voice (in response)—"Well, I should smile!"

Boarders (outside)—"Heartless creature! We shall leave this very day. Let us confront her at once."

They knock and open the door simultaneously. Mrs. De Boots confronts them with her parrot on her finger. "Oh!" they exclaim, "we heard your parrot talking and came in to see him."

"Speak to the ladies, Jack," says Mrs. De Boots with a quiet smile.

She had boarded before.

Sun and Weather.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says:—The heat storm which was expected last Saturday, with a prospect of continuance for several days, has fulfilled all expectations. As stated last week in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, it is the second return of that disturbed region of the sun which produced the heat storm of April 27th-29th. The disturbances on the sun are acuke which affect nearly a quarter of the sun's equatorial region.

Canning Fruit.

This table of the quantity of sugar needed to a quart of fruit is as reliable as could be given, I think:

Cherries	6 oz.	Peaches	4 oz.
Strawberries	9	Pineapple	6
Raspberries	4	Crab Apples	8
Lawton Blackberries	8	Green Gage Plums	8
Field do.	6	Whortleberries	6
Quince	10	Blueberries	4
Quince and Sweet Apple	7	Pineplant	11
		Peaches	4 to 6

A Little Thing Like That.

Husband (out of humor). "Well, I never saw a tooth-brush wear out like this one—only had it a week, and here the bristles are all gone, and it tastes like the dickens; I wish you'd take better care of my things."

Young and inexperienced wife (pouting). "I do, and I'm sure I cleaned it thoroughly after polishing the silver with it. I did my best, and you shouldn't complain."

Takes His Wife Fishing.

ChicagoHerald: The announcement that the President and his wife will go off for a few days' fishing in July of itself alone disproves the silly stories told by Preacher Pendleton. What woman can preserve the taciturnity necessary to successful fishing? Evidently the President thinks more of his wife than of his luck with the rod, and that, as every one knows, is saying quite enough for him.

YOUNG FOLKS.

MONKEY LIFE IN BRITISH INDIA.

BY THOS. STEVENS.

Everybody who travels in India comes in contact with monkeys. Hindoo mythology tells of a monkey king, Hanuman by name, who performed prodigies of valor in war. He was also commander of a great army of that monkey soldiers that once invaded the island of Ceylon to do battle with King Ravana who reigned there.

King Ravana was a monster with twenty hands and ten heads, a very warlike being, and exceedingly difficult to overcome. In order to reach his island, says the story, Hanuman's monkey soldiers were obliged to build a bridge across the sea.

On account of his valorous deeds and great wisdom, Hanuman is regarded by the superstitious people of India as a fit subject for worship as a god. Idols and temples were erected to his memory, and monkeys everywhere are regarded as his representatives. For this reason monkeys are considered sacred by the Hindoos. They are never molested, and are permitted to take their chief abode in the trees and villages by the thousand. It is considered a meritorious act to feed them, and nothing less than sacrilege to do them harm.

As may readily be imagined, a swarm of mischievous monkeys occupying a town need a good deal of watching. The monkey everywhere is a notorious pilferer, and in India he repays the natives for the superstitious regard for his welfare by stealing their fruit.

The big bunches of bananas, baskets of dates, nuts and parched grain on the village stalls, have to be watched closely to prevent their being carried off. Scores of monkeys may be seen perched on the low roofs near by, watching for an opportunity to slip down and help themselves. Eternal vigilance on the part of the shopkeeper alone prevents him from being robbed at every hour of the day.

Sometimes the monkey population of a town becomes so numerous, that the people are fairly driven out of their own houses, being eaten out of house and home. When things come to this pass, the pious Hindoo is very much grieved to see the sacred anthropoids growing thin for want of sufficient food, and often shares with them his own scanty meals.

In sheer pity and to save them from ruin, the English Government officials sometimes take summary measures to rid the townspeople of the multitudes of thievish pensioners that swarm around their dwellings. Although the Hindoos are protected from their depredations even to ruin rather than do them injury, they offer no objections to being relieved of their burdensome charges by the government, so long as the measures taken are not of a sanguinary nature.

The monkeys are generally caught and shipped off in big cage wagons, or if near the railroad in cars, to some point many miles away and turned loose in the wild jungle to shift for themselves.

Jocko is a very sagacious and knowing customer to deal with, however, and has to be conveyed a long distance or he will soon find his way back to his old haunts. The municipal authorities at Benares once undertook to thin out the multitude of monkeys inhabiting a certain temple in the suburbs of the city, by catching them and turning them loose in the jungle on the other side of the Ganges River. The very next morning every monkey was back in the temple again.

The English officials were astonished. The Ganges at Benares is a swift-flowing river, several hundred yards wide. They couldn't imagine the monkeys capable of finding their way back by swimming, and so they instituted an inquiry. The natives were very loath to appear as witnesses against the sacred representatives of Hanuman, and for a time the affair remained shoulded in mystery.

By and by, however, the fact leaked out that the monkeys had been covertly ferried back again in the night by a pious Hindoo boatman. He had seen the big drove of monkeys congregated on the opposite river bank, gazing mournfully across the river at their old home, and taking pity on them had taken them aboard his ferry boat in the night, and stealthily rowed them back to Benares.

Monkeys used to living in towns and associating with human beings are very much averse to shifting for themselves in the wild jungle. Very often when unable to find their way back to their native place, they take up their abode in some town nearer by.

The sight of a car-load of monkey exiles being taken from their homes to the jungle, always excites pity in the breasts of the Hindoos. One day whilst a train containing one of these queer consignments was side-switched for a few minutes, a compassionate Brahman secretly opened the door of the car, and liberated the prisoners.

The town where this occurred was already groaning beneath the curse of a numerous monkey population, and the people were in no frame of mind for extending cordial welcome to the new arrivals. The monkeys, however, must not be interfered; and the Brahman kept his own transaction secret, and with true Oriental philosophy, the people concluded that it was their fate to receive this addition to the monkey population of their town.

The roadways of British India are lined with splendid trees on either side for much of their length. These trees are the abiding place of troops of monkeys of all sizes and varieties from pretty little white-faced fellows no larger than a squirrel to ugly black-faced apes almost as large as a man.

During my "Tour Around the World on a Bicycle," I wheeled some fourteen-hundred miles along these monkey-infested highways, and saw some very curious sights. Sometimes the monkeys would file in long strings across the road, close behind one another, each one looking anxiously behind, evidently very much disturbed at the strange appearance of the bicycle.

Shinning up the tall toddy-palms or cocoanut trees one after another, they would hide themselves among the thick leaves and fruit, and peer curiously down at me as I wheeled past, giving vent to their perturbation in excited cries. One day I remember while I was on a hot stretch of

MOULMEIN'S ODD CAVERNS.

The Place Itself, Its Site and Its Great Temple.

BY DAVID KER.

Our visit to the "Golden Kingdom" of Burmah has certainly been filled with adventures up to the very end. Tradition tells that during a passing visit to Vienna the old King of Ava-ria and several lesser German Princes took refuge from a heavy shower of rain beneath the archway of a concert hall, and that one of the ultra-radical journals indulged in some pointed allusions to a noise made outside the hall by "a lot of Kings and other low people who had congregated there." We ourselves have heard and seen a sufficiency of "Kings and other low people" within the last week, for our final voyage down the Irrawaddy was made in the company if five Burmese robbers, and our last visit on Rangoon was paid to three Burmese Queens. In truth—like the small boy who played at hunting, and called out that he was "knee-deep in tigers"—we have lived for the last few days in a perfect atmosphere of robbers. Four dacoits (native pirates) were hanged at Mandalay on the last morning of our stay there. Five more (as I have said) accompanied us down the river in irons under a strong guard, and I hear that 20 other gentlemen of the same respectable class are to be our fellow-passengers from Burmah to Calcutta three or four days hence.

But I must keep the description of the Queens and the robbers for another time, Moulmein itself being quite enough for one letter. Its proverbial renown as "one of the prettiest places in Burmah" is certainly not undeserved. The first token of its presence in approaching it by sea from Rangoon is

THE SIGHT OF THE NOBLE MOUNTAINS

of Pegu hanging like a cloud of shadowy purple on the bright evening sky. Then a long, low band of dark green begins to unroll itself along the edge of the blue, shining sea, extending in such an unbroken line on either side as far as the eye can reach that it seems as if you were going to sail, like the Flying Dutchman, right across the land. But the sudden change of the clear green water to a thick, soapy brown shows that there must be a river not far off, and a sudden turn around the low, wooded point now brings your steamer into the broad muddy estuary of the Salween.

Just at first, however, there is little token of civilization, or of human life in any form, amid the pathless wilderness of inlets that bristles along either bank. Almost the only sign of man's presence is the occasional appearance of small wooden signal towers which, with their gaunt white ribs and the huge whitewashed ball that surmounts them, look unpleasantly like the bleached skeletons of criminal giants who have been tied to stakes and left to drown. But, little by little, tiny bamboo huts and leaf-thatched native cottages begin to peer through the endless tangle of intertwined boughs. Then civilization asserts itself unmistakably in the curling smoke of a huge brick chimney belonging to a timber mill on the right bank. Another chimney shows itself on the opposite side a little further up, and then a sharp curve of the stream gives us a glimpse of Moulmein in the distance, throned amid a glittering maze of rivers like the central gem to meet each other through the great palm forest, against the dark glossy green of which the white houses of the dainty little town stand out like ivory carvings.

As we glide up to our moorings along the river front of the port many a spyglass is turned admiringly from our upper deck upon the great Buddhist temple set like a diadem on the brow of a steep pyramidal hill overhanging the town, along the brink of which runs a low, white boundary wall, inclosing as if in a frame the gilded pagodas and octagon turrets and carved cornices and painted doorways which stand out beneath the rich glow of sunset in one dazzling blaze of glory, while through the stillness of evening comes floating down to us the soft, sweet chime of the tiny golden bells hung all around the great central pinnacle and stirred into music by the passing breeze. But even this glorious spectacle loses its power when a keen-eyed passenger suddenly runs forward to the starboard side of the deck, and, pointing to the shore, calls out excitedly, "There are the elephants!"

There they are, sure enough, the famous "dockyard elephants of Moulmein," whose feats of strength and sagacity, real or invented, are among the standard stories regularly told for the edification of every new comer to Burmah. We are just passing a big timber yard, and among the piled-up logs we can see

THE MIGHTY FIGURES

of the huge, patient, toiling monsters moving slowly to and fro, pushing or hauling 30-foot beams as easily as one would shove a newspaper across a table, and laying them one upon the other with a nicety of adjustment which no carpenter could excel. Moulmein is now the chief centre of this curious industry, for in Rangoon the four-footed laborers of the dockyards are now being fast superseded by the stronger power of King Steam.

But the special sight of Moulmein is that strange underground labyrinth popularly known as "the caves," forming so fully recognized a part of the programme of every true believer in the creed of globe-trotting that to visit Moulmein without seeing it would be as bad as passing through Cairo without going out to the Pyramids, or visiting Kieff without descending into the Catacombs of St. Anthony. Accordingly at daybreak on the morning after our arrival Mrs. Ker and I, with another lady passenger to keep us company, find ourselves rushing through a cloud of dust, in a four-wheeled dog kennel drawn by something which was once a horse, over a road which seems to have been made by an eruption of Vesuvius and repaired by the earthquake of Lisbon. Once clear of the town—which stretches a long straggling shred of bamboo hovels, paper lanterns and quaint Chinese characters, into the open country beyond—we come out upon a high, broad table land, thinly wooded and swept by a fresh breeze, which is very refreshing after the hot dusty closeness and sickening odors of the native town below.

As a matter of course we pass three or four shabby pagodas—for the Buddhist towns of the East are as emphatically "cities of churches" as Toronto itself—and a little further on we came to a Buddhist school, a big wooden building with a huge verandah, through the open windows of which comes

A DEAFENING CLAMOR

of many voices, suggestive of a free fight. But in reality this general uproar is the strongest proof of universal diligence, being customary in the native schools of Burmah and Siam for every scholar to repeat his lesson at the top of his voice as a guarantee that he is really learning it and not idling. But, whereas the Western teacher would punish a pupil for making too much noise, the yellow-robed pedagogue of Eastern Asia would probably be "down upon" one of his flock for not making noise enough.

And now our carriage comes to a halt upon the brow of a steep, slippery ridge, at the foot of which rolls a wide, brown, muddy river; and our native courier, Abdool, (a slim, active Hindu in a snowy turban and long, white robe,) explains that the bank is too miry and precipitous to admit of the carriage being brought down to the raft upon which we were to be ferried across, and that it will be left here to await our return, while we continue our journey in a bullock cart which is ready for us on the opposite bank. The words "bullock cart" are the signal for a general thrill of excitement on the part of three of us, for although we have heard so much of the national conveyance of India and Burmah, we have never yet made personal trial of it as we have of camels and elephants. Before railways became general in these parts, however, the bullock cart was the recognized local method of transit, and I remember to have seen in the diary of an English officer of the middle of the last successive stages of his journey up country through Western India chronicled as follows: "Wassind to Pimpalgaum, Oct. 16. Jolted to bits in a bullock cart." "Pimpalgaum to Mallagaum, Oct. 17. Jolted to bits in a bullock cart." "Mallagaum to Belgaum, Oct. 18. Jolted to bits in a bullock cart." And so on for another fortnight.

It is no easy matter to get down to the water's edge, especially for ladies. Not only are the steps of the wooden ladder that leads down to the raft extremely shaky and very wide apart, but two or three of them have fallen away altogether, leaving gaps which can only be passed by a haphazard leap, giving the leaper a much better chance of going

HEADLONG DOWN INTO THE RIVER

than of alighting safely upon the hand's breadth of wet and dirty planks between. But we all get safe aboard the raft at last (though we can hardly be said to go clean into it) and glide slowly across the broad, swift, coffee-colored stream.

So thickly do the dark masses of palms and undergrowth bristle along the further shore that until we are more than half way across the river we see nothing of the queer little nests of thatch and bamboo, half buried in clustering leaves, forming the "village" that overlooks this primitive ferry. On the crest of the high bank, in front of one of the largest huts, with a circle of eager spectators around it, stands our bullock cart, drawn by two hump-necked native oxen, and driven by a gaunt, piratical-looking Burmese peasant with a very dirty handkerchief wound turban fashion around his shaggy black hair.

The cart being a mere wooden tray on wheels, containing nothing save a sloping ridge of hay covered with a reed mat, and raised very high above the ground, we go through some very startling gymnastics in scrambling into it, to the undisguised delight of the native beholders. But at length we are all packed in, and away we go along a seemingly endless road of dark red clay, raised by an embankment above the bare unending level of the great plain on either side. Nor is this by any means a superfluous precaution, for although at present the whole plain is dry as dust save a few stray pools here and there in the trenches at the foot of the embankment, yet a few months hence, when the monsoon rain torrents, and the swollen rivers come rushing down in their might from the Pegu Mountains, this dusty road will rise like a narrow isthmus from the midst of a boundless lake.

But the monotony of this endless flat is startlingly broken at one point by a strange and magnificent spectacle. Directly in front of us and only a few miles away there start up from the interminable plain five or six huge masses of dark gray rock many hundreds of feet in height, forming a kind of irregular ridge of wall. Their shape is not as extraordinary as themselves. One has the form of a Bishop's mitre, another looks like

THE HEAD OF A BLACK GIANT

rising slowly out of the earth, while a third displays so perfect an imitation of the towers and battlements of an ancient castle that it is hard to believe them wholly nature's work. To all appearance no living thing could find footing upon the tremendous precipices which form the sides of the cliff, and it is startling enough to see as we come nearer that a tree has fastened its roots into every cleft of the rock, and that the whole of this great natural wall is one vast perpendicular garden, nor any human feeling has power any more. We have seen those features too often in Siam and elsewhere not to recognize at a glance the great teacher whose name is still venerated by 300,000,000 of Buddhists 24 centuries after his death—a sentinel, indeed, for this ghostly cavern, which might well be taken for a portal of the world beyond the grave.

We enter this strange catacomb by a crumbling stair, (into the cracks of which countless creepers have fastened their wiry roots), but half at the very entrance to wonder at a scene not easily matched, except perhaps, in the rock-cut temples of North India. Through the dim and ghostly twilight wherewith Dante's wierd imagination filled the regions of the dead, scores of images of Buddha—many of which are of colossal size—start out from gloomy hollows or

STAND LIKE PHANTOM GUARDS

in the niches of the eternal rock. On the features of each and all rests that passionless peace which is the Eastern Asiatic's ideal bliss—that "set gray life," which knows neither joy nor sorrow, in either pleasure or pain.

Nor is the temple itself unworthy of its central figure. Few cathedrals, even among the best of Italy or Spain, have such columns and archways, such carved doorways, porches and grandly vaulted roofs. It is indeed "a temple not made with hands," to which the age of the most venerable abbey in France or England is as nothing. Far down in the dim interior the solemn beauty of this natural architecture may be seen stretching onward, onward, still, as if it would never end, while the few rays of sunlight that struggle into this world of shadow from the dazzling brightness outside give to the whole scene an unearthly and wierd unearthly that it would hardly seem unnatural were Buddha himself to rise before us in bodily form, surrounded by the little band of chosen disciples that hung upon his words when he lived and moved upon the earth ages ago.

In one place the roof of this strange sanctuary is literally coated with tiny Buddhas of hardened red clay, about the size of a very small doll. Our companion—a strong-minded lady with a great taste for curiosities—tries hard to knock one of them off with a long bamboo; but Buddha, more resolute than Col. Crockett's coon, declines to come down, and the sole result of her efforts is to cover us so thickly with the reddish dust that we all three look as if we had been taking a shower-bath of cayenne pepper.

By this time we are all ready for breakfast, and luckily breakfast is ready for us. It is served in the "pilgrim rest house" at the mouth of the cavern—one of those small, white, many-pillared buildings with open sides so common in every part of Southern Asia. Its popularity is shown by the numerous marks of smoke and ashes on the walls and stone floor, as well as

THE COUNTLESS NAMES

scribbled all over them, among which, to my great relief, the circular letters of Burmese writings and the straggling, spider-like characters of Hindustan, far outnumber the more prosaic autographs of Europe.

But our sightseeing is not ended yet. Scarcely is breakfast over when our Burmese bullock driver comes up with a look of as much excitement as his flat, brown, wide-mouthed face—very like a penny with a hole through it—is capable of expressing. Eagerly signing to us to follow him, he sets off along the base of the great cliff at a rate of speed which is absolutely phenomenal in an Asiatic. We follow with no very good will, for the sun is now, as Paddy would say, "hot enough to roast an icicle," but still curious to see what all this excitement can be about. On goes our guide, and on go we after him, till just as we are beginning to wonder whether we are going to tramp all the way back to Moulmein or bound on a walking tour of infinite length into the interior of Burmah, this Eastern version of the Wandering Jew skips up a steep narrow path through the thickets that clothe the lower cliff, and vanishes through a dark gap beyond, whither we follow him.

But what is this mighty pit, half-filled with vast black rocks heaped up in hideous disorder, like the charred fragments of an extinct hell? And these shapeless, fearful shadowy things that flit noiselessly past our faces far up into the great gulf of blackness overhead—are they gibbering ghosts, or only the bats of the cavern? Slowly and cautiously we grope our way over heaps of debris and between huge jagged boulders through a leaden twilight more ghostly than the blackest gloom, till, halting suddenly at a warning gesture from our guide, we find ourselves on the very brink of a black and awful chasm, from whose fathomless depths rises sullenly the hollow roar of unseen waters. What memories of evil lie buried in this ghastly abyss? Have two mortal foes grappled on its edge and gone down into eternal night together, or has it received the corpse of some unsuspecting friend, lured hither by the wiles of treacherous murder? Who can tell? Let us leave this place of horror while we may and get back to the sunlight once more.

Old Ships.

A halo of glory surrounds England's old war ships, but it is far otherwise with the vessels of the mercantile marine. The average life of a merchant ship is from 10 to 15 years. Many survive but a few years; a few live to a painful old age. No matter how favorable the auspices may be when the merchant vessel glides down the ways her hardships increase with old age and her end is pitiable. Her early days are passed under sunny skies. Laden with fragrant teas and shimmering silks from far Cathay, she scuds before the gale or climbs the hill of impeding waters. Age grows on her apace and she is sold as fit only for Norwegians, those buyers of unseaworthy British ships. Then she may be seen struggling along with a cargo of timber, which alone she is fit to carry. The Betsy Caius brought over William of Orange to Britain in 1688, and was cast away in 1837—149 years later. This historical ship that helped to change a dynasty was over 120 years old when she ceased her combat with the wind and waves. The Brothers, a wooden brig built at Maryport in 1786, is even now plowing the waters of the North Sea. We noticed a good model of her in South Kensington museum. She is one of those box-like craft that sailors say are built by the mile and cut off as they are wanted. The Robert, a wooden barkentine built at Barnstaple just 10 years after her Majesty's ship Victory, is in active service. The True love of London, an American-built bark of 1764, would appear to be the oldest trader in the country, or indeed in the world. The Goodwill, built at Sunderland in 1785; the Eliza, built at Whitehavan in 1792, and the Cognac Packet, built at Bursledon in the same year, complete the tale of British ships remaining to us from last century. The Norwegians possess three vessels that have been employed actively for 100 years. We have made an exhaustive analysis, and find there are 290 vessels afloat that were launched before the accession of her Majesty to the throne.

Love of Nature.

No one who reads our English literature of a hundred years ago or more can fail to see that the writers of that age cared nothing for the grandeur of the mountain scenery They speak of mountains as horrid, gloomy, forbidding. If any scenery appealed to them it was the most artificial terrace and tamest lawn.

There was little sympathetic study of nature then under any form. Angling for trout and the fox-hunt were the only pursuits that could suggest the eager search for rocks and plants and bugs, that is now carried on in the fields and woods. This newly awakened taste for out-of-door study, and this serious observation of nature is reflected in the literature of the time, and is often commented upon by writers.

In his recent life of Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Roosevelt takes occasion to say, "It must be remembered that the admiration of mountain scenery is, to the shame of our forefathers be it said, almost a growth of the present century."

As a companion piece to this statement of an American writer, may be taken what Mr. Davies, an Englishman, says of his experience in Holland.

"We were disappointed at the scarcity of birds of any kind either upon the Zuyder Zee or in the country generally; and here it may be mentioned that we did not meet with a single person of natural history tastes. Of the many we questioned on the subject, none indulged, nor had they any friends who indulged, in such childish pursuits."

How to Marry.

When pretty, pouting lips say "no,"
Don't go
And blow
Your brains all out to simply show
How deep you're plunged in mental woe
And pain:
But bid in Cupid's ambush lie,
Nor cry:
Nor sigh;
Nor say all joy has passed you by.
And when a chance is offered, try
Again.

Playing in Hard Luck.

Brown—You don't look very happy, Dumley.

Dumley—I've just lost $2 on a bet.

Brown—That's bad.

Dumley—Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and that young squirt of a doctor, Tipsalve, bet me $2 he could cure it before night, and (bitterly) I'll be hanged if he didn't win the money.

Children's Sayings.

"Jennie," said a little girl's mother, "why don't you be good?" "Yes, mamma, but it is hard to be good, and I can be bad without trying."

"Ma, wouldn't it be nice if you had the tooth-ache, 'stead of Bridget?" said Tommy. "Why, my son?" "'Cause you could take your teeth out; she can't," replied Tommy.

Little Edna, three years of age, had a kitten given her. While playing with it she got scratched, whereupon she called to her elder sister to come and "take the pins out of kittie's feet, so she won't prick me any more."

Charlie was sitting in his mother's lap, when he jumped down, saying, "Come, ma, let's go to the kitchen. I think that I would feel better if I was chewing something."

Jessie's little brother was invited to the party which was given by her teacher. He ate freely of ice cream and cake, and was found later reclining upon a bench, while the other children were at play. When asked why he did not join them, he replied: "I can't play, my pants choke me so."

Frankie was very inquisitive. His father thinking it would keep him still said to him, "My hands are full now, I cannot answer you." "Well, papa, if your hands are full can't you tell me wif your mouf."

Nothing amused our little nephew, five years old, like playing cars. He would run about the house, puffing and whistling in imitation of the engine. One day I chanced to step in his way as he was going at full speed. He stopped, and instead of requesting me to give him the right of way, remarked solemnly: "The engine will wait till that cow gets off the track."

Royal Family of England.

Of the Queen's nine children eight are still living; as a French humorist remarks, "The royal family of England is as fertile in olive branches as her subsoil is rich in coal; there is no fear that either will be exhausted." And all those eight are married, seven of them having children, so that her majesty has quite a little army of princes and princesses, children and grandchildren—fourteen in London, five at Darmstadt, six at Berlin—besides a strong annual contingent of great-grandchildren, who flourish like young bay trees.

More than half of this family, inclusive of the male and female consorts of her children, reside in England on pensions "from a grateful and admiring people;" the balance is spotted about in Germany, yet, though lost to diurnal vision, it is none the less dear to memory, and is quite under the royal thumb, spite of distance, as all have come to learn, when matters do not go precisely as her majesty likes, she makes her relatives a flying visit, and after a short private conversation the most recalcitrant "knuckles under" submissively. Germany, as you are aware, has always been, next to England, the land of her predilection.

A Rooster's Brood.

Pope informs us that:

"Extremes in nature equal good produce." Misfortune may force the male parent of a household to "mother" the babies—and his efforts may result in a sublime success. A good lesson for such cases is in this story of the family of a barn-yard fowl. A correspondent of Home and Household says:

I once had a hen sitting upon a nest of guinea eggs. A sturdy old rooster was very much devoted to her, and changed his roosting place apparently for the sole purpose of being near her nest. One night some wild animal from the woods killed the hen just as her nest was filled with newly hatched guineas. The rooster at once saw the helpless condition of the young brood, so he descended from his perch, took possession of the nest and mothered the young guineas in the most devoted way. When they grew large enough to get upon the roost he sat between them, with five upon one side of him and five upon the other, while his looks and actions seemed to express the gravest sence of responsibility.

Why the Wedding Was Indefinitely Postponed.

"It is cruel to ask me to give Henry up. Besides, pa, although he is poor, he is not without expectations.

"Expectations, eh?" muttered the sordid old man; "very well, we will wait until his expectations ripen."

"But, pa," exclaimed the maiden, Hannah Maria; "his expectations you know, all depend upon his marriage with me?"

"Ha! be it so then!" murmured the melted man, a tear of joy coursing down his nose. "You have conquered. Bless you, my children! Henry, joy in your expectations? And, while I think of it, it may not detract from your happiness to know I have made a will, leaving all my property to the missionaries."

The wedding was indefinitely postponed. The wily parent had succeeded in his fell purpose and two hearts were forced asunder.

The aquatic fool, whose sense of humor leads him to rock the boat and drown several persons, not always, unfortunately, including himself, is again abroad on the water and earning dishonorable mention in the accident column. He belongs, with the man who "didn't know it was loaded," high on the list of idiots incorrigible and irredeemable.

Both the Psychical Society of England and the American Society for Psychical Research have been engaged for a considerable time in the search for ghosts, and they now report despairingly that their efforts have been unavailing. Ghosts, phantoms, and spectres have eluded them, and as a New York paper says, "they have lost their spirits because they could not find any." The result is not surprising. Both these organizations are scientific societies, and it is well known that things uncanny have a holy horror of science. If the societies would send enquirers to the Province of Quebec, they might, if they could keep secret their mission, be more successful in raising a few ghosts.

It seems that at the request of the students and by the vote of the people the no license ticket has carried in Princeton and that now there are no intoxicating liquors sold in that town. It is not only in name that this is carried, there is a firm determination to make it a reality and have it fairly and fully carried out. Naturally it is made a matter for rejoicing that no intoxicating liquors can now be had in a place where from 700 to 800 students are being educated. That is all very well and it is all right, Mr. Cosh says. At the same time if it is good for students it is good for other young men as well, and for old men as well. By all means look after the students but let the others be equally cared for by having the saloon everywhere put down and kept down at all hazards, let moderate drinkers and whisky apologists say what they may.

His Life Insured for a Million.

The greatest achievement in the history of life insurance has been made by Mr. John Wanamaker, who is now paying premiums on $1,000,000 to twenty-nine different companies. The last policy issued on his life was received by him on Thursday last, and so far as is known there is no other man in the world whose life is insured for such an enormous amount.

The premiums paid on these $60,000 annually, and he pays over $60,000 annually in premiums to the different companies in which his risks are placed. In the matter of paying premiums he is out done by Mr. Stetson, who pays $85,000 in the same length of time, but the difference is accounted for by the fact that besides paying the premiums on the risks of his own life, he also pays those on the lives of his business manager and his son-in-law, both of whom he has insured for $100,000 each besides holding policies for large amounts on other people's lives.

Mr. Wanamaker allow the annual dividends to go accumulated until the risks on his life expire he will be entitled to about $1,400,000. There are three companies which carry premiums of $100,000 each on his life. But Mr. Wanamaker is not the only man in Philadelphia upon whose life big risks are issued. George W. Childs is insured for $100,000, and so is Wharton Barker. Hamilton Disston is insured for about $150,000. J. G. Darlington is insured for one-tenth of a million, and his partner, William M. Runk, for twice that amount.

The Roman Wife.

In the early stages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father or pass into the control or, as it was called, into the hands of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, the position she occupied was that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The right of indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato the Censor, "in an act of infidelity, you would kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you, she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and indeed she has no right." Wives were prohibited from tasting wine at the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Egnatius was praised, who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death. The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius Gallus dismissed his because she appeared in the street without a veil, Antistius Vetinius dismissed his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freedman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.

A Devoted Mother.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh. It was conveyed to her in a close carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh, deploring the loss; and the cat was supposed to have found a new home. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress; and there she was with both her kittens, they safely fed, she was very thin. It is clear she could only carry one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-four miles, so that, if she brought one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably have journeyed only during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young. The story seems incredible, but the *Children's Friend* gives it as a fact.

Enjoying the Sonny Side of Life.

Young Happidadde—"Congratulate me, old fellow. Once again I'm a father."

Old Crustipheller—"Humph! How many's that; sight or ten?"

Young H.—"Only six, and all boys. None over twelve years of age What do you think of that?"

Old C.—"I certainly think you are enjoying the sonny side of life."

Something New in Coffee.

When Dusenberry entered the grocery store a bright new placard caught his eye. It read "Something New in Coffee." He owed the grocer one, and he saw his opportunity.

"Something new in coffee, eh?" he said. "Well, that's a pleasing bit of news."

"You can bet on that, Mr. Dusenberry," replied the grocer. "It's having quite a run. It has the strength of Rio and the flavor of Old Government Java. Will you try it?"

"You may send me over a pound of it," Dusenberry said, his little eyes twinkling. "The fact is I've been looking for something new in coffee for some time. So has my wife. She's tired finding peas, chicory and such stuff in it."

A butcher's wife called on a neighbor to inquire after her young hopeful, aged four weeks. "The little fellow is getting on splendidly," was the proud mother's reply; "I only wish he were a little stronger and bigger." Fancy, he only weighs seven pounds!" "Ah! with or without the bones!"

The Crops.

Just about this time of the year people begin to regard anxiously the crop prospects. We are thankful that on the whole the outlook, although hardly up to some previous years, is fair. The backward spring and the late cold weather has in many localities had a discouraging effect, but from others the reports are even more favorable than could be expected. From the Northwest advices are generally gratifying, a late one being Liverpool, Eng., *Miller* in June: Just a few lines to congratulate you upon opening the eyes of the English millers, and if you succeed in opening their purses I shall die happy. I see by our papers there is a sharp demand in England for the No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat which is being shipped to Liverpool, and, as I said before, a little of this will go a long way; it is just what is wanted to blend with your native wheat. This year there will be 50 per cent. more land under cultivation for this cereal in the great Northwest. There is a lively business in elevator building going on, but I do not hear of any Englishman having a hand in it. The fall wheat will, I fear, be a failure this year in Canada and the States. The snow went away nicely, but sharp frosts set in and killed the plant. It was snowing and hailing here (Ontario) yesterday (May 14th)." In the same issue of the *Miller* appears the following:—"We have to acknowledge a very fine sample of Manitoba wheat, which is priced on Mark Lane market this morning (June 4th) at 35s. 6d. This comparatively low price is doubtless due to the abundance of strong South Russian wheats." We cannot but rejoice that our great granary in the Northwest is attracting attention in Great Britain and trust that the lack of English capital to help it forward, at which "An Ontario Miller" hints will not be felt in the near future.

While, however, the American wheat crop does not promise to be so much below the average as to prove inadequate to satisfy either the domestic or foreign demand, which latter, it is now believed, will be greater than usual, things are not nearly so satisfactory in England. The London *Economist*, conceded to be an unquestionably reliable authority with respect to all commercial matters, gives a very depressing account of what a couple of weeks ago, was the condition of the British wheat crop. That cursal says: "We enter upon the summer months with all vegetation backward almost beyond precedent. The condition of the crops at this moment of writing is exceedingly critical one. Wheat, instead of being in or close to the earing stage, as it should be by this time, is hardly high enough to hide a hare, even in the most forward districts. Such a dripping June a lean harvest is inevitable." The accounts given by the *Economist* regarding the hay and root crops, the last being only less important than the wheat crop, are no less discouraging. When the yield of wheat is greatest in the British Isles, England still has to buy enormous quantities of it from other countries, and largely from Russia and America. The Russian crop is represented to be quite up to the average, and, consequently, England can draw extensively upon that country for her bread, but she must draw also upon America for enormous quantities of wheat and flour, for larger quantities than usual. The inference, therefore, is that, with an increased demand and a smaller crop than usual, our wheat and flour should command a higher price.

Tall Oaks," *Etc.*

An English journal relates the humble circumstances of the origin of "Bradshaw's," the great British railway guide-book:

In the year 1838 there was living in Manchester one George Bradshaw, a Quaker, who, in a rather humble way, followed the calling of an engraver of maps and plans of cities. This brought him into connection with the railways, then beginning to stir the community, and an idea naturally suggested itself of combining his maps and plans into a little manual which should contain the hours of departure, arrival, and stoppages of the few trains then working, and which, being offered at the low price of threepence, might be a convenience to the traveler. The materials for his work Bradshaw obtained, as they are now obtained, from the companies.

Mr. E L. Blanchard, who in his time has played many parts, and was early concerned in the venture, tells us that the companies were at first vehemently opposed to the scheme, and, in their niggard way, refused to supply their tables of hours, on the ground that this would make punctuality a sort of obligation, and that failure would bring penalties.

G. Bradshaw, however was not to be repulsed, and by various devices, notably by linking many shares, brought over the hostile companies. The success of his little manual encouraged our Quaker to experiment with another form of his venture.

In the following year he brought out what he called *Bradshaw's Railroad Companion*, a tiny book, neatly bound in violet cloth, with a gold device in the center, and in size about four inches by three. The matter contained in it is virtually the same as that in the "time tables." Barely seven railways are described. It was intended as an occasional issue and the price was sixpence.

Widowhood Runs in Her Family.

A woman returning from the funeral of her third husband seated herself in the presence of her sympathizing neighbors and said, with the calmness of resignation:

"It ain't so hard to bear as it would be if it didn't run in our family to be widders; but it does and we just have to make up our minds to it.

"My grandmother was three times a widder, my mother buried two husbands, my sister Jane has buried two, and her third is mighty low with a lingering fever; one of my aunts had four and outlived the last one of them, and my sister Maria's second husband is so sickly she might as well be getting her mourning ready.

"I tell you, it's mighty hard to have widderhood run in your family like that!"

She Assisted.

Mr. Profundity sat at the breakfast table and between sips of coffee discoursed ponderously as follows:

"It is the silent forces of nature that are most potent. The silent stream runs deepest; the silent power of solar heat brings forth the flower and grain; the silent moon heaps up the ocean tides, and—and—"

"The silent sow gets the most swill," said Profundity's wife, helping him out as he hesitated for similes, and supplied a softboiled egg on his manly bosom.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Herchmer Aylsworth spent Monday in Belleville.

Mr. Wm. Ney has been on the sick list during the past week.

Misses Maggie and Helen Dunn are visiting friends in Newburgh.

Mr. A. Bogart attended the Regatta at Massassaga on Monday last.

Miss Nellie Johnston, of Kingston, is the guest of Miss Jessie Whitton.

Miss Mary Cooke, has returned home from a prolonged visit to Toronto.

Mrs. Thos. Beggs and Miss Annie Smith are visiting friends in Amherst Island.

Miss Turner, of Hamilton, is the guest of Mrs. S. B. Bowen, Napanee Road.

Mr. F. D. Mott, of Belleville, spent Sunday in town as the guest of Mr. Louis Hoppins.

Miss Deans crossed over on the Resolute on Monday evening to visit friends in Oswego.

Mr. Frank Dryden, of the Belleville High School, is spending his vacation in Desoronto.

Mr. W. J. Widdrington crossed over on the Resolute to Oswego on Monday evening.

Miss O'Connor has returned home from Oswego where she had been visiting friends.

Mrs. Wm. Bick is enjoying a few weeks visiting friends in Bobcaygeon and Omemee, etc.

Mr. Sampson Green spent some holidays last week by visiting in Belleville and other points to the west.

Miss Lilian McRae, of Belleville, is spending a few weeks in town as the guest of Mrs. D. R. McRae.

Mr. Fred Warren, of Montreal, spent a few days in town as the guest of his cousin, Mr. Kenneth McRae.

Mr. Thos. Moyse was in Cobourg this week attending the funeral of his brother who died in that town last Sunday.

Messrs. David Smith and Frank Claus left on Tuesday on their annual trip to the Bald mountains for huckleberries.

Mr. Joseph Hoppes, of the Electric Staff, has returned home having greatly enjoyed his trip in the domain of Uncle Sam.

Miss Bertha Richards, of Belleville, is spending the week in Deseronto as the guest of Mrs. Edward Wilson, Fourth Street.

Mr. George Morden, pharmaceutical chemist, has returned home after a fine vacation spent in Belleville and vicinity.

Mr. Wm. Riken, after visiting the "Soo" and many other points on the line of the great lakes has reached Saginaw City where he makes his present home.

Messrs. A. R. Weese and W. J. Malley left on Saturday for Belleville where they remained over until Monday ostensibly to witness the Belleville regatta.

Mrs. R. Siler, who has been for several weeks visiting friends in Deseronto, has returned home to Syracuse, N. Y. She is accompanied by Miss Ada Bogart.

A CARD.

To Rev. G. A. Anderson,

DEAR SIR and BROTHER:—I am instructed by the W. M., Bro. Province, to convey to you the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the members of L. O. L. No. 1375 and the visiting brethren for the excellent able address delivered by you on Sunday, July 8th. Hoping you will recover from your present illness and long be spared to your family and friends.

I remain, yours fraternally,
R. M. JACK
Rec. Sec'y of 1375.

Deseronto, July 17th, 1888.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

THE PUPILS WHO PASSED THE EXAMINATION LAST WEEK.

Below will be found the list of successful candidates who wrote for admission to the High Schools or to the Fifth Class in Public Schools, at Belleville, Tweed, and Deseronto, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 4th, 5th, and 6th. Maximum 735. Minimum 367.

J. Ashley, Foxboro, 502; W. Garrett, Roslin, 479; F. Jones, Belleville, 448; F. Hudson, Roslin, 446; F. Dafoe, Belleville, 443; E. Graham, Hungerford, 440; F. Phillips, Foxboro, 434; M. Robinson, Hungerford, 429; K. Hudson, Roslin, 428; F. Huffman, Thurlow, 425; J. Gordon, Hungerford, 423; A. Wilson, Roslin, 421; J. Walters, Belleville, 421; M. Elliot, Belle, 418; H. Robinson, Tyendinaga, 417; S. Haight, Tyendinaga, 413; H. Porter, Thomasburg, 413; H. Hartmen, Belle, 412; A. Chown, Belle, 412; F. Gould, Plainfield, 410; I. Woodcock, Tweed, 403; C. Gordon, Tyendinaga, 398; C. Hicks, Sidney, 398; F. Potter, Thomasburg, 398; J. Coulson, Thomasburg, 398; M. Dafoe, Bogart, 398; E. Phelps, Thurlow, 393; W. Cole, Tyendinaga, 392; N. Graham, Hungerford, 391; M. Johnson, Belleville, 388; M. Sine, Sidney, 386; C. Van Allen, Sidney, 386; Wm. Bush, Belle, 380; W. H. Hambley, Belle, 379; F. Lingham, Belle, 376; E. McDonald, Belle, 374; S. Foster, Sidney, 370; L. Sills, Tweed, 368; H. Vandervoort, Belle, 368; I. Thompson, Belle, 368; G. Walker, Belle, 367.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

The following is a resume of the laws in force regarding the receiving of newspapers:—

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible till they have settled up their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent their former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that in refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is bound to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages, are sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest anyone for fraud who takes a newspaper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "Refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine the same as for theft.

REPORT OF SCHOOL SECTION No 10 SOPHIASBURG.

Names in order of merit.

Class IV.—Gertie Losee, Arthur Howe, Bertie Ruttan.

Class III.—Durward Cole, Hilliard Cole, Willie Ruttan, Fronie Carman, Eddie Losee, Percy Howe.

Sr. II Class.—Ethel Howe, Harry Short.

Jr. II Class.—Eddie Ruttan, Sidney Potter, Aubrey Osborne, Mildred Rowe, Ernie Ruttan.

Sr. I Class.—Mabel Ruttan, Herbie Reid.

A. M. WAY, Teacher.

DIVISION COURT.

Division Court held in Deseronto, July 11th, 1888, his honor Judge Fralick presiding.

Michael Ryan v. Daniel Haslett et al. The hearing was laid over until the next sittings of the court to allow the judge and Messrs. Bedford and Dickson to proceed to Tonawanda, New York, and take certain evidence on commission. Costs to be costs in the cause. Mr. Bedford for plaintiff, Mr. George D. Dickson, Q. C., Belleville, for defendant, Daniel Haslett.

W. N. Armstrong v. Henry Johnston. The Rathbun Company Garnishees. Claim for board and lodging. Judgment against Primary Debtor for $20 and against Garnishees for $11.25.

Thomas Burnip v. Richard Russel. The Rathbun Company Garnishees. Laid over until next court to enable the Primary Debtor to get served.

George Conley v. Charles Durand. The Rathbun Company Garnishees. Case dismissed and garnishees discharged.

J. E. Smith et al v. Thomas Teets. The Rathbun Company garnishees. Case dismissed and garnishees discharged.

Moses Sero v. Peter Jandraw. Judgment summons. Laid over.

Reuben Cronk v. Robert McD Smith. Judgment summons. Laid over, amount to be paid monthly by judgment debtor or seized.

Thomas McCoun v. John Rodgers. Judgment summons. Order made. Mr. Bedford for Plaintiff.

D. R. McRae v. Charles Norton. Judgment summons. Order made. Mr. Bedford for Plaintiff.

Jared O. Clarke v. Ida Laning. Judgment summons. Order made. Mr. Bedford for Plaintiff.

D. R. McRae v. Wilson Thompson. Judgment summons. Order made. Mr. Bedford for Plaintiff.

DEMORESTVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Rev. J. C. Ash and wife paid us a flying visit last week. Come again Bro. Ash we are glad to see you.

Lots of butchers now; fresh meats of all kinds at Baker Bishop & Co's, opposite the post-office, on Main street.

We are getting a fine rain to-day (Wednesday) and everybody looks smiling.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

The wives of Wm. C. and Josiah Brant started for Quinte, which the song says is a "hard road to travel" on Monday last to pick whortle-berries, we hope they will be successful as there is a famine of small fruits this year on the Reserve. Their charioteer Elijah having a good team and rig is expected to bring his passengers back in a fortnight.

While the Master and Warrant of L. O. L. No. 99, went to Port Hope on the 12th inst., many took the cheaper trip to Kingston and some celebrated the day by a grand picnic in the west end.

Miss Anderson and Miss Sophie left the Parsonage on the 11th inst., for a visit to friends in Kingston and vicinity.

No service last Sunday in any of the churches owing to the illness of the Missionary. He is improving and expects to be able to do the duty of the Parish on Sunday.

Joseph Picord's fences suffered much from bush fires, no damage to buildings or crops.

Miss Lydia Hill has returned much improved in health after her trip to the west.

Miss Anderson returned from Kingston on Tuesday, making her visit short on account of the illness of her father.

The heavy rain of Wednesday, while too late to assist grain, will benefit the potato crop and refresh herbage for cattle, it had been wandering about in a state of starvation.

KINGSFORD.

From Our Own Correspondent

Mrs. Breaman, of Hastings, who has been visiting Mr. James Hintz and Mr. James Killoran has returned home.

Mrs. Simmons, of Napanee, is visiting her relatives and friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. Wellington Frigell is visiting his old friends here.

Mrs. Healy, of New York, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Gearing.

Empey Hill and Forest Mills cheese factories shipped on Saturday having sold at 8¼ cents. Albert factory sold at 8¼ cts.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Nash were visiting here this week.

Mr. Gordon left for Toronto on Tuesday.

Mr. Archibald McCullough was taking on a can of milk at Mr. Wm. McCullough's on Monday morning when the horses became frightened and ran away throwing off Mr. McCullough and the can of milk. The horses ran along the river through the village and up the boundary, but were caught without further mischief. Mr. McCullough was but slightly hurt and had a marvellous escape, and the horses were uninjured.

A fire was started early in the season in Mr. Frederick Firman's swamp on the 5th con. Tyendinaga, and fire remained in the ground ever since. The high winds last week started the fire anew on Friday last and ever since the fire has been rapidly spreading. On Tuesday the winds freshened up and unless rain soon comes the results may prove disastrous.

Miss Maggie Gearing and Miss Bella Fagan from Little Falls, N. Y., arrived on Tuesday to spend a few weeks with their relatives.

Miss Maggie McCullough, who has been teaching in Flinton for the past half year and has been visiting friends in Tamworth, has returned home.

The long continued drouth has at length broken. We had a fine rain on Wednesday, but the earth is so parched that we require much more.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

IF YOU WANT A

SEWING MACHINE OR ORGAN,

You can get one better and cheaper from Dalton than any place else.

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy, hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.

THE RATHBUN CO.

C. H. OTTO,

BOOKBINDER,

over the TRIBUNE office,

DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7, 1888—37.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont.,
27th June, 1888.

MUSIC.

MR. C. JOHNSTONE, Organist and Choirmaster of St. Philip's Church, Milford, and formerly of Manchester, England, is prepared to give instruction in Piano, Organ, Vocal Music, &c. Lessons given at pupils' residences.

Terms on application at The TRIBUNE office, Deseronto.

FOR -:- SALE

OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.

Apply to

J. E. WALMSLEY,
Belleville.

or to
W. H. VANBLARICOM,
Deseronto.

May 25, 1888.

THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

WILL, on and after APRIL 29th, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 11 a.m. returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p.m.

April 27th, 1888

BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company at all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. WED.	PASS. DAILY	MIXED DAILY	EXP. DAILY	PASS. DAILY	MIXED DAILY	EXP. DAILY
	No.1	No.3	No.5	No.7	No.9	No.11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. lve	2.45	7.45	9.15	11.20	4.45	6.35	12.45
E. End, "	2.50	7.50	9.20	11.25	4.50	6.00	12.40
Deseronto	3.05	8.05	9.35	11.30	5.05	9.15	10.05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. DAILY	PASS. DAILY	MIXED DAILY	EXP. DAILY	PASS. DAILY	MIXED DAILY	EXP. WED.
	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10	No. 12	No. 14
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Des. J. lve.	8.20	8.20	9.45	11.40	5.20	10.05	12.00
East End	8.35	8.35	10.00	11.55	5.35	10.20	1.25
Des. arrive	8.40	8.40	10.05	12.00	5.40	10.25	1.40

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily. (Sundays included.) Short connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER,
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

ECAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT ECARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,600,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent, Toronto.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents, Deseronto.

THE BAY OF QUINTE

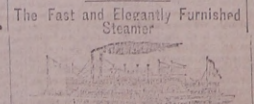
STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

DAILY TO KINGSTON,

And Three Trips Weekly to

1000 ISLANDS.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer



"HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSON,

Will on and after Monday, July 16th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed, & Thurs.	Tues, Fri, & Saturdays.
Leave Belleville	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.
" Deseronto	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "
Leave		12.30 "
" Clayton		1.15 p.m.
" Round Is. Park		3.30 "
Arrive 1000 Is. Park		3.45 "
Leave 1000 Island Park		4.15 "
" Round Island Park		5.00 "
" Clayton		5.15 "
Arrive Kingston		8.45 "
Leave	2.30 p.m.	5.30 "
" Picton	7.30 "	9.30 "
" Deseronto	9.00 "	11.00 "
Arrive Belleville	11.00 "	12.00 a.m.

On Saturdays the Steamer will leave Kingston for River at 2.30 p.m. and for Bay Ports at 5 p.m.

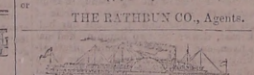
Connects at 1000 Island Park with Steamer for Alexandria Bay; at Clayton with R. W. & O. Ry.; at Kingston with Cape Vincent and Rideau Canal Steamers.

The first through Passenger Line between Bay of Quinte and 1000 Island Points.

Passenger accommodation unsurpassed. Satisfaction and speed to passengers guaranteed. Fast Boat. No delays. Time tight and Cheap Rates.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholson on board or

THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.



DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Leave Picton	6.00 a.m.	Leave Trenton	1.00 p.m.
" Deseronto	7.15 "	" Belleville	2.00 "
" Northport	8.10 "	" Northport	4.30 "
" Belleville	10.00 "	" Deseronto	5.30 "
Arrive Trenton	11.30 "	Arrive Picton	6.15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee, 6.00 a.m. Leave Picton... 2.00 p.m.
" Deseronto, 7.30 " " Belleville, 3.30 "
Arrive Picton,.. 8.30 " Arrive Napanee, 6.00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton... 9.30 a.m. Lev. Deseronto, 1.00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto, 11.00 " Arrive Picton, 2.30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY,	MONDAY,
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.

Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 05	5 25
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills	"	12 20	5 38
Camden East	"	12 25	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road	"	12 45	6 05
Yarn Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge	"	1 03	6 23
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing	"	1 18	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Yarn Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 55	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

"Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

——TO BE CALLED——

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thirty-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.

June 1st—3mos.

The Tribune.

VOL. V | DESERONTO, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888 | NO 44

THE TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)
ublishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 50 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion or on a contract at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first insertion each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Advertisements for insertion among the local items 6 cents per line each insertion.

Communications should be addressed to
THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto Ont.

DESERONTO POST OFFICE.

Office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 7:30 a.m. o 7 p.m.

Mails for despatch are closed at the office as follows:—

For Napanee and Kingston and all points East at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Belleville and Toronto and all points West at 4:20 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

For Picton at 10:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Mails arriving are due as follows:—

From Kingston, Napanee, and all points East at 7:30 a.m. and 5:45 p.m.

From Belleville, Toronto and all points West at 7:30 a.m. and 12:30 noon.

From Picton at 11:30 a.m., and 5:00 p.m.

Registered letters must be posted half an hour before the close of each mail.

N.B.—A mail is made up for all points at 6 p.m. on Sundays.

F. S. RATHBUN, *Postmaster.*

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario

JOHN A. FORIN.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICE, ASHLEY BLOCK, Front Street, Belleville, Ont.

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

DR. E. D. VANDERVOORT,

GRADUATE of the University of Toronto; Fellow of Trinity Medical School; Late Clinical assistant in Toronto General Hospital
OFFICE:—Malley's Drug Store, Deseronto.
RESIDENCE—Next house north of Cameron's Store

A. R. WEESE, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.
Artificial teeth inserted on all the leading bases.
Operations made as painless as possible.
OFFICE:—TRIBUNE BLOCK, Main Street, Deseronto

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
Agents

REVERE HOUSE,

CORNER KING AND YORK STREETS, TORONTO, ONT.

ROBERT MCDONALD, PROPRIETOR. Parties from this section visiting Toronto will find this house most convenient to stop at, and will be sure of a very cordial welcome. A call solicited.

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate. First-class Livery in connection Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r
*3-L Deseronto, Ont.

ORIENTAL HOTEL.

W. J. HUNT, Proprietor (formerly of Napanee) As I have leased this fine Hotel for a term of years I have refurnished and refitted it throughout, making it one of the best hotels in Deseronto. The bar will always be supplied with the finest liquors and Cigars. Good stabling in connection.
W. J. HUNT, Proprietor

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
DESERONTO

SAVING, BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits received and Interest allowed at rate of

FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM.

DESERONTO :-: AGENCY
—OF THE—
KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

TICKETS may be obtained from the undersigned for all points in

MANITOBA, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE WESTERN STATES.

If you wish to go to any point along the line of these Railways, secure your ticket in advance at this agency and thus save time and expense.

For other information apply to

S. RUSSELL,
Tribune Office, Deseronto.

LIME FOR SALE.

BY CAR LOADS, WAGON LOADS or by Bushel at low prices. Special terms given to parties building who require a quantity. Leave orders with Mr. F. C. WHITTON,
or at the Rathbun Co's. office.

THE DROUTH BROKEN UP!

AND FAMINE AVERTED.

Let us Hope that the late Grand Rain has done this.

Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has such a blue look-out presented itself to the inhabitants of the Central District, wont to be called "The Garden of Canada," as before this week's rain, and while it may be true that "it will make No. 2 Barley," let us look on the bright side. It will prevent the cattle from starving, increase the cheese output, spoil the small potatoes and other poor vegetables, increase the yield of late sown grains—oats, peas, etc., and enable farmers, late though it is, to sow fodder corn and buckwheat to winter their stock with. There is no use bewailing what it might have been, let us be hopeful, do the best we can, make the most of a bad bargain and console ourselves with the reflection, "It might have been worse." Parts of Pennsylvania, Iowa and Illinois have been swept with floods, buildings, crops, stock and many lives having been lost.

CHEAPSIDE'S GREAT SUMMER SALE
STILL GOES ON.

Bargains in Hosiery and Gloves.
Bargains in Dress Goods. These 5 and 10 cent tables are going down fast.
Bargains in Silks and Satins.
Bargains in all Staple Goods.
Bargains in Linens, etc.
Bargains in Millinery.
Bargains in Carpets and Curtains.
Royal bargains in Prints and Ginghams, etc.
Bargains in Tweeds, etc., in fact genuine good bargains all over the house. We will guarantee to give you the best possible value for your money.

HINCH & CO.
NAPANEE.

HAMILTON is SHOWING
New Dress Goods,
New Prints,
New Seersuckers,
Shambrae in Pink, Blue and Grey,
extra value, with embroidery to match.
A Full line of Gents Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, &c

Ready-Made Clothing in Boy's, Children's and Men's. A large line of light summer wear.

Prices Low. Quality the best. In fact everything to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

M. C. HAMILTON'S, McCullough's Block.

Lardine Machine Oil.

FARMERS, THRESHERS AND MECHANICS

Will save money by using Lardine. No gum, no grit, and will wear out Lard or Castor Oil.

Manufactured by McCOLL BROS., Toronto.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Village of Deseronto intend to pass a By-Law for stopping up and also a By-Law for selling to the Rathbun Co. that part of Third street in the said Village of Deseronto which lies between Water street and the Bay of Quinte and said by-law will be considered at the first meeting of the Council held next after the expiration of one month from the posting up and publication of the notices required by the statute.

The posting up and publication of the said Notices will take place on Friday, the 29th day of June, 1888.

R. N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, Ont.,
27th June, 1888.

C. H. OTTO,
BOOKBINDER,
over the TRIBUNE office,
DESERONTO.

MAGAZINES and MUSIC bound in any style.

BLANK BOOKS ruled and bound to any pattern desired.

June 7, 1888—37.

THE TRIBUNE

Will be sent to new subscribers from now till the 1st of January, 1889, for 25 cents in advance. No person should miss this opportunity.

THE CANOE SPEAKS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro,
But I, the egg shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters, ankle deep;
I whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine;
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold.

I, the unnamed inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble brakes.

Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden end,
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.

By willow, wood and water wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots,
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots.

USES OF EGGS.

The food contained in the egg has nearly all the elements necessary for the support of man. Eggs are admirably proportioned, they are palatable, they are concentrated and portable. The French masters of the culinary art claim that eggs can be prepared in more than five hundred different methods. Eggs contain phosphorus and sulphur. They are an excellent nutriment for children. The white of an egg is an antidote for the poison of corrosive sublimate, and from the yolk the Russians extract oil which has a wonderful repute for the cure of bruises and cuts. In France, in the clarifying of wine, some seven million dozens of eggs are used in a year, and in calico printing and dressing leather for gloves more than three million dozens. Eggs which have survived their usefulness, and which indeed may be called decayed and thoroughly spoiled, and which once were dumped with city refuse, are now gathered and made use of by the manufacturers of Morocco leather. Perhaps the most profitable use to which the egg can be put is to raise a chicken therefrom, in time for the early spring season when "broilers" bear a higher price in the market than almost anything else. From the egg, through all the processes to which the chicken may pass, at every point there will be found profit for the farm, with careful and intelligent management.—*American Agriculturist* for August.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Bismark is slightly indisposed.

Rains are spoiling the crops in Southern Russia.

General Sheridan's condition continues to improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding Wednesday.

A conditional order for the release of John Dillon on a habeas corpus has been granted.

The tenants on the Vaudeleur estates in County Clare are desperately resisting eviction.

James J. O'Kelley, M. P. for the North Division of Roscommon, was arrested under the Crimes Act.

A plot to murder Prince Ferdinand and bring about a revolution has been discovered in Rustchuk, Bulgaria.

It is now reported that both Emperor William and Emperor Francis Joseph will visit King Hubert in Rome.

Sevic, a Chicago gunsmith has been arrested on the charge of furnishing dynamite cartridges to the Anarchists.

The Republican Senators have decided to prepare the tariff bill as a substitute for the Mills Bill and rush it through this session.

Holders of special deposits in Montreal banks have been notified that interest will be reduced from 4 to 3 per cent. after August 1st.

Superintendent Whyte, of the C. P. R., thinks there is likely to be a surplus of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat in Manatoba this year.

The Chicago division of the Locomotive Brotherhood has resolved to continue financial support to the "Q" strikers and endorsed Chief Arthur's management.

Ross, Haskell & Campbell, of Montreal, have assigned.

Two storehouses were burned at Lindsay, causing heavy loss.

The Governor-General and his party have returned to Quebec.

Boulanger was defeated by a large majority in the Ardeche election.

THE population of Chicago is 802,650, a gain in two years of 98,854.

Sir Donald A. Smith is recovering from a serious attack of pleurisy in London, Eng.

The Ottawa mills are turning out an unusually large amount of lumber this season.

The yachts Whitewings and Iolanthe were winners at the Charlotte regatta.

The Czar has bestowed on Count Herbert Bismarck the Order of St. Alexander Neivski.

Mr. John Ogilvie, of Montreal, brother of Senator Ogilvie, was found dead in bed on Monday morning.

A detective of the Montreal Law and Order League has been shot and seriously wounded by a rough.

The vote on the Fishery Treaty is not likely to be taken in the Senate before next Monday. Senator Evarts is to close the debate.

T. C. Power, of Helena, Montana, charges the Dominion Government with "crookedness" in awarding the Indian beef contract to Senator Cochrane's company.

Thousands have been relieved of indigestion and loss of appetite by a single bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The use of this medicine, by giving tone and strength to the assimilative organs, has made innumerable cures of chronic dyspepsia. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

DISTRICT ITEMS.

The streets of Belleville are in sad need of repair.

Napanee has selected August 8th as its civic holiday.

Clayton is the "cyclone" city of the Thousand Islands.

Burglars have been again on the rampage at Trenton and vicinity.

Belleville votes $300 for the Bay of Quinte fair this year.

Joseph Raymond, a veteran of 1815, died at Picton recently aged 94 years.

The Ernestown Agricultural Society hold their show on the 13th of October.

A new iron bridge will be built over the Gananoque river at Black Rapids.

The huckleberry crop is reported to be a complete failure in many places this year.

George Briggs, of Channel Grove, was fined $97.55 for violation of the Scott Act.

Soldiers are deserting from "A" battery, Kingston, at the rate of two or three a day.

Napanee has bought a 3½ acre site for a high school building from Sir Richard Cartwright.

The house and barn of Geo. Davey, near Ernestown station were recently destroyed by fire.

A muskinonge 4 feet long and weighing 42½ pounds was captured near Belleville on Saturday.

The militia department will never again select Gananaque for the camp, Happy Gananoque.

Two trains are now run daily over the Central Ontario railway from Trenton to Coe Hill.

Belleville police appear to be kept very busy gathering in the criminals with which that city is infested.

John Brown, of Tamworth, passed through Peterboro the other day claiming to be only 108 years of age.

Of 78 candidates for entrance examinations at Bath 20 passed, and at Bath 7 out of 25 were successful.

The Annual Show of the Lennox Agricultural Society will be held at Napanee on October 4th and 5th.

After the recent rains many farmers ploughed up their lands and sowed grain and grasses for late fodder.

A branch of the Y. M. C. A. will be formed in Picton more famed for its pretty girls than its good young men.

John McNeil, yard master at the Belleville railway station, was caught between two cars and severely injured.

Belleville's rate of taxation is fixed at twenty-one and seventeen twentieths, and Kingston at 16 mills on the dollar.

Wellesley, E. Snider, of Merrickville, died from lockjaw superinduced by running a nail in his foot while working.

Kingston business men indulge in the primitive custom of sweeping their paper and other refuse into the streets.

Robert Barber, of Rocksprings, shot three colts belonging to farmers. He was adjudged insane by the magistrate.

The work of building the custom house and post-office, Napanee, is proceeding rapidly. It will be a handsome structure.

The stone Methodist church at Milford has been sold to Mr. George Dalmage who will use it for fruit evaporating purposes.

The new Methodist church at Rossmore has been dedicated. It cost $1450, of which sum $125 was secured at the opening services.

Jas. Wallace, of Huntingdon, while loading grain for Mr. John Irvine, 2nd con. of Sidney, fell from the waggon and was killed.

B. Bird, Kingston, has issued a writ for $500 against Col. Strathenzie for dumping his whiskey on the sward at Gananoque Camp.

Mr. Marcus Sprague, of Ameliasburg, has been engaged to give instruction to creameries east of Toronto in methods of making butter.

Edward Wales, blacksmith, formerly of Napanee where his family still reside, was killed at San Jose, California, by a run away team.

The Methodists at Selby are busy rebuilding their church. The Church of England people have not yet commenced work.

Milk inspector Whitton detected a patron of the Frankford factory of sending in adulterated milk and it cost him $25 to hush the matter up.

Three more milk cases have been settled at Napanee. A patron of the Selby factory and another of Witton paid $15 each. A great many have settled confessing their guilt.

Bishop Cleary paid a visit to Tweed last week and conducted services there. He congratulated the people on the progress made on the erection of their fine new church.

The *Intelligencer* calls for a more stringent administration of the fishery law on the Bay of Quinte. The fisheries of Canada are doomed to extinction if there is not soon a change in this respect.

Thompson's Point is a favourite resort this year for excursionists many of whom are camped out there. This place should be the sight of a monster summer hotel. Why are Canadians so slow in such matters?

Thos. Hurst, of Cressy, Prince Edward, said that lately the cattle in his neighborhood were climbing the trees to get something to eat. It was not uncommon to find a cow perched in a tree eating away at the leaves with unconcern.

Milk Inspector Rollins has been visiting the factories in the Kingston district and found many dishonest patrons. Seven of the nine factory men, charged with diluting their milk, acknowledged their guilt. The Inspector shocked the president of Forest factory back of Kingston when he told him that a well known patron, high up in the church and an ex-Reeve was tampering with his milk. When he saw he was in a box he pleaded for leniency and admitted not only to skimming the Saturday night and Sunday morning's milk but to throwing the water with which he rinsed the pails back into the can.

Demorestville is giving itself up to base ball and similar gaieties.

A branch of the third party of Canada has been formed in Kingston.

The new Chalmers Presbyterian church, Kingston, will cost $25,000.

The sea serpent has appeared at the Thousand Islands on its annual trip to the Trent river.

There is a larger acreage of hops in Sophiasburg than in any other township probably in Canada.

The Knights of Labor will hold a grand demonstration in Belleville about the 23rd of August.

John Wood, aged 22 years, of Odessa, wolloped his crippled father to the tune of $10.40 and costs.

The farmers in the vicinity of Yarker are sowing western corn to aid them in carrying stock through the winter.

The grocery north of the Huffman house, Napanee, has been repurchased by E. K. Bowen, and is now run by himself and two sons.

The contractor for the Napanee water works has not commenced operations, and the people are beginning to think the works will not be built.

The new three masted schr. Keewatin of a carrying capacity of 30,000 bushels was launched at Colborne last Monday in the presence of 4,000 spectators.

Dr. Reeve, Almonte, carries a gold watch about 200 years old—a family heirloom. It has an antiquated appearance, but understands its business thoroughly.

During the progress of a fight at Tweed Wm. Bradley drew a revolver and fired at Nelson Sova for which amusement he has been lodged in the county gaol.

Henry Robertson, a farmer forty years of age, who resided in the vicinity of Tweed, has been arrested and confined in the county gaol for the crime of incest the victim being his own daughter.

Mrs. Peter Wees, an old lady of 87, living with George Rond, Napanee, who married her grand daughter, was afflicted with a stroke of paralysis on Thursday and has since been speechless and helpless.

The ratepayers of Ameliasburg have voted $15,000 for the bridge at Belleville by 37 of a majority, Rossmore giving 98, Rednerville 35, Roblin's Mills 56 for, and Consecon 67, and Carrying Place 86 against the measure.

The solicitors for the defendants—the Canada Permanent Loan Co. and John English—in what is known as the Herring suit, Napanee, have notified the solicitor for the plaintiff that he must proceed to a speedy trial of the action or else they will apply to have the action dismissed.

The site for the new railway station at Tamworth is a very pleasant one. The company has purchased several acres of land, more than is necessary, and no pains will be spared to make it an attractive point for excursionists and picnickers.

HOW TO COOL A CELLAR.

A great mistake, says *Medical Classics*, is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthy; it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck or fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts, of water, and in this way a cellar or milk room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhœa or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*. It costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

Visitors are not patronizing the islands on the Canadian side of the Thousand Islands to the same extent as in former years. The American side is crowded with visitors. Canadians nearly all go to the other side for pleasure as well as for work.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are recommended by the best physicians, because they are free from calomel and other injurious drugs, being composed of purely vegetable ingredients. While thorough in their action, they stimulate and strengthen the bowels and secretory organs.

THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER X.—SHUFFLING IT OFF.

The day had been an eventful one for Hugh Massinger: the most eventful and pregnant of his whole history. As long as he lived, he could never possibly forget it. It was indeed a critical turning-point for three separate lives—his own, and Elsie's and Winifred Meysey's. For, as Hugh had walked that morning, stick in hand, and orchid in buttonhole, down the rose-embowered lane in the Squire's grounds with Winifred, he had asked the frightened, blushing girl, in simple and straightforward language, without any preliminary, to become his wife. His shy fish was fairly hooked at last, he thought now: no need for daintily playing his catch any longer; it was but a question, as things stood, of reel and of landing-net. The all-important mother, those important accessories, were pretty safe in their way too. He had sounded them both by unobtrusive methods, with dexterous plummets of oblique inquiry, and had gauged their profoundest depths of opinion with tolerable accuracy, as to settlements and other ante-nuptial precontracts of marriage. For what is the use of catching an heiress on your own rod, if your heiress's parents, upon whose testimony the position in the last resort her entire market value really depends, look askance with eyes of obvious disfavour upon your personal pretensions as their future son-in-law? Hugh Massinger was keen enough a man in his own line to make quite sure of his expected gam before irrevocably committing himself to duck-shot cartridge. He was confident he knew his ground now; so, with a bold face and a modest assurance, he ventured, in a few plain well-chosen words, to command his suit, his hand, and his heart to Winifred Meysey's favourable attention.

It was a great sacrifice, and he felt it as such. He was positively throwing himself away upon Winifred. If he had followed his own crude inclinations alone, like a romantic schoolboy, he would have waited for ever and ever for his cousin Elsie. Elsie was indeed the one true love of his youth. He had always loved her, and he would always love her. 'Twas foolish, perhaps, to indulge overmuch in these personal preferences, but after all it was very human; and Hugh acknowledged regretfully in his own heart that he was not entirely raised in that respect above the average level of human weakness. Still, a man, however humanesque, must not be governed by impulse alone. He must judge calmly, deliberately, impersonally, disinterestedly of his own future, and must act for the best in the long run by the light of his own final and judicial opinion. Now Winifred was without doubt a very exceptional and eligible chance for an briefless barrister; your sucking poet doesn't get such chances of an undisputed heiress every day of the week, you may take your affidavit. If he let her slip by on sentimental grounds, and waited for Elsie—poor dear old Elsie—heaven only knew how long they might both have to wait for one another—and perhaps even then be finally disappointed. It was a foolish dream on Elsie's part; for, to say the truth, he himself had never entertained it. The most merciful thing to Elsie herself would be to snap it short now, once for all, before things went further, and let her stand face to face with naked facts—ah, how hideously naked!—let her know she must either look out another husband somewhere for herself, or go on earning her own livelihood, in maiden meditation fancy free, for the remaining term of her natural existence. Hugh could never help ending up a rejected object, however unpleasant, even in his own mind, with a poetical tag; it was a trick of manner his soul had caught from the wonted peroration of his political leaders in the first editorial column of that exalted print, the *Morning Telephone*. So he made up his mind; and he proposed to Winifred.

The girl's heart gave a sudden bound, and the red blood flushed her somewhat pallid cheek with hasty roses as she listened to Hugh's graceful and easy avowal of the profound and unfeigned love that he bore for her. She thought of the poem Enga had read her aloud in his sonorous tones the evening before—much virtue in a judiciously selected passage of poetry, well marked in delivery:

> "He does not love me for my birth,
> Nor for my lands so broad and fair:
> He loves me for my own true worth,
> And that is well," said Lady Clare.

That was how Hugh Massinger loved her, she was quite sure. Had he not trembled and hesitated to ask her? Her bosom fluttered with a delicious fluttering; but she cast her eyes down, and answered nothing for a brief space. Then her heart gave her courage to look up once more, and to murmur back, in answer to his pleading look: "Hugh, I love you." And Hugh, carried away not ungracefully by the impulse of the moment, felt his own heart thrill responsive to hers in real earnest, and in utter temporary forgetfulness of poor betrayed and abandoned Elsie. They walked back to the Hall together next minute, whispering low, in the fool's paradise, indeed, for those two poor lovers, whose wooing set out under such evil auspices.

But when Hugh had left his landed prey at the front door of the square-built manor-house, and strolled off by himself towards the village inn, the difficulty about Elsie for the first time began to stare him openly in the face in all its real and horrid magnitude. He would have to confess and to explain to Elsie. Worse still, for a man of his mettle and his sensitiveness, he would have to apologize for and excuse his own conduct. That was unendurable—that was ignominious—that was even absurd. His virility kicked at it. There is something essentially insulting and degrading to one's manhood in having to tell a girl you've pretended to love her—that you only care for her in a sisterly fashion. It is practically to unsex one's self. A pretty girl appeals quite otherwise to the man that is in us. Hugh felt it bitterly and deeply—for himself, not for Elsie. He pitied his own sad plight most sincerely. But then, there was poor Elsie to think of too. No use in the world in blinking that. Elsie loved him very, very dearly. True, they had never been engaged to one another—so great is the love of consistency in man, that even alone in his own mind Hugh continued to hug that transiucent fiction; but she had been very fond of him, undeniably fond of him, and he had perhaps from time to time, by overt acts, unduly encouraged the display of her fondness. It gratified his vanity and his sense of his own power over women to do so: he could make them love him—few man more easily—and he liked to exercise that dangerous faculty on every suitable object that flitted across his changeful horizon. The man with a mere passion for making conquests affords no serious menace to the world's happiness; but the man with an innate gift for calling forth wherever he goes all the deepest and truest instincts of a woman's nature, is—when he abuses his power—the most deadly, terrible, and cruel creature known in our age to civilised humanity. And yet he is not always deliberately cruel; sometimes, as in Hugh Massinger's case, he almost believes himself to be good and innocent.

He had warned Winifred to whisper nothing for the present to Elsie about this engagement; and Winifred, of course, promised he said—his only relation—and he would dearly like to tell her the secret of his heart himself in private. He would see her that evening and break the news to her. Why *break* it to her? Winifred had asked in doubt, all unconscious. And Hugh, a strange suppressed smile playing uneasily about the corners of his thin lips, had answered with guileless alacrity of speech: "Because Elsie's like a sister to me, you know, Winifred; and sisters always to some extent resent the bare idea of their brothers marrying."

For as yet Elsie herself suspected nothing. It was best, Hugh thought, she should suspect nothing. That was a fundinal point in his easy-going practical philosophy of life. He never went half-way to meet trouble. Till Winifred had accepted him, why worry poor dear Elsie's gentle little soul with what was, after all, a mere remote chance, a contingent possibility? He would first make quite sure, by actual trial where he stood with Winifred; and then—and then, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, he might let the whole truth burst in full force at once upon poor fond, foolish Elsie's devoted head. Meanwhile, with extraordinary cleverness and care, he continued to dissemble. He never made open love to Winifred before Elsie's face; on the contrary, he kept the whole small comedy of his relations with Winifred so skilfully concealed from her feminine eyes, that to the very last moment Elsie never even dreamt of her pretty pupil as a possible rival, or regarded her in any other conceivable light than as the nearest of friends and the dearest of sisters. Whenever Hugh spoke of Winifred Elsie at all, he spoke of her lightly, almost slightingly, as a nice little girl, in her childish way—though much too blued—with a sort of distant bread-and-butterish schoolroom approbation, which wholly misled and hoodwinked Elsie as to his real intentions. And whenever he spoke of Elsie to Winifred, he spoke of her jestingly, with a good-humored, unmeaning, brotherly affection that made the very notion of his ever contemplating marriage with her seem simply ridiculous. She was to him indeed as the deceased wife's sister is in the eye of the law to the British widower. With his easy, off-hand London cleverness, he had baffled and deceived both those innocent, simple-minded, trustful women; and he stood face to face now with a general *eclaircissement* which could no longer be delayed, but whose ultimate consequences might perhaps prove fatal to all his little domestic arrangements.

Would Elsie in her anger set Winifred against him? Would Winifred, justly indignant at his conduct to Elsie, when she learned the whole truth, refuse to marry him?

Nonsense—nonsense. No cause for alarm. He had never really been engaged to Elsie—he had only made love to her face a thousand times. If Elsie chose to misinterpret his kind attentions, bestowed upon her solely as his one remaining cousin and kinswoman, the only other channel for the blood of the Massingers, surely Winifred would never be so foolish as to talk blindly into Elsie's self-imposed error, and to hold him to a bargain he had over and over again expressly repudiated. He was a barrister, and he knew his ground in these matters. Chitty on Contracts lays it down as an established principle of English law that free consent of both parties forms a condition precedent and essential part of the very existence of a compact of marriage.

With such transparent internal sophisms did Hugh Massinger strive all day to stifle and smother his own conscience; for every man always at least pretends to keep up appearances in his private relations with that domestic censor. But as evening came on, a cigarette in mouth, he strolled round after dinner, by special appointment, to meet Elsie at the big poplar. They often met there, these warm summer nights; and on this particular occasion, anticipating trouble, Hugh had definitely arranged with Elsie beforehand to come to him by eight at the accustomed trysting-place. The Meyseys and Winifred had gone out to dinner at a neighboring vicarage; but Elsie had stopped at home on purpose, on the hasty plea of some slight passing headache. Hugh had specially asked her to wait and meet him. Better get it all over at once, he thought to himself, in his short-sighted wisdom—like the measles or the chicken-pox—and know straight off exactly where he stood in his new position with these two women.

Women were the greatest nuisance in life. For his own part, now he came to look the thing squarely in the face, he really wished he was well quit of them all for good and ever.

He was early for his appointment; but by the tree he found Elsie, in her pretty white dress, already waiting for him. His heart gave a jump, a pleased jump, as he saw her sitting there before her time. Dear, dear Elsie! she was very, very fond of him! He would have given worlds to fling his arms tight around her then, and strain her to his bosom and kiss her tenderly. He would have given worlds, but not his reversionary chances in the Whitestrand property. Worlds don't count; the entire fee-simple of Mars and Jupiter would fetch nothing in the real estate market. He was bound by contract to Winifred now, and he must do his best to break it gently to Elsie.

He stepped up and kissed her quietly on the forehead, and took her hand in his like a brother. Elsie let it lie in her own without a remonstrance. They rose and walked in lovers guise along the bank together. His heart sank within him at the hideous task he had next to perform—nothing less than to break poor Elsie's heart for her. If only he could have shuffled out of it sideways anyhow! But shuffling was impossible. He hated himself; and he loved Elsie. Never till that moment did he know how he loved her.

This would never do! He was feeling like a fool. He crushed down the love sternly in his heart, and began to talk about indifferent subjects—the wind, the river, the rose-show at the vicarage. But his voice trembled, betraying him still against his will; and he could not refrain from stealing sidelong looks at Elsie's dark eyes now and again, observing how beautiful she was, after all, in a rare and exquisite type of beauty. Winifred's blue eyes and light brown hair, Winifred's small mouth and moulded nose, Winifred's insipid smile and bashful blush, cheap as dirt in the matrimonial lottery. She had but a doll-like, Lowther Arcade style of prettiness. Maidenly as she looked, one twist more of her nose, one shade lighter in her hair, and she would become simply barmaidenly. But Elsie's strong and powerful, earnest face, with its serious lips and its long black eyelashes, its profound pathos and its womanly dignity, its very irregularity and faultiness of outline, pleased him ten thousand times more than all your baby-faced beauties of the conventional, stereotyped, ballroom pattern. He looked at her long and sighed often. Must he really break her heart for her? At last he could restrain that unruly member, his tongue, no longer. "Elsie," he cried, eyeing her full in a genuine outburst of spontaneous admiration, "I never in my life saw any one anywhere one-half so beautiful and graceful as you are!"

Elsie smiled a pleased smile. "And yet," she murmured, with a half-malicious, teasing tone of irony, "we're not engaged, Hugh, after all, you remember."

Her words came at the very wrong moment; they brought the hot blood as a rush into Hugh's cheek. "No," he answered coldly, with a sudden revulsion and a spasmodic effort; "we're not engaged—nor ever will be, Elsie!"

Elsie started back in surprise at the sudden abruptness in blank bewilderment. She was not angry; she was not astonished; she simply failed altogether to take in his meaning. It had always seemed to her so perfectly natural, so simply a matter of course that she and Hugh were sooner or later to marry one another; she had always regarded Hugh's frequent reminder that they were not engaged as such a mere playful warning against too much precipitancy; she had always taken it for granted so fully and unreservedly that whenever Hugh was rich enough to provide for a wife he would tell her so plainly, and carry out the implied engagement between them—that this sudden announcement of the exact opposite meant to her ears less than nothing. And now, when Hugh uttered those cruel, crushing, annihilating words, "Nor ever will be, Elsie," she couldn't possibly take in their reality, in the first blush, or believe in her own heart that he really intended anything so wicked, so merciless, so unnatural.

"Nor ever will be!" she cried, incredulous. "Why, Hugh, Hugh,—I don't understand you!"

Hugh steeled his heart with a violent strain to answer back in one curt, killing sentence: "I mean it, Elsie; I'm going to marry Winifred."

Elsie gazed back at him in speechless surprise. "You going to marry Winifred?" she echoed at last vaguely, after a long pause, as if the words conveyed no meaning to her mind. "Going to marry Winifred? To marry Winifred!—Hugh, did you really and truly say you were "going to marry Winifred?

"I proposed to her this morning," Hugh answered outright, with a choking throat and glassy eye; "and she accepted me, Elsie; so I mean to marry her."

"Hugh!"

She uttered only that one short word in a tone of awful and unspeakable agony. But her face grew, her pallid face, her voice, her voice, her startled attitude, said more than a thousand words, however wild, could possibly have said for her. She took it in dimly and imperfectly now; she began to grasp what Hugh was talking about; but as yet Elsie could not understand upon him all the man's profound and unfathomed infamy. She looked at him feebly for some word of explanation. Surely he must have some deep and subtle reason of his own for this astonishing act and piece of furtive treachery. Some horrible combination of adverse circumstances, about which she knew and could know nothing, must have driven him against his will to this incredible solution of an insoluble problem. He could not of his own mere motion have proposed to Winifred. She looked at him pard: he quailed before her scrutiny.

"I love you, Elsie," he burst out with an irresistible impulse at last, as she gazed through and through him from long black lashes.

Elsie laid her hand on his shoulder blindly. "You love me," she murmured. "Hugh, Hugh, you still love me?"

"I always loved you, Elsie," Hugh answered bitterly with a sudden pang of abject remorse; "and as long as I live I shall always love you."

"And—you are going to marry Winifred!"

"Elsie! You and I were never engaged."

She turned round upon him fiercely with a burst of horror. He, to take refuge in that hollow excuse! "Never engaged!" she cried, aghast. "You mean it, Hugh—you mean that mockery?—And I, who would have given up my life for love of you!"

He tried to assume a calm judicial tone. "Let us be reasonable, Elsie," he said, with an attempt at ease, "and talk this matter over without sentiment or hysterics. You know very well I was too poor to marry; you knew I always said we were only cousins; you knew I had my way in life to make. You could never have that thought I seriously dreamt of marrying you."

Elsie looked up at him with a scared white face. That last shaft succeeded in such transparent futilities: "This is all new to me," she moaned out in a dazed voice. "All, all—quite, quite new to me."

"But, Elsie, I've said it over and over a thousand times before."

She gazed back at him like a stone. "Ah, yes; but till now," she answered slowly, "you never, never, never meant it."

He sat down, unmanned, on the grass by the bank. She seated herself by his side, mechanically as it were, with her hand on his arm. He looked straight in front of her with a vacant stare at the angry water. It was growing dark. The shore was dark, and the sea, and the river. Everything was dark and black and gloomy around her. She laid his hand one moment in her own. "Hugh!" she cried, turning towards him with appealing pathos, you don't mean it now: you will never mean it. You're only saying it to try and prove me. Tell me it's that! You're yourself still. O Hugh, my darling, you can never mean it!"

Her words burnt into his brain like liquid fire: the better self within him groaned and faltered; but he crushed it down with an iron heel. The demon of avarice held his sordid soul. "My child," he said, with a tender inflection in his voice as he said it, "we must understand one another. I do seriously intend to marry Winifred Meysey."

"Why?"

There was a terrible depth of suppressed earnestness in that sharp short *why*, wrung out of her by anguish, as of a woman who asks the reason of her death-warrant. Hugh Massinger answered it slowly and awkwardly with cumbrous roundabout, self-exculpating verbosity. As for Elsie, she sat like a statue and listened; rigid and immovable, she sat there still; while Hugh, for the very first time in her whole experience, revealed the actual man he really was before her appalled and horrified and speechless presence. He talked of his position, his prospects, his abilities. He talked of journalism, of the bar, of pro motion. He talked of literature, of poetry, of fame. He talked of money, and its absolute need to man and woman in these latter days of ours. He talked of Winnifred, of Whitestrand, and of the Meysey manor-house. "It'll be best in the end for us both; you know, Elsie," he said argumentatively, in his foolish rigmarole, mistaking her silence for something like unwilling acquiescence. "Of course I shall still be very fond of you, as I've always been fond of you—like a cousin—and I'll be a true friend to you now as long as I live: and when Winifred and I are really married, and I live here at Whitestrand, I shall be able to do a great deal more for you, and help you by every means in my power, and introduce you freely into our own circle, on different terms, you know, where you'll have chances of meeting—well, suitable persons. You must see yourself it's the best thing for us both. The idea of two penniless people like you and me marrying one another in the present state of society is simply ridiculous."

She heard him out to the bitter end, revealing the naked deformity of his immoral nature, though her brain reeled at it, without one passing word of reproach or dissent. Then she said in an icy tone of utter horror: "Hugh!"

"Yes, Elsie."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

"And *you* mean it?"

"I mean it."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, before you kill me outright, Hugh, Hugh! is it really true? Are you really like that? Do you really mean it?"

"I really mean to marry Winifred."

Elsie clasped her two hands on either side of her head, as to hold it together from bursting with her agony. "Hugh," she cried, "it's foolish, I know, but I ask you once more, before it's too late, in sight of Heaven, I ask you solemnly, are you seriously in earnest? Is that what you're made of? Are you going to desert me? To desert and betray me?"

"I don't know what you mean," Hugh answered stonily, rising as if to go—for he could stand it no longer. "I've never been engaged to you. I always told you so. I owe you nothing. And now I mean to marry Winifred."

With a cry of agony, she burst wildly away from him. She was all now; she understood to the full the cruelty and baseness of the man's nature underlying nature. Fair outside; but false, false, false to the core! Yet even so, she could scarcely believe it. The faith of a lifetime fought hard for life in her. He, that Hugh she had loved and trusted—he, the one Hugh in all the universe—he to cast her off with such callous selfishness! He to turn upon her now with his empty phrases! He to sell and betray her for a Winifred and a manor house! Oh, the guilt and the sin of it! Her head reeled and swam round deliriously. She hardly knew what she felt or did. Mad with agony, love, and terror, she rushed away headlong from his polluted presence—not from Hugh, but from this fallen idol. He saw her white dress disappearing fast through the deep gloom in the direction of the poplar tree, and her best resolves left her, almost as mad as herself, struck dumb with remorse and awe and shame at the ruin he had visibly and instantly wrought in the fabric of that trustful girl's whole being.

One moment she fled and stumbled in the dark along the grassy path toward the roots of the poplar. Then she caught a glimpse of her for a second, dimly silhouetted in the faint starlight, a wan white figure with outstretched arms against the black horizon. She was poising, irresolute, on the grassed roots. It was but for the twinkling of an eye that he saw her: the instant, a splash, a gurgle, a shriek of terror, and he beheld her borne wildly away, a helpless burden, by that fierce current towards the breakers that glistened white and roared hoarsely in their savage joy on the bar of the river.

In her agony of disgrace, she had fallen, rather than thrown herself in. As she stood there, undecided, on the slippery roots, with all her soul burning within her, her head swimming and her eyes dim, a bruised, humiliated, jealous creature, she had missed her foothold on the smooth worn stump, slimy with lichens, and raising her hands as if to balance herself, had thrown herself forward, half wittingly, half unconsciously, on the tender mercies of the rushing stream. She was carried away for a moment, a little later, to life and thought, it was with a swirling sense of many waters, eddying and seething in mad conflict round her faint numb form. Strange roaring noises thundered in her ear. A choking sensation made her gasp for breath. What she drank in with her gasp was not air, but water—salt brackish water, an over whelming flood of it. Then she sank again, and was dimly aware of the cold chill ocean floating around her on every side. She took one long gulp, and with it ingulfed out her sense of life and action. Hugh was lost to her, and it was all over. She could die now. She had nothing to live for. There was no Hugh; and she had not killed herself.

Those two dim thoughts were the last she knew as her eyes closed in the rushing current: there had never been a Hugh; and she had fallen in by accident.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Foolish Two Hundred and Fifteen Pound Child.

A woman weighing about two hundred and fifteen pounds plunged wildly around in a frightfully dangerous manner on a crowded street the other day. She was evidently looking for some one, for she breathlessly gasped out:

"Charles! Oh, Charles! Where has he gone? Oh, Charles!"

Charles had been carried forward by the crowd, and when he stopped a lamp post had hidden him from view. When the big woman saw him she plunged forward, fell heavily on his thirteen-inch chest, crushing him against the lamp post, and sobbed out:

"Oh—Charley—you—you—you—husband! I lost sight of you, and I was so frightened at finding myself alone in this crowd! You mustn't let yourself be carried away from your little girlie again! You know how timid I am! I'm so easily frightened, foolish child that I am!"

It has been long since there was a year more prolific than 1888 of murders, suicides and mysterious family tragedies. A mania of passion and crime seems to have swept over both young and old, and every day brings some terrible story to add to the record. Unrequited love, jealousy, marital infidelity, the fear of poverty and failure to procure employment have each acted as controlling motives. The old axiom that human conduct is governed by inherited tendencies seems to be inapplicable, in view of the fact that so many of the actors in these tragedies have been men of mature years who have been honored and respected for their business and moral qualities.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I knew by the way Mr. Bowser looked across the supper table at me that he had something to propose, and I also felt certain that his proposition was mixed up with the glorious Fourth. Pretty soon he said:

"We are to go on a steamboat excursion to Harsen's Island on the Fourth."

"Please don't. We can enjoy ourselves far better right here at home."

"Mrs. Bowser, our forefathers fought, bled and died that we might be a free people."

"Yes."

"It is a time when every patriot should show his colors. I propose to go off with a select few and have a good time."

"But nothing is select on the Fourth."

"I don't believe you care two cents whether we are slaves or freemen!" he hotly exclaimed.

"Yes, I do."

"Then get ready for the excursion. Only a select few are going. We shall have a nice, cool ride, a basket-lunch on the Island, and return in time for the fireworks in the evening."

"But if anything happens you'll lay it to me."

"Anything happen? Say it to your Mrs Bowser, do you know who you are talking to?"

"Bug you'll say I dragged you off, and that it was all my fault."

"I will, eh? Very well. You and your wall-eyed infant can stay right here! I'm going on the excursion!"

I yielded the point after awhile, as a wife always does, and the excursion was agreed upon. We were ready and on time, and I did seem as if we were certain of enjoying ourselves until we got to the boat. Then Mr. Bowser's "select few" turned out to be a mob of 400 people of all sorts, sizes and colors, and we had scarcely found seats when a man came up, and slapped him familiarly on the back, and called out:

"Hello! old rutabaga, did you bring your lung-pad along?"

Mr. Bowser turned very red and then very white, and I ju t to talk to him. I told him that this one loafer had slipped in by accident, and that no one should notice him. He must remember Washington, Paul Jones Putnam and the score of other patriots, and do nothing vex him.

When the boat finally got away it was loaded down, and every body was smoking cheap cigars and feeling good-natured. Even the dozen fellows who had had their heads punched or their eyes blackened while waiting seemed to forget it as patriotism bubbled up. I was looking around for the "select few" when a young man who didn't die at Bunker Hill, because he wasn't old enough crowded along to us and said to Mr. Bowser:

"Shay, ole man, we licked 'em, didn't we?"

Mr. Bowser turned red, but I touched him with my foot.

"Shay, ole man, give us a litt'e Fo't Shuly speech, will you?" continued the patriot.

Mr. Bowser turned white, but I got him by the elbow.

"Sho you won't speech, eh? Then you are an old Tory, you are! I'll git er boys and pitch you overboard, I will!"

I had to talk to Mr. Bowser. I had to tell him how Washington suffered at Valley Forge—how the true patriots of the Revolution starved and hungered—how we fought on until victory came at last, and by and by I quieted him down. He had just got his patriotism back even to middle-aged men who had always felt very sorry that he didn't see Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown, came along and chucked me under the chin and said:

"Shy, sis, got yer fell'r long? 'Cause if yer got yer fell'r long I kin lick him in two mizzen by er watch! Hooray! I'm forefazzer, I am! I shed 'er blood, I did!"

I held a conversation with Mr. Bowser. It was about how we whipped the British and gained our independence, and why, for that reason, every true patriot should go off on a Fourth of July excursion and have a good time, and he was in pretty good humor, when the boat landed. Circumstances were against me, however. We had scarcely got in the shade when Mr. Bowser discovered that some one had changed lunch baskets with us. The one we had contained only a bottle of pickles and a cucumber-seed. When he made this discovery he turned on me with:

"I'll hunt this island over and find that thief and break him in two!"

But he didn't. I interested him in the revolution, and finally made him realize it was his duty as a true patriot, to make sacrifices. Washington had staked his all that we might breathe the air of liberty. Couldn't the Bowsers stake a lunch basket that Americans might continue to wear their hats on their ears. He saw the point and we ate the two sandwiches, drank seven fever water and sat and fought mosquitoes for three hours. We were not left entirely to ourselves, however. On several different occasions some of Mr. Bowser's "select few" approached us and sought to interest us in their conversation. They called him by such familar terms as "old man," old bow-legs," "bald head" and "sawed off," and they addressed me as "Hey, Susan," "Ah there!" and "Your gal." At every such attempt to draw out our patriotism Mr. Bowser would rebel, and I would have to talk to him of the sufferings endured by our fore-fathers until he calmed down.

A climax finally came. A double-distilled full-jewelled, diamond-mounted patriot who had perhaps taken out his first papers the day before, threw a biscuit and hit me on the ear. Mr. Bowser would never be interview him about it. When he came back he had a black eye, his nose was out of "true," and some of his teeth were loose. He had met the enemy, and he was theirs. I took him down to the boat, got a state room, and we locked ourselves in. I felt like talking, but didn't. When I had washed his face and laid a wet rag over his eye I asked him if he wasn't sorry that one of the Bowser family didn't have hold of the rope when the old Liberty bell sent its notes of freedom pealing forth to the world, and he wouldn't answer. I pinned up his torn shirt and inquired whether he had ever visited the spot where Cornwallis surrendered, but he refused to tell. Even when I told him that it was the duty of every good patriot to get out on the glorious Fourth and whoop 'er up and let the eagle scream, he would not open his mouth. It was only after we got home that he found voice to remark: "Mrs. Bowser, you'll pay for this!"

"Why, dear, what have I done?"

"Done! Look at me! Who made me the wreck I am?"

"A few select patriots at Harsen's Island."

"Yes; and how did we come to go there? Just go right away from me! You and I must have a settlement to-morrow. This is the last straw—the very last!"

But I think he will forgive me. He can save the teeth, and the eye is rapidly getting better.

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HOME CIRCLE.

Sleep in Curious Forms.

Akin to artificial hypnotism is a morose condition into which persons of a nervous organization sometimes fall. The celebrated "S.ho sleeper" would for many years fall asleep for a fortnight or more at a time, meanwhile exhibiting more or less of the peculiar characteristics of hypnotism. Many similar cases might be cited, for hardly a month passes when the newspapers do not tell the wonderful story of some "sleeping girl," who has been living unconscious for weeks; but some of the cases are not only interesting scientifically, but pathetic.

Some of the abnormal forms of sleep exhibit strange phenomena. We need not dwell on sleep produced by opiates; the lethargy of apoplexy and what is doubtless akin to it, the sleep of the drunkard: the coma of Bright's disease and diabetes and the almost irresistible sleep caused by freezing cold.

A form of sleep is that of hypnotism or mesmerism, induced on susceptible subjects by skilful manipulation. The person becomes insensible to pain, and his will is entirely subject to that of the experimenter. The barest suggestion through any sense is sufficient to put the person under the dominance of the idea suggested.

Familiar as is normal sleep, no one can fully explain it. It is nevertheless a blessed fact. Though it seems to take one-third from our life, it really belongs to it by the daily renewing of vigour.

In 1845 the wife of an English colonel apparently died. The husband persistently refused to have her buried and watched over her cold and motionless body for eight days. Suddenly, on the bells of the church ringing, she started up, saying: "It is the last prayer bell; is it noon?"

The sleep of somnambulism is a very interesting form. The person will go abroad into the darkness and into the most dangerous situations wholly without fear. The power of sight is often greatly exalted, and seems wholly independent of ordinary vision.

Another form is that of catalepsy. In this there is an entire loss of sensibility and ordinary consciousness. The limbs may be placed in any position, the most grotesque and uncomfortable, and they remain so as if they were made of wax.

Making Butter.

Not many of our farmers and their families are aware that modern improvements have simplified the task and lessened the work of making butter in private dairies.

The "granular system," as it is called, shortens the time of churning, and dispenses altogether with working butter. An Irish man was once explaining why certain people made bad butter. "Sure," said he, "they bate the divil out of it." The truth was they "bate the divil" into it by "working" the grain out of it. In this way a great deal of butter is spoiled. Any farmer who wishes to lighten the toil of his wife and daughters by teaching them how to make butter on the granular system, can do so at the cost of a postal card. He has only to write the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for a copy of Mr. Lynch's "Scientific Dairy Practice," and he can get a book, "free gratis for nothing," that will not only explain all the art and mystery of making good butter, but also furnish a vast amount of information on the breeding and care of cattle, raising forage crops, and other items of farm practice.

Roasting Meats.

The method adopted for roasting meats should be the one that preserves all the juices inside the meat in the most perfect manner. Searing almost instantly coats the cut sides of a piece of meat and prevents the escape of the juices in the after process of roasting, while a firm, steady heat slowly but thoroughly cooks it, and thus both juices and flavor are preserved. Salt and water have a tendency to extract the juices of meat and toughen it, and should not be used in roasting when it is desired to have the meat sweet, juicy and tender; and as basting is a troublesome as well as a damaging process, it should be avoided whenever possible. The same method should be pursued in roasting cut joints of lamb and mutton as recommended for beef. But as most people prefer these well cooked, a longer time should be allowed for roasting them than is allowed for roasting beef. If a leg of lamb or mutton is to be roasted, put in a very hot oven without seasoning, for ten minutes, then reduce the heat to a moderate temperature. Pork, in the language of a celebrated culinary artist, "should be cooked to death." Veal should also be well cooked, and as it is a very dry meat, it is necessary to baste it frequently while roasting.

Value of Hot Milk as a Stimulant.

If the tired men, and women, too, who "brace up" on beer would only be induced to try hot milk they would never again re turn to unwholesome stimulants. It must be heated as hot as it can be sipped, and although it will be some what less acceptable to the palate on account of the fact that when heated it loses its sweetness, still the compromise with which its cordial influence will be felt will be appreciated by any one willing to be convinced. Statistics prove that men and women who do not drink do more work and endure more hardships than those who use spirituous liquors.

To Keep Moths Away.

To preserve goods from moths do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in closets are a better protection. Five cents w nough to equip all the packing b x osets of a large house for a year.

Currant Wine.

One pint of currant juice, one pint of sugar, the juice of a lemon and a quart of water. Boil the water and sugar together for 20 minutes, then add the currant and lemon juice. Cool and freeze in an ice-cream freezer.

Strawberry Wine.

One quart of strawberry juice, one quart of water, juice of two lemons, a pint and a gill of sugar. Boil sugar and water together 20 minutes, add the juice of strawberry and lemon, cool and freeze.

Tahiti Must Surrender.

The French are finding trouble in extending their sway in Tahiti and having been unable to carry their point by amicable negotiations have now resorted to the process of shelling the native villages. It is said that this course was taken as a punishment for an attact upon a launch belonging to a French war ship; but it is practically a part of the execution of the purpose to reduce the whole group to the sway of the ruler who is the French representative. The protectorate of France at Tahiti was long ago acknowledged, and the station is one of the most important that she has in the Pacific; but a portion of the islands have always insisted that they had stipulations for an independent government, and have declared that they would fight for this right. Of course they will quickly be reduced to subjection by the French, having no means of resisting the attacks of a war vessel.

SEA MONSTERS.

Denizens of the Sea as Yet Unknown—Strange Leviathans.

A few years ago a sea monster, corresponding in appearance to the famed sea serpent as often described (which is not saying that the creature was a serpent), was seen by Capt. Austin Cooper, and the Officers and crew of the Carlisle Castle, then bound for Melbourne. A description and sketch of the monster appeared in the *Argus*.

On September 11, at 10.30 a. m., the third officer of the British steamship Nestor, then in the Malacca Straits, announced a shoal. Surprised to find a shoal in such a well-known track, Capt. Webster watched the object and found that it was in motion, keeping up the speed of the ship and retaining about the same distance as when first seen. "The shape of the creature," said the captain (in an affidavit before Donald Spence, acting Law Secretary to the Danish Supreme Court at Shanghai), "I would compare to that of a gigantic frog. The head of a pale, yellowish color, was about twelve feet in length, and six feet of the crown was above the water. I tried in vain to make out the mouth," he proceeds, "but the mouth may have been below water. The Lead was immediately connected with the body without any indication of a neck. The body was about forty-five or fifty feet long and of an oval shape, perfectly smooth, but there may have been a slight ridge along the spine. The back rose some five feet above the surface. An immense tail, fully 150 feet in length, rose a few inches above the water. This tail I saw distinctly from its junction with the body to its extremity. It seemed cylindrical, with a very slight tapor, and I estimate its diameter at four feet. The body and tail were marked with alternate bands or stripes, black and pale yellow in color. The stripes were distinct to the very extremity of the tail. I cannot say whether the tail terminated in a fin or not. The creature possessed fins or paddles so far as we could perceive. I cannot say if it had legs. It appeared to progress by means of an undulatory motion of the tail in vertical plane."

It may be remembered that in 1873 a monstrous cuttlefish was encountered by two fishermen in Conception bay, Newfoundland. When attacked, the creature threw its long arms across the fishermen's boat, which it appeared to regard as a veritable object of prey; but one of the fishermen cut off the tentacle with an axe, on which the cephalopod withdrew, apparently regarding the man's action as unfair. This tentacle was 25 feet in length; and as the fishermen considered that it was cut off fully ten feet from the body, the entire length of the tentacle must have been about 35 feet. They estimate the body as 60 feet in length and five feet in diameter.

In 1861 the French war steamer Alector encountered a monster cuttle at sea about 120 miles north-east of Teneriffe. The crew got a noose around the body, but unfortunately it slipped to the tail, which it pulled off. The weight of this little bit of the creature was found to be over 40 pounds. it was estimated that the body was 50 feet long and the weight not less than 4,000 pounds.

The most remarkable account of a sea monster of this kind was that given by the captain and officers of the Pauline. It was sworn to on oath by George Drevar, the captain; Horatia Thompson, chief mate; John Landells, second mate, and by the steward and a seaman.

On July 8 we observed three large sperm whales, one of which was gripped round the body by two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30 feet, and a girth of eight or nine feet. The creature whirled the whale round and round for about fifteen minutes and then suddenly dragged it to the bottom head first.

Five days later the same creature, or a similar one, was seen about two hundred yards from the ship, darting along the surface, head and neck being out of the water. Only Captain Drevar and an ordinary seaman saw this. But a few minutes later the captain, first mate and two seamen saw the monster raise its neck and head above the water to a height which they estimated at sixty feet.

Some ten years ago Commandant Villeneuve and the officers of the French man-of-war the Lendre saw a creature corresponding in appearance with the sea serpent travelling rapidly along, the head slightly raised above the water, and with a sort of mane streaming backward, while the back of a long body could be seen under the water. A creature exactly answering to this description was seen by Major James Harding, then an officer in the King of Virgin Harm, sailing within a few yards of his canoe, and swimming toward a small island outside Suva bay, known as the home of the Big Snake. Captain the Hon. George Hope, of the British ship Fly, when in the Gulf of California, the sea being unusually calm and transparent, saw at the bottom a large marine animal with the head and general figure of an alligator, but the neck much longer, and with four large paddles instead of legs.

My own belief is that some, at any rate, of the stories relating to supposed sea serpents are to be explained by the fact that if there still exist creatures such as Captain Hope described—long-necked reptilian forms akin to the Dolichodeiros of former ages. Such creatures would present all the characteristics described in the so-called sea serpents. Their paddles would enable them to advance rapidly without perceptible undulation (which the sea serpent has been observed to do, and which no actual serpentine creature could do). The great objection to this view has been that we find no fossil plesiosaurs in tertiary strata. But this objection loses its force when we note that the chimera (a connecting link between the sharks and the sturgeons) is closely related to forms existing in the secondary ers, while no trace of any of those forms has been found in the intermediate strata down to our own time. The chimera certainly exists, for it has been seen captured. It is exceedingly rare, however, and up to the beginning of the present century all the objections urged against the sea serpent might have been urged against the chimera.

A lake in the grounds of the country seat of the Emperor of Austria near Vienna is used as a skating park. One day last winter a Viennese went skating there with an ink-bottle attached to the back of his skate, the neck adjusted so as to allow the ink to flow out in a regular stream. With that writing apparatus he sketched the name of the Crown Princess on the ice in lines that a writing-master might envy.

The dog that climbs trees should try the sycamore.—(Saturday Night.

MUTINY ON THE LAKE.

The Story of a Murderous Plot on the Schooner Harriet.

The death of Herbert Foster at the age of 68 years at his home in Erving recently recalls the story of a mutiny on a lake vessel that happened a good many years ago, but is still talked about by those who haunt the harbors who live along both shores of the big lakes.

Mutinies have been very rare on the lake. Of course, sailors have came aboard ship fighting drunk and have had their faces smashed during controversies with the officers; a genuine mutiny is another thing. The passage from port to port has always been so short that there was no inducement to mutiny. Even in the old days, when there were no tugs in the Detroit and Huron Rivers and vessels were three weeks beating up through, the shore was so close that it was better to desert and swim ashore than to take the chances of a fight.

However, there have been mutinies on fresh water, and the one that Bert Forest was shipping mate with was of the type for which hanging is a just penalty. Forest had signed articles as second mate in the schooner Harriet, a vessel of 120 tons, in the trade between Buffalo and Chicago. The Harriet was commanded by Capt. George Humphrey, and Peter Humphrey, a brother of the captain, was mate. Forest was a relative of the brothers, and it is said that all three had the reputation of being hard men to sail with. Although Peter was only 19 years old, he was a handy lad with his fists, and, according to Mr. Gib Smith of this village, who tells the story, it was on that account that he got the birth of second mate.

The Harriet was chartered for general merchandise to Chicago, and began loading for her first voyage of the season in May. The crew was brought on board at night and the next morning at daylight began stowing the cargo with Forest in the hold and the mate on deck to boss the job. The men all came from one boarding house, but three of them appeared to be strangers to the rest, though anxious to make friends all around. There were seven men in all—a short crew for those days.

After three days the vessel was warped out past the pier heads, and got a slant of wind that brought her above the Sugar Loaf on the Canada side, after which it was a dead beat to windward for four days up the lake untill the Detroit River was reached. Here the wind shifted to the north, and the schooner anchored for night. In the morning the wind died out entirely but eventually a little puff came from the westward, and up came the anchor. Then the wind strengthened, but came up to northard again. In short, for nineteen days there was a variable wind, seldom strong enough to enable the Harriet to stem the seven-knot current of the river, unless it was a headwind, but at the end of the nineteen days the little vessel got clear and showed her heels to the narrow channel breast of the modern city of Huron, and off for Mackinaw.

A more discontented set of men never sailed through the rivers. The officers had chafed under the delay, and had made life a burden to them. There was no rest night or day. The anchor was dropped and got up again as often as fifteen times in a single night, one day, and cleaning and painting the ship, and tarring down the rigging between times the men were well worked out. Still, men had stood that sort of thing often before, and never thought anything more of it than to grumble, but in this case Foster and Ship Only Captain Drevar and an ordinary seaman saw this. But a few minutes later the captain, first mate and two seamen saw the monster raise its neck and head above the water to a height which they estimated at sixty feet.

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The dog that climbs trees should try the sycamore.—(Saturday Night.

It came on the evening of the fifth day from the rivers. The Harriet was reaching down the easterly side of the island, with the wind about a point free. At the lower end of the island on that side is a long sand spit that reaches out for two or three miles

After the Unwary Sailorman.

It was unmarked by a lighthouse in those days, nor was one erected there for more than forty years after, in spite of the danger. It was here that the wreckers designed to build a craft. The weather was fair, of course, but if the Captain was made to appear to be over anxious to shave it close, and she ran ashore and was broken up by the next storm, no investigation subsequently made by owners or Government officials in those days would develop any crookedness, particularly if the officers of the ship were lost in the disaster.

It was just after sunset. Peter Humphrey was in charge of the deck, and the Captain and Forest had gone below. Hill was at the wheel. Peter was in the waist of the vessel when a man ran up out of the forecastle and told him that a small leak had suddenly opened right alongside the deadwood and above the forecastle floor. This statement was true, for Proctor had opened it.

The mate rushed down the forecastle ladder to see what was the matter, and as he reached the bottom was grasped by Proctor, Pitcher, and Sandy. They had determined, as McPherson afterward admitted, to bind him with strips of canvas, so as not to bruise him, and then deliberately drown him. The captain and Forest were called, but on deck, one at a time, and served the same way. Then the bodies could be interred, and, in case of an investigation, could be dug up again, and exhibited without showing suspicious signs. But, unfortunately, the three men got in the way of each other, and Peter was enabled to break loose from their first grasp. Then began a struggle for life not often equalled. Peter had seen the leak, but understood now that it was made as a trick to get him down there, and he realized that no such desperate move as that would have been made had not the men been determined to take his life.

He had no weapon, but as he freed himself for an instant from his assailants he rushed about in the narrow space and drove his fist into Proctor's face with a force that

Hurled him against the bulkhead

And almost opened an avenue to the ladder. But Sandy and Ben were on him at once, and with their blood up were careless whether tell-tale marks were inflicted or not. One had a wooden fid and the other a belaying pin. As Peter recovered himself from hitting Proctor, he got a blow on each side of the head that laid the flesh open to the skull and half dazed him, but, turning, he grappled with Ben, and by sheer strength downed him. By this time Proctor had got on his feet and, with Ben, joined in by jumping on Peter's shoulders, grasping him about the neck, while Sandy with the fid pounded the struggling mate across the small of the back.

In spite of the odds against him, the mate rolled over on one side and managed to get loose from Proctor. He was right at the foot of the ladder, and in his struggle, got one hand on the step. With a mighty effort he drew himself up till one foot was on the ladder. Then he got the other foot up, and his head almost clear of the scuttle. Another moment's struggle, and he would be on deck, but Ben grasped him by the leg and down he came. With that Proctor snatched the fid from Sandy's hand, and the next moment drove the point through Peter's eye and into the brain, and he died without a groan.

The floor of the forecastle was covered with blood—water. The bunks, the bulkhead, even the ceiling overhead were covered with blood. So were the three sailors, but they did not stop to waste time with that. They hurried on deck and started aft with the rest of the men with them, to make short work of the Captain and Forest.

Meantime, however, Hill had altered the course of the ship and was steering straight for the sand pit. The alteration in the course had attracted the Captain's eye after a little time, and he was about to go on deck to see what was the matter, when he happened to glance through a peephole provided for the purpose, and saw Hill standing with his left hand on the wheel and pump brake in the other, ready to hit, apparently, any one coming out of the companionway.

With that the Captain took in the situation. Hastily he went to his stateroom, and got two big flintlock

Pistols loaded with slugs,

and then called Forest and the cook. There was an open passageway from the cabin through to the lazaret, where spare sails and ropes where stowed, with a small hatch, aback the wheel, which happened to be open. Fearing that others might be guarding the companionway, the three men crept through the lazaret, the Captain leading.

The noise as the Captain emerged attracted Hill, and he turned with uplifted pump brake, but the Captain shot him dead. Forest followed the Captain on deck and picked up Hill's pump brake and got on his feet just as Proctor and the rest reached the mainmast in their rush aft. But he had no occasion to use the brake. Seeing the firearms, and their companion lying dead, Proctor and Pitcher jumped overboard and disappeared. That they were drowned no one believes, for shoal water was scarce a quarter of a mile away. The rest of the crew surrendered at once.

The vessel was put on her course just in time to escape the shoals. In Chicago Sandy and two others were arrested on a charge of mutiny. In some way unknown Sandy was enabled to break jail, while the others escaped with short terms in prison by swearing that they were forced into the conspiracy.

Forest followed the lakes for over thirty years after this event, and then bought a farm on the lake shore and has lived there ever since, until his death.

Forced into the Harem.

The Italian tenor Masini, travelling for pleasure, sang recently to the Sultan's harem at Constantinople. The ladies, as is usual on such occasions, were hidden from the view of the artiste by high screens. Masini sang the aria from the "Huguenots." As he finished he was astonished to hear a voice from behind the screen sing, in a marvellously finished style in Italian, the song of "Valentina," which in the the opera follows the tenor aria. Struck by the exceeding beauty of the voice, Masini instituted inquiries, and discovered that the mysterious singer was the daughter of a high official of the Turkish Court, who had studied in Rome with the intention of going on the operatic stage; but upon her return to Constantinople had been forced, much against her will, to enter the harem of the Sultan.

"What is that you are wearing?" asked the farmer of his fair city boarder. "Oh, that's my red Jersey." "All right," was his reply, "but don't go near my brown Jersey over in the fields, unless you are good at climbing trees."

FEARFUL SHIPWRECKS.

Terrible Loss of Human Life in Some of the Disasters at Sea.

Lloyds' estimated that in 1800 the loss of merchant and other ships by disasters at sea amounted to an average of one per diem.

In 1854 no fewer than 677 British ships appear by Lloyds' lists to have been totally lost. The years 1852-53 were especially disastrous, for no fewer than 1,115 vessels were lost on the British coast alone, with 925 lives.

In 1859 there were 1,416 wrecks and casualties on British coasts, with a sacrifice of 1,645 lives, while in 1876 77 there was the enormous number of 4,164 wrecks and casualties, but only 776 lives were lost. The three heaviest years in the loss of human life on the British coast were 1854, with 1,549; 1859, with 1,645, and 1867, with 1,333 lives lost.

In the twenty-five years from 1854 to 1879 there were 49,000 odd wrecks and casualties on the British coasts, and these were attended with the sacrifice of 18,819 lives. If to this dismal record could be added the full tale of wrecks and losses on other coasts, some idea of the tribute paid to the hungry sea might be formed.

In proportion, however, to the number of ships sailing the seas, and their size, and the number of passengers that they carry, there can be no doubt that—whether it be due to the advent of steam, and with it the greater power to battle with adverse winds and waves, or to better legislation, or more perfect training of officers and men, or other causes, separate or combined—the loss of shipping and of human life, per cent., shows a most satisfactory reduction. For instance, the disasters to British shipping during the twenty-five years ending with 1812, notwithstanding the comparatively small marine of those days, included at least twenty-one in which the loss of life was over 100. In the like period of 1860 to 1885, though with a vastly increased marine, and much closer and more reliable means of information, the record includes only twenty of equal magnitude in loss of life.

The first great disaster at sea recorded in British history was the wreck of the Blanche Nef in November, 1120, by which the children of Henry I. and their suite and servants, in all 363 persons, were drowned. As William, the heir to the throne, was among those who perished, and the result was the accession of Stephen, it may be said this catastrophe changed the whole course of English history. It is probably the want of records rather than immunity from great disaster which now causes a gap of many hundred years.

The tale of the merchant navy's tribute over many years must still be told, but of necessity briefly.

In 1806 the King George, a packet running from the now defunct port of Parkgate, to Dublin, was lost with 125 persons, and the following year the Prince of Wales, running between the same ports, was lost with even greater sacrifice of life.

The year 1815, that of the great battle of Waterloo, was one of the very few which passed without any great British disaster at sea. In 1822 came the first reported loss of a steamer, the Rob Roy, and next was the Ellesemere, and four lives were lost.

It is also at least remarkable that up to this period not a single maritime disaster of magnitude is attributed to collision. Since then some of the most appalling accidents have been due to this cause, as witness the Governor Fenner and Nottingham, off Holyhead, in 1841, with 122 lives lost; Lady Elgin and Augusta, on Lake Michigan in 1860, with 287 lives lost; Oneida and Bombay off Yokohama, in 1870, with 115 lives lost; the Northfleet and Murillo, off Dungeness in 1873, with 300 lives lost; Avalanche and Forest, in the English Channel, in 1877, over 100 lives lost; Princess Alice and Bywell Castle, in the Thames, in 1878, nearly 700 lives lost; Cambria and Sultan, off the Dutch coast, in 1883, and 454 lives lost; and the Sarah of Florida and Panama, off the coast of Canada, in 1884, 123 lives sacrificed. There were of course, many other collisions involving equal loss of property but fewer lives.

The most disastrous losses in the merchant navy, otherwise than by collision, were the following:—The Royal Adelaide in 1850, off Margate, with 400 lives, the Annie Jane and the Tayleur, both emigrant ships, in 1853, with over 700 lives. The Austria, an emigrant steamer, was burned in the mid-Atlantic in 1858, and nearly 500 lives were sacrificed; and 1859 brought the loss on the Anglesea coast of the Royal Charter and 446 lives.

In 1865 the steamer London foundered in the Bay of Biscay with 220 persons on board. In 1873 the emigrant steamer Atlantic went ashore on the American coast and 560 persons perished. In 1874 another emigrant ship, the Cospatrick, for New Zealand, was burnt at sea and 470 lives were sacrificed. In 1883 the steamer Daphne, while being launched on the Clyde, keeled over, and 124 persons were drowned.

Finally come that most distressing class of catastrophes—disappearances. That a fine vessel, with hundreds of souls on board, should sail out to sea and never be seen or heard of again is one of the most painful of human experiences. Lloyds' records only too plainly show how frequent such is, and among great ships that have passed those of the President steamer, from New York to Liverpool, in 1841; the Pacific steamer, Liverpool to New York, in 1856; and the City of Boston, from New York for Liverpool, in 1870. The City of Glasgow steamer disappeared in 1854 with 480 persons on board; and in 1875 the Great Queensland, for Melbourne, with 509 persons on board, left London and was not again seen. Explosives on board were supposed to have destroyed her. In the following year the Cairo, another large ship, with much gunpowder on board, also bound for Australia, likewise disappeared.

It must be borne in mind that this melancholy history presents only a very few of the terrible doings of the sea, compared with the fearful aggregate; if more can be done by enlightened and prudent legislation to reduce the annualtribute which old Neptune so remorselessly exacts, then we would say let it be done, and that speedily.

The total value of imported tobacco to Britain is under £3 000 0 0. The taxation upon this value exceeds £900 000. Taking pipes and pouches, lights, and other articles with retail profits into the account, it is estimated that the people of the United Kingdom spent £16,000,000 upon tobacco or nearly £3 a head for every man, after deducting a fifth for absolutions.

A box of fire-crackers costs 65 cents in China, each box containing 2,560 crackers neatly packed and subdivided, all ready for the retail trade. A million of these boxes were imported by the trade for last season and were all sold. No doubt the same amount—that is 3,560,000,000 fire-crackers —will be cracked away this year.

The proverb tells us that "silence is the severest criticism." Married men escape the severest, then.

The Transatlantic Balloon.

The Paris *Matin* gives full details concerning the projected transatlantic balloon trip of Capt. Jovis, a French man, who proposes to start from New York some time in August. The balloon, which has been named the Atlantic, has a cubic contents of 25,000 cubic meters, a diameter of 36 metres, and a circumference of 110 metres. It will be the largest balloon ever built. The fabric is to be double, made specially for the purpose, and will be covered with a new varnish supposed to make it practically airtight. The covering and its varnish are so light that the enormous balloon, high as an eight-story building, is to weight but 4,000 pounds. The car is four metres wide by three metres and a half long. It is provided with two enormous floats of basket-work, covered with oil-skin in order to keep it above water at sea. The hold of the car will contain the ballast which, in this case, will be bird shot instead of sand. There are two cabins, each one provided with air mattresses, which will also serve as life-rafts in case of need. As the voyage will last three days or more provision has been made for cooking. A stove enclosed in wire gauze screen is used in the Davy safety lamps, will be used. Attached to the car will be a steam-launch provided with fuel and stores. The rest of the equipment consists of ropes, life-preservers, anchors, instruments, photographic apparatus, etc. The car will be lighted by electricity from storage batteries.

The Atlantic will be filled with hydrogen gas, which having a lifting power of 1,150 grammes per cubic metre, will give a carrying power of 27,000 kilos (54,000 pounds). As the balloon, its car, its passengers, etc., will weigh in all 10,000 kilos, there will remain a margin of 17,000 kilos with which to make the trip. According to calculations based upon a number of experiments the loss of gas will amount to 1,000 cubic metres a day. If the trip lasts 85 hours, as computed, the speed being estimated at 150 kilometres, about 4,000 kilos of balast will have to be thrown overboard. Capt. Jovis is confident that even should he come down in the middle of the Atlantic, no harm will come to his party. In the last ten years he has descended at sea no less than twenty-nine times, twice by accident, and the other times intentionally. Once he remained for seven hours floating around before help arrived. The captain announces that four persons, including a sailor, will accompany him. One of the persons he mentions, M. Paul Arene, a Paris journalist, writes, however, to the *Gil Blas* to say he has no intention of risking his neck in any such enterprise.

STATISTICS.

Algeria, which fifty-seven years ago was almost waste land, has now nearly 9,000,000 acres under cultivation, of which 190,000 acres are in vines. The agricultural material in daily use is estimated to be worth £1,000,000; 220,000 French and as many foreigners of European origin are settled in the Tell; the exports amount to £6,000,000; there is a daily service of steamers to France; 1,250 miles of railway are in working order, and profound peace exists everywhere.

The value of the annual production of milk in Switzerland is no less than $7,300,000,000 in other words, over 410,000,000 gallons are yielded annually by 662 336 cows and 277,277 goats, the total number of goats being 415,916. Of this quantity 39 6 per cent. is made into cheese and condensed milk, 42,6 supplied in its norma, condition for consumption, and 17.9 used in the farm yard for rearing and fattening purposes. There are 2,960 cheese-farms in the Alpine region and 2,661 in the vallies. The fertile canton of Berne yield, the largest supply of milk, after which came the cantons of St. Gall, Zurich, and Lucerne.

The total amount of silver coinage struck in Britain last year was £851,153, and the amount issued £909,768, as against £430,-798 in 1886. This is the largest issue of silver coin in any year since 1877, except in 1883, when owing to the suspension of all coinage during the greater part of the preceding year, the amount issued was over £1,220,000. The total amount of threepences issued during the year was £38,200. The demand for these coins in 1887 was considerably under that of recent years. Half-crowns of the mominal value of £208,225 were issued during the year, as against £130,605 in 1886, and the total amount of these pieces added to the circulation since their coinage was resumed in 1875 has been £2,451,710.

Bless the Farmer Boy.

A character often written about in fishing stories is the barefooted, tanned and freckled farmer's boy; that very chap I saw coming towards me as I was peering through the bushes to find a place where to put my flies. His twinkling eyes seemed to be comparing my trim lancewood bark with his birch pole, and the silk worm gut with the cotton cord that the wind was whipping in the air. He watched me as I cast in the riffles, and chuckled as he saw my line come back empty so often. He thought to himself, "I can beat that," and he did! Going back to the edge of the water, he threw in his line it hardly touched the water when he shouted: "Look 'ere, will you?" and a nice trout I saw dangling at the end of the cord. Not only one, but four times did he do it, and that too in the very waters I had so carefully fished.

Bless the farmer boy! Under his slouched hat is ten times more wood lore than many of us possess. He can tell you as the warm spring days come where the pheasant is building her nest; how many eggs the quail will lay; how early down in the tangled weeds in the old pasture lot; he cannot tell you the name, but he knows that brown bird with spotted breast sitting yonder. In the deep shadows of the woods he sings a sweet song that softly echoes among the great trees like the tinkling of silver bells while he sits on the moss covered rocks and listens until the shadows turn to darkness; down the old log road he hastens home to dream of the dark woods and green meadows, of the foaming waters that rush by the great rocks, of the deep, quiet pool barred over with the shadows of the alders and where the trout hide away. Bless the farmer boy!

Charity of the Hebrews.

Every Jewish association, whether a club, or debating society, a musical party, a mutual insurance society, a business league, or what not else, is by those concerned in it deemed incomplete if it does not do something for charity. At every wedding, merry-making, festival and memorial celebration, public or private, and even in the house of death, the box for voluntary offerings to some charity is conspicuous. And when public calls are made in the synagogues for contributions in aid of a charity, the responses are such as are evoked nowhere else.

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y
(LIMITED)
OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT
Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888

GENERAL dry goods. Ready made clothing. Hats and gents furnishings, new and cheap. Kerr & Wims.

Good old potatoes for 80 cts a bushel at The Big Store.

Remember the Big Store is selling all seasonable fruits at the lowest possible prices.

THE Deseronto Car Works continue to turn out a large number of cars for the C. P. R. every week.

MR. W. C. B. RATHBUN is building a conservatory at Bay View Ranche, terra cotta material being employed

A complaint reaches us of a house on west Main street whose residents by their disorderly conduct prove a great annoyance to their neighbors.

MR. J. R. Booth lately erected a very large arch at the new kiln recently built at the Terra Cotta works. It is 40x17 ft. and a splendid sample of mason work.

OWING to cloudy weather the total eclipse of the moon on Sunday night was not visible here and local observers were in consequence very much disappointed.

WORK on the "Queen of the Lakes" is progressing steadily in the Deseronto shipyard. The schooner will be practically as good as new before she is launched.

WM. MCGURN, of Marysville, who was recently committed to Belleville gaol as a dangerous lunatic, has been discharged, the county officials having considered him sane.

Important to farmers—to see to it when they buy salt by the barrel that the quantity is stamped in plain figures on the barrel. The Big Store sells the standard barrel, 280 pounds.

ONE of Gilliland's patent fifty wire switches has been lately introduced into the telephone office here. The telephone business is steadily on the increase at this agency.

THE steam barge Saxon was caught in the fog at Belleville on Sunday night, could not see the light house and ran aground. She was pulled off by the Quinte on Monday morning.

It is said that the pile of rubbish at the crossing of Second and Main streets was left there by corporation employes. It should be removed before the unhealthy dog days set in.

The eleventh annual meeting of the High Court of Ontario, Independent Order of Foresters, takes place at Toronto on the 9th of August. There will be between three and four hundred delegates.

MR. WM. JAMIESON recently purchased for his stock farm a Durham cow and calf from Mr. Robert Switzers, of Ernestown. The calf is only about two weeks old and the price paid for both was $125.

The shadow which passed over the face of the moon last Sunday night was nothing to that which will pass over the countenances of our brethren of the Yacht Department as they read of Tuesday's record in the Big Mill.

THE water in the Lake of the Mountain is at present at a lower level than it has been at this season for the long period of thirty years. It is within a few inches of being as low as it was at the time the frost set in last fall.

HAVE you noticed the number of lame horses that are being driven along our streets these days? Where is the society for prevention of cruelty to animals? There are not half a dozen respectable looking driving horses in this vicinity.

MESSRS. Dexter and A. E. Gracey are metamorphosing the appearance of St. George street in their vicinity by many improvements indicative of good taste and reverence of The TRIBUNE's good opinion. Would that all citizens would follow their good example.

THREE jolly fellows, while under the influence of stimulants, set out for a cruise on the bay last Saturday afternoon. At the end of the dock one stood up to give an oration when he suddenly slipped into the bay from which he was subsequently fished out by his unsteady companions.

Two or three of our well-to-do citizens are fine fossilized specimens of past days. They exhibit no taste in the appearance of their places which are innocent of paint, tidiness, or any other becoming fixture. How would it do for the boys to turn out some evening and give their residences a coat of whitewash?

IN removing the old boardwalk east of The Tribune office, there were found some four or five dollars in coins of various denominations lost at different times by pedestrians. The workmen were imp-ded in their work by a host of boys and girls all eagerly intent on pouncing on the first glittering coin which presented itself to their keen vision.

PARTIES on east Thomas street complain bitterly of several disease producing nuisances which are still permitted in that section. They cannot understand why the board of health compel some to comply with the regulations, while others are allowed to do as they please. Immediate action is called for on these matters.

WE have to thank many of our patrons for the prompt settlement of small amounts due us in answer to our appeal of last week. We would like all who are in arrears to call in and settle by the end of this month. To the publishers of newspapers prompt payments are especially necessary as they pay cash down for all their material. We rely on all complying with our humble request on this occasion.

THOMPSON'S POINT presents a cheerful aspect at present there being a large number of parties camped out in that locality. There is a regular street bounded on each side by the camps of visitors who pronounce the Point the best camping ground on the bay of Quinte. It is a pity that capitalists have not long ere this erected a mammoth hotel at this point calculated from its position to become the greatest summer resort in this part of Ontario.

THE Glenora flour mills have not been running of late.

THE Reeve was in Frankford Monday and Tuesday on matters of business.

A new lot of men's dress and working shirts. Splendid value at The Big Store.

Lansdowne print is the newest in the market. The Big Store is showing a full range.

MR. COOPER, of the Toronto *Empire*, was in town yesterday in the interests of his journal.

OUR grocers are making heavy importations of water melons and other fruit from Oswego.

THE yacht *Norah* arrived in port last night having on board Mr. John Bell, Q. C. and family.

The bass are beginning to bite much to the delight of enthusiastic sportsmen in this vicinity.

MR. J. S. MCCAIG, ex-M. P. for Prince Edward, is very dangerously ill with little hope of recovery.

THE eccentric stap of the Terra Cotta Works engine broke yesterday, necessitating a stoppage of several hours.

MR. EVANS, superintendent of the shipyard, has workmen busy preparing for the foundation of his new office.

MR. B. B. Stroug, of Brooks & Stroug, Clayton, N. Y., was in town yesterday and purchased a schooner load of cedar for his firm.

A young woman being asked by a politician which party she was in favor of promptly replied that she was in favor of a wedding party.

MR. CLEMENTS is making good headway with the rebuilding of the Methodist Church, and it will be ready for opening about the time stipulated.

MR. E. BARNHART was so unfortunate as to upset his yacht on Tuesday with no worse effects than a good wetting to himself and crew.

A PARTY of happy and good looking excursionists arrived on the Quinte from Belleville on Tuesday afternoon and spent an hour or two in town.

MRS. B. W. WASHBURN has among her fine selection of flowers a geranium which has thirty blossoms from a single root, a truly magnificent specimen.

AN excursion party from Trenton came down on the Quinte yesterday and remained in town for a few hours visiting the different places and objects of interest.

"IT gives more local news than any paper I know of" was the remark of a gentleman on Tuesday last. It is unnecessary to say that he referred to The TRIBUNE.

MR. C. E. Hubbs, who spent last Sunday at Davey's Island, informs us that a young lad had the day before captured a muscalonge which weighed 31½ pounds.

A NEW elevator has been placed in position at the Terra Cotta Works for the purpose of elevating the terra cotta from the machine to the different stories of the drying rooms.

SMALL excursion parties to Glenora, Davey's Island and other resorts down the bay are of frequent occurrence. Our people are getting sensible and enjoying the beauties of nature around them.

ON Tuesday Mr. M. Marrigan and his men commenced to load the Resolute and after four shifts had by 3:30 p. m. loaded her with 265,000 ft. of timber and 138 thousand shingles. Rapid work.

MR. WM. JAMIESON shows some samples of corn over twelve feet high grown on his farm in Sophiasburgh. Mr. W. C. B. Rathbun, of Bay View Ranche, has a field of fine oats 3½ feet in height with good heavy grain.

MR. A. THOMPSON says that he has been delivering milk here for the past six years, but he never found so many empty houses as on Wednesday, the date of the Methodist picnic. All the folk away enjoying themselves.

THE principal excursion steamers of Toronto have issued regulations forbidding smoking except in certain portions of the boat. A desirable innovation which might with advantage be adopted by steamers on the Bay of Quinte.

Rev. D. O. Crossley was in town on Tuesday. He is meeting with wonderful success in his preparations for his annual excursion to the Thousand Islands. It promises to be even more successful than those of former years.

EXCELLENT plans of the Deseronto Cemetery can be seen at the office of W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., at Egar's drug store and at The TRIBUNE office. Parties desiring to purchase lots should consult these plans before making their choice.

THE Deseronto Gas Works now furnish illuminating gas to their patrons at $1.75 per thousand feet, and gas for cooking and heating at $1.00 per thousand. This makes cheap light and fuel. The gas is said in quality to have no superior in this province.

NOW that the Telegraph Company authorities have put up new posts along Main street we suppose it is in order for our town council to have them neatly painted. Would it not be well for the Company to prevent them being disfigured by all kinds of advertisements in future.

A PARTY consisting of MRS. P. O'Connor, Miss O'Connor, Miss Lulu O'Connor and Masters Willie, Fred and Frank O'Connor, Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Bedford and family, together with Miss Mamie O'Connor and Miss Ettie Lally, of Oswego, left on the Hero yesterday morning to spend a week or two among the enchanting scenes of the Thousand Islands.

ON Saturday Wm. Kimmerly, a deaf mute, had a narrow escape from being run over by a passing train which rushed past the Cedar Mill at considerable speed. Drivers should run carefully through the yards not forgetting to ring the bell. With so much bustle around it is almost impossible to hear an approaching train.

THE fact that so many of those patrons against whom charges were laid have confessed to having adulterated the milk sent to cheese factories is pretty good proof that the inspectors have been in all cases on the right track. Parties may go to higher courts and try to snap a verdict to set them right with their neighbors who properly regard them with aversion on account of their wrong doing, but it will be of little avail. Too many under a garb of a moral and ever religious life have been guilty of fraud and their punishment is just.

THE members of the Methodist Choir are diligently preparing for their moonlight concert on the waters.

CAPT. MCCROSS of the Salvation Army has received orders for removal to another station. A grand farewell meeting in his honour will be held at the Barracks next Wednesday evening. The proceedings will be of great interest.

Mr. Crossley's Excursion.

The steamers "Hero" and "Quinte" are both engaged to carry Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion to 1000 Islands on Saturday Aug. 11th. The Quinte will leave Napanee at 6:30 a. m., Deseronto 7:20, Picton 8:40, Glenora 9, Adolphustown 9:15, Bath 11. The Hero will leave Trenton at 6 a. m., Belleville 7:15, Northport 8:15, Cronk's 8:40, Cole's 9:15. Plenty of room this year. Tickets $1.00. Trip to Alexandria Bay and among Islands on Monday morning free. See bills for particulars.

August 18th.

That is the date fixed for the excursion to the Thousand Islands under the auspices of the Hilton circuit of the Methodist Church. The Quinte has been engaged and a large patronage has been guaranteed from all sections of this district. The steamer will start from Trenton and call at all way ports reaching the Thousand Islands early on Saturday afternoon and remaining over Sunday will return on Monday. A better trip cannot well be conceived. Do not miss it.

Police Court.

On Friday the Chief arrested Joseph Alford for drunk and disorderly conduct. He appeared before the magistrate the next morning and was dismissed with a caution. On Saturday Hugh Reid, 7th con. Tyendinaga, when under the influence of stimulants, entered the house of Mr. Pickett, Main street, and frightened the women folk. He was promptly run in by the Chief and on appearing before the magistrate was reprimanded. On Wednesday the Chief gathered in Jas. Nolan, late of Madoc, drunk and disorderly. He was also dismissed with a caution. Yesterday the Chief arrested Patrick Foley on a warrant from Picton charging him with theft. Chief Hallett, of Picton, came over on the Deseronto and brought his man to Picton with him the same evening.

Lindsay Agency.

MR. G. H. M. BAKER, of the Lindsay agency, of the Rathbun Company was in town on Monday. While practising in the gymnasium at Lindsay he met with an accident by which two of his ribs were cracked and a general shaking up was received. He reports that the mill employed by the Rathbun Company at Lindsay is now busy cutting, John Rodd being the efficient superintendent. The Rathbun Company furnish the material paying so much a thousand for cutting.

New Boardwalk.

During the past week Commissioner Marrigan has laid down a splendid new boardwalk on the north side of Main street from Mill street nearly to Central Park. It is wide and very substantial, a model piece of workmanship which will prove a great convenience to the public. Mr. Jamieson, of the Empress, has laid down a fine platform outside of this boardwalk opposite his hotel thus adding greatly to the appearance of his hotel and that part of Main street generally. The removal of the unsightly pieces of boardwalk in front of Sager's grocery and Snider's jewelry store makes a great change in that locality.

The Cosette.

The Cosette, one of the finest steam yachts, ever seen on the Bay, arrived in port last Friday evening and has remained here since undergoing repairs. She is owned by Mr. T. J. Montgomery, a wealthy millionaire of New York, who is vice-president of the Incandescent Light Company of that city and owner of extensive soap works and paper mills in Connecticut. Mr. Montgomery with his wife and two children are on board enjoying a trip of two or three months duration. Capt. Vanbrunt is in command and there is a crew of eight men. The Cosette is 100 ft. in length on deck and 110 ft. over all, has powerful engine and is very elegantly fitted up. She came from New York by way of the Erie canal and in coming through the lock had her nose slightly damaged; it was also found necessary to remove her bow-sprit and other rigging to enable her to pass through. During her stay in port she has been inspected and admired by a large number of visitors. The Cosette will cruise for a month in the St. Lawrence and then return down the river and through the Gulf to New York.

Yacht Racing.

There are now quite a number of fast little sail yachts owned in Deseronto, several of them being exceedingly lively. As a consequence there have been several races recently the owners of the crafts being desirous to try their speed in friendly contests. In the first race the "Grit" owned by Mr. John Stuart was declared the winner. On Wednesday night there was an exciting race, four yachts being entered, viz. the "Annie D." owned by J. C. Macleod; the "Grit," 'John Stuart; Oddfellow," A Barnhart; and "Stranger" B. Howell. The last named was early thrown out of the race by a mishap to some of the rigging. A keen contest followed between the other three, there being much skilful seamanship displayed and good time made. One of the buoys was found to be misplaced and caused considerable trouble and disputing among the contestants. However, Mr. C. E. Hubbs acted as referee, adjudged the race to the "Oddfellow." It has been decided to count all former races off and a new series will be instituted, the first race taking place tomorrow evening. An exciting and interesting contest may be expected.

Sound Preserve.

Mr. John White, ex-M. P. for this riding thus expressed himself at Port Hope on the 12th of July in his address to the Orangemen: "He had been for thirty-two years a follower of Sir John Macdonald, and of that time he had been in Parliament sixteen or seventeen sessions and he had no leaning towards the Reformers. They would give him credit for that. Well, then, as one of themselves he would ask them whether they could draw back from the declaration they had placed on the Statute book? That, then, was in part, Commercial Reciprocity. But if the Americans came forward, and said, "Let us add manufactures to the list of free goods," could they refuse them? It would be impossible to do so. He spoke for the bone and sinew of the country, for the agriculturist who ought to have an opportunity to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the highest market which he could find. He could not sacrifice the many for the few for ever and ever. Let the country adjust itself to its circumstances and go forward with the march of events. (Cheers) Public expenditure must be curtailed. (Cheers.) They were too much governed. They had too many governors, too many parliaments, and too much of a Senate. The money which was spent on the upkeep of these ought to clothe their sons and daughters.

Quick Work.

Tuesday's *Intelligencer* says that "Sandy Smith, in charge of the Rathbun Company's coal yard, reports that 227 tons of coal were unloaded from the Caribadi in 9 hours. This is the quickest work of the kind ever done here. A steam engine and three iron buckets furnished by the Brown Manufacturing Co'y were used."

A Horse Shot.

A Belleville paper says that John Goodfellow was in the city to have Stephen Garrett go to Tyendinaga to investigate a horse shooting case. He found a valuable horse in the pasture dead. It had been shot. Goodfellow lives between the 8th and 9th concessions, near where the barns were burned and cattle poisoned some years ago.

Too Much Crime.

There is altogether too much crime in the county of Hastings. The number of committals to the jail of late has been large. What can be the cause? There is much dilatoriness also on the part of judicial officials in the matter of disposing of cases. If the present administrators of justice are overworked, would it not be well to add to their number.

Napanee Driving Park.

The Napanee Driving Park Association has been organized with the following officers: President, Judge Wilkison; Vice-President and Manager, W. N. Dollar; Secretary, S. Gibson; Treasurer, A. T. Harshaw; Ex. Cons., R. H. Potter, T. G. Carscallon and W. F. Hall. The price paid for the park is $3,200. No gambling, darkies, or intoxicating liquors will be allowed on the grounds.

Keep an Eye on Them.

Mr. Stewart, a member of the United States Senate, proposes a great union of the English speaking race. To this end he suggests that England should name the sum which she would require for Canada, which he affirms the United States will willingly purchase. As the United States has over $720,000,000 of a surplus in the treasury it will be just as well to keep an eye on our Canadian politicians or we will find ourselves sold out some morning for a few millions less than we are worth.

Dynamite on the Farm.

Half a pound of dynamite placed upon the top of a large "hard-head" or boulder weighing anywhere from ten to one hundred tons will have a great effect. The rock directly under the cartridge will be as fine as meal, and the remainder so broken that it can usually be removed with a bar, or drawn out by horses, and put into a wall or otherwise disposed of. A rock that would cost ten dollars to remove in the old way can with dynamite be broken up for fifty cents.—*American Agriculturist* for August.

The Cruiser.

The Steamer Cruiser, a trim little craft, lately purchased by the Dominion Government for fishery service in lake Superior, was in port several days this week fitting up for her summer's cruise. On her trip up the bay Hon. M. Bowell, Hon. C. H. Tupper, and Mr. Tilton, of the Fishery department, were on board. At Belleville measurements were taken for a new boiler to be manufactured by the Brown Mfg. Co. of that city. The Cruiser is commanded by that genial officer, Capt. Holmes, formerly of Napanee, who has been appointed Inspector of Fisheries for Lake Superior.

Terra Cotta Works.

The Terra Cotta Works are at present turning out some splendid wares both in terra cotta and brick material. The visitors to these works cannot but be impressed with the extent of the buildings and their capacity for manufacturing vast quantities of material which is fast becoming more and more employed for building purposes. The enterprise of the Rathbun Company in this as well as in other matters is meeting with an encouragement which must afford them the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Lenderoth, the superintendent, is indefatigable in his efforts to make these works a complete success.

Casualties.

Andrew Primrose was working at the paving block machine in the Cedar Mill when a block flew up and struck him on the side of the face cutting his cheek open. On Tuesday Benjamin Howell, who has gained a widespread reputation for his celerity as a workman, was engaged sawing at the double block machine in the same mill. While taking out a block it stuck and his hand was caught between the block and the machine and his wrist was severely cut and one finger burst before he could get his hand extricated. On Tuesday Archie Smith had his finger very severely crushed in the machine shops. He was attended by Dr. Newton who hopes to save the finger. On Saturday Anthony Robitaille had his thumb badly jambed while coupling cars and Anthony Gordon in the Cedar Mill had his cheek cut by a hook slipping, both men receiving repairs at the hand of Dr. Vandervoort.

Cheap Excursion.

A cheap excursion, colonist class, to the Canadian Northwest, viz to Moosomin, 220 miles west of Winnipeg, and return is advertised, the whole distance to be traversed for the small sum of $28. The trains of the C. P. R. will leave Toronto at 10 p. m. Aug. 7th and Carleton Place at 1:10 a. m., Aug. 8th, and parties should arrive at those places on Aug. 7th in time to take those trains. Tickets will be good to return at any time up till 7th October, and will allow the holder to lay over at Winnipeg or any station west thereof to visit friends. No better time to judge of the land. Tickets will be good in Colonist Cars only, and will entitle holder to free berths in same. Tickets can be purchased at C. P. R. agency, Deseronto.

The Record Broken.

As we have before stated the Big Mill is doing splendid work this season, everything working smoothly and satisfactorily and as a consequence the output of lumber has been very great indeed. On Tuesday all previous records were broken by the mill making the unprecedented cut of 2,592 logs. This is great sawing and it was all done quite easily without any extra exertion, all the hands returning to work the next morning looking fresh and cheerful. The count was carefully and accurately kept so there can be no room for doubt as to the number. During the past 20 days the Mill has sawed on an average 2,067 logs a day, which will give our readers some idea of the work overtaken in this mammoth establishment. It may be safely stated that there is no mill on the continent which cuts more steadily or which is more thoroughly organized for effective work. Mr. J. W. Dexter, the superintendent, his corps of foremen, and army of workmen may well be congratulated on Tuesday's record as well as on the splendid state of efficiency to which they have brought the Mill this season.

Generous Gifts.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary has presented to the Tweed congregation four granite pillars for their new church at a cost of $300. This makes his offering to this church $650. The new building will be opened at Christmas.

Another Improvement.

The Great Northwestern Telegraph Company have found it necessary to yield to THE TRIBUNE, and those unsightly poles will be removed and replaced by others which will be more ornamental and useful. The poles on Dundas street will be removed and all the wires some sixteen in number, will be brought along Main street. Workmen have been busy all week effecting the change.

Excursions on the Quinte.

This afternoon the Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Deseronto and return. On account of a previous charter she will be unable to run her usual excursion out of Napanee to-day. On Saturday the Quinte carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee, calling at all way ports. She will remain one hour in Napanee. Tickets for the round trip only 25 cts.

Pushing the Work."

The new Chemical Works building will be 140x60 ft. and will be divided into three fire proof compartments. The work of rebuilding is being vigorously pushed a large staff of masons being engaged. The stone for the foundations comes from quarries on the line of the N. T. & Q. Railway. The new building will be placed a few yards more to the south then the old giving more space between it and the gas works.

Change of Time.

Commencing on Monday next, July 30th, the str. Hero as will be seen by her advertisement in another column makes a change of time which will be found in every way convenient to the travelling public on the Bay of Quinte. Under the new arrangements she will connect at Kingston with the Princess Louise for Clayton, and lower river points through ticket arrangement being complete. On Saturdays, commencing with 28th inst, the Hero makes excursions to the 1000 Islands, leaving Kingston at 1:45 p. m. and returning leaving Kingston at 8:30 p. m. Tickets for this grand trip only $1.00.

The Size of It.

An exchange aptly remarks: It takes a minister two or three minutes to perform a wedding ceremony. He makes no charge, but is generally handed a five dollar bill—sometimes a ten—and gets a good supper besides. The list of presents is sent to the editor and it requires two or three hours hard work to put it in type. He makes no charge, but gets no five dollars. Perhaps he gets a few pieces of cake and sells an extra copy of his paper for a nickle, but just as probable the parties are not even subscribers to his paper, and beg a copy of their neighbor to cut the list of presents from.

Such Fine Weather.

The past week has exhibited the perfection of summer weather. The temperature has not been excessively high, the nights have been deliciously cool, while an occasional shower has served to make the air fresh and invigorating. Every one has been talking in poetic strains of the splendid beauty of the bay last Saturday evening. The rays of the full orbed moon were reflected on its waters in a manner seldom witnessed. The shadow of tall trees and the contour of projecting headlands and high banks could be seen on its clear waters. The harbour was lively with excursion steamers, yachts, and small boats, all filled with happy folk on pleasure intent. But this is a subject more fit for our local poet than a matter-of-fact journalist.

Good Samples of Grain.

Mr. J. G. Allison, of Tyendinaga, gave us a call on Monday evening. He left some samples of grain which prove that the farmers will yet have something to show for their summer's labour. One sample was spring wheat of the White Russian variety the stalks measuring 3ft. 7 inch. in length and some of the heads having 40 grains. Mr. Allison has over 12 acres of this wheat. He states that he has also excellent crops of peas and oats. He also left with us some samples of Red Russian fall wheat grown on the farm of Mr. Joseph Allison, 2nd con. of Sophiasburg. The stalks measured five feet in length, and from five bushels sown there had been gathered in fully 150 bushels. Mr. Joseph Allison has raised about 1,000 bushels of good barley. These are encouraging items of interest. The late rains will make a great difference on all kinds of crops in this district.

Death of Mr. John M'Laurin, of Gananoque.

On Tuesday, 24th inst., Mr. John McLaurin, agent of the Rathbun Company, Gananoque, breathed his last. The sad intelligence though not altogether unexpected was received here with general expressions of regret. The deceased gentleman, who was 63 years of age, was the eldest son of the late Capt. John McLaurin, of L'Original. For a long number of years he has been connected with business establishments in the Bay of Quinte district and Central Ontario. For some time he was manager for Messrs. Cook & Cochrane of the "Yankee" Mills at the present village of Napanee Mills. For the past eighteen years he has been connected with the Rathbun Company in various situations of trust and responsibility. For some time together with Capt. A. Carroll, he managed the old Bogart mill then run by the Company at Belleville. During the past nine or ten years he has been the superintendent of the Gananoque agency of the Rathbun Company, a situation which he filled with the greatest satisfaction having worked up the business there to its present large dimensions. He was highly respected by all classes of the community on account of his sterling integrity. The Messrs. Rathbun held Mr. McLaurin in the greatest respect and esteem and he always enjoyed the confidence of the Company who found in him a man of rare and conscientious fidelity. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church and took an active part in the different departments of church work. He was married twice, his second wife, by whom he is survived, being the youngest sister of the late Mr. Chas. Dryden, of Deseronto. During the past two years Mr. McLaurin had been in ill health and of late had experienced great sufferings which, however, he bore with patient submission. He was conscious to the very last, and among his last words was a request to his friends to bid Mr. E. W. Rathbun good-bye. The funeral took place on Wednesday and was largely attended, the interment taking place at Napanee cemetery. A number of gentlemen from Deseronto were in attendance, among others Messrs. F. S. Rathbun, H. B. Rathbun, W. R. Aylsworth, J. M. Poitras, and other representatives of the Rathbun Company.

Annual Summer Sale.

This week we commence our annual summer sale, which will afford a grand opportunity to secure summer goods at great reductions.

We are bound to clear out entirely our immense stock of

Summer Silks.

Satins.

Dress Stuffs,

Dress Trimmings,

Prints,

Ginghams,

Zephyr,

Chambrays,

Seersuckers,

Lawns,

Muslins,

Embroideries,

Laces,

Gloves,

Hosiery,

Handkerchiefs and Collars.

In our tailoring and Gents' furnishing departments we are offering all our

SUMMER CLOTHING for Men and Boys,

STRAW HATS,

FELT HATS, light colors,

LISLE GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

TIES,

BOATING SHIRTS and CAMBRIC SHIRTS at a bargain.

DON'T FORGET OUR

Staple Department,

We have established a reputation for good qualities and low prices combined, during the past season.

Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard.

Steamlooms from 7 cents per yd up.

Sheetings, Tickings, Towels, Towelings, Table Napkins, Quilts, Cotton Yarns, Woolen Yarns, Carpet Warp.

ROBINSON & CO.

Successors to Downey & Co.

Napanee.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto July 26, 1888

BARLEY, 55 to 75 cents per bushel.
OATS, 45 to 50 " "
BUTTER, 16 to 18 cents per pound.
LAMB, 7 to 8 " "
BEEF, 4 to 5 " "
LARD, 11 to 12 " "
EGGS, 12 to 15 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, $1.25 to $1.30 per bag.
HAY, 15 to 18 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 30 to 50 cents per pair.
Hides 3 to 3.50 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 25 cents each.
Tallow in rough 2 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5 "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.50 to $7 per cwt.
Apples, 80 cents to $1.30 per bag.

BIRTHS.

ABERNETHY:—At Deseronto, on the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. W. G. Abernethy, of a daughter.

AKER:—At Deseronto, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. John Aker, of a daughter.

PARKS:—At Deseronto, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. Sheldon Parks, of a son.

HARBAND:—At Macdonald, North Fredericksburg, on the 24th inst, the wife of Mr. Wm. Harband, of a son.

DEATHS.

MCLAURIN:—At Gananoque, on Tuesday, July 24th, Mr. John McLaurin, eldest son of the late Rev. John McLaurin, of L'Orignal, aged 63 years and 14 days.

NOTICE.

IN future all engagments and other arrangements in connection with the Ruthbun Company Band must be made through Mr. James Stokes, their President, to whom full powers in such matters have been delegated by the Band.
Deseronto, July 26, 1888.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received up to the 28th July for the works required in the completion of S. Mark's Church, Deseronto, separately as follows:—
CHANCEL and VESTRY, BELL TOWER, and CHIMNEY.
About 25 cords STONE and 40 loads SAND now on the ground to be taken at a valuation.
Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of F. Donoghue & Bro., Deseronto, or Thomas Hanley, Architect, Belleville.
The Committee does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
E. A. RIXEN, Secty,
Deseronto, Ont.

Building Lots.

FOR SALE on Green street, lots 13, 14 and 15. For information apply to
MR. P. O'CONNOR,
O'Connor House,
April 27.—3 mos. Deseronto.

Building Lots.

FORTY choice building lots just laid out and ready for sale.
Apply to
F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, June 7, 1888.

CARTER'S

BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM

OPPOSITE THE

O'CONNOR HOUSE, DESERONTO

The undersigned thanks the public of Deseronto and vicinity for the liberal patronage accorded him during the past 12 years he has been in business and hopes he will continue to merit a continuance of the same.

He is showing a full line of Ladies', Gents and Children's BOOTS & SHOES of the best make in Canada which he is selling at rock bottom prices.

He makes CUSTOM WORK and Repairs a specialty, having engaged MR. J. A. MOORE, late of Belleville, a first class hand at sewed work. Any persons favouring him with orders for HAND-SEWED boots can depend on getting them to suit at lowest possible prices. A call to inspect his stock and work is earnestly solicited.

T. N. CARTER.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY have a few lots for sale on the hill near the White Church.
Apply to
MR. F. C. WHITTON.
Deseronto, April 12, 1887

FOR SALE.

GOOD second hand Pork Barrels suitable to put pork in for home use. Also a number of Iron Bedsteads which can be seen at The Big Store or our office, Deseronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.

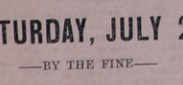
GO TO THE

1000 ISLANDS

SATURDAY, JULY 28

—BY THE FINE—

STEAMER "HERO."



LEAVES DESERONTO AT 5 A. M.

Tickets, $1.00. Good to return from 1000 Island Park any Saturday during season.

SUPERB SAIL GUARANTEED.

Why You Feel

So weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

Is it any wonder, then, that if the blood be not pure and perfect in its constituents, you suffer so many indescribable symptoms?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla stands "head and shoulders" above every other **Alterative and Blood Medicine.** As proof, read these reliable testimonies:

G. C. Brock, of Lowell, Mass., says: "For the past 25 years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all the diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."

Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth Ave., New York, says: "As a blood-purifier and general builder-up of the system, I have never found anything to equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It gives perfect satisfaction."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla proves equally efficacious in all forms of Scrofula, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Humors, Lumbago, Catarrh, &c., and is, therefore, the very best

Spring and Family Medicine

in use. "It beats all," says Mr. Cutler, of Cutler Brothers & Co., Boston, "how

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

does sell." Prepared by

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

GEO. E. SNIDER,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER & DEALER
in all kinds of SILVERWARE, &c.
Corner Main & St. George Streets,
Deseronto.

"In Union is Strength."

Particularly is this the case in the union or combination of the vegetable oils which blended together compose

SIMPSON'S LINIMENT.

Its penetrating powers in Cases of Rheumatism, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, etc., have been thoroughly proven. Mr. James Avery, Mallorytown, Leeds Co., Ontario, writes: "Shortly after your agent was here last winter my son unfortunately strained the cords of his back and not paying attention to it at once caught cold which settled there. He was laid up for about a week and suffered considerably. I, as an experiment, gave your **Simpson's Liniment** a trial and it brought him around in twenty four hours. I heartily recommend it." Sold everywhere for 25c. Manufactured by
BROWN BROS. & CO.,
Chemists,
Halifax, N. S.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y. OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y

Who will write Policies as low as any other Stock Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
Deseronto, Ont.

DONT NEGLECT THE COUGH

COUGH, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS WHOOPING COUGH CROUP, INFLUENZA DIFFICULT BREATHING and all THROAT and LUNG complaints. Pleasant to take; children are fond of it. Instant relief from first dose; heals and cures like magic. Prepared scientifically from the Pure Pine Tar.

Sold Everywhere at 25 cents a Bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY EVERYBODY.

I am acquainted with the composition of Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial, and can recommend it as being the most efficient Cough Remedy I know of.
P. PALMER BURROWS, M.D., C.M.
(Member of the American Public Health Association, and President of the Executive Association of Health Officers of Ontario.)

Perrin's Pine Tar Cordial Co.,
LINDSAY, ONT.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO.

BARGAINS in PRINTS.
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Parasols.
Bargains in Embroideries.
Bargains all over the Store.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

TERMS CASH.

Kerr & Wims

Mar. 9—3 mos. ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

1888. SPRING. 1888

New and Seasonble Goods

are being shown in every department at

THE : BIG : STORE.

We are now offering special inducements in

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Many lines which we are showing cannot be got elsewhere, as we have imported them direct and in advance of the Wholesale Dealers, upon whom most retail merchants depend for their stock.
Many novelties will be found in the

FANCY : GOODS : DEPARTMENT,

As everything new is added to our Stock. When you want anything in this line come direct to THE BIG STORE.

STAPLE DRY GOODS, SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES, WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, DUCKS, etc.

We are in a position to sell at a lower price than any other house in the trade.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

A very complete line of ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS are kept, and being bought from manufacturers all middle handling is avoided, and the cost to our patrons largely diminished. All the operations of the work are conducted under MR. STODDART'S close and practical supervision.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—It is almost marvelous to contemplate the magnitude which this branch of our Store has attained. All who buy their foot-wear from us can rely upon getting Boots, Shoes, &c., of the highest standard of excellence and at the lowest prices considering the quality.

Groceries and Provisions.—This Department is so well known that comment is unnecessary. A large section of the surrounding country as well as nearly all the inhabitants of the village seeks their supplies at The Big Store, and the demand though large, has been amply provided for. Our Stock was never so complete as it now is, and consumers who leave their orders with us may rely with certainty on their being promptly and satisfactorily filled.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

—THE BIG STORE,—
MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

FARMERS', ·:· ATTENTION!

LOOK HERE!

H. M. SNIDER

HAS opened up ware-rooms on St. George Street, Deseronto, for the sale of agricultural implements of all descriptions. He is agent for J. O. Wisner, Son & Co's, of Brantford, manufacturers of the celebrated

WISNER COMBINED DRILL, SINGLE DRILL AND SECTIONAL SEEDER, SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATORS,
SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS AND PERFECTION RAKES.

Also of A. Harris, Son & Co., of Brantford, manufacturers of

No. 2 STEEL FRAME BRANTFORD —BINDERS,— REAPERS AND MOWERS.

A full line of Repairs kept constantly on hand.

Plows. Shares for all kinds of Plows.
Deseronto, April 12, 1888. 6 mos.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs* of either sex. *Emissions* and all ills Are caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. *Write for Pamphlet.* EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., *Detroit, Mich.*

DESERONTO.

We want to say a word to you this week about clothing. We are not strangers to you. Many of your most

STYLISH YOUNG MEN

have worn our Clothes for years, but there are others we want to know, and the sooner the better for both. Why not at once? You like

NICE FITTING GARMENTS.

You pay for them, why not have them? Our stock is large and our prices reasonable, We give you city goods and city cut at

COUNTRY FIGURES.

We look after the details. Nothing neglected to ensure satisfaction. You want the clothes, we want your orders. Why can't we deal?

We are to be found opposite The Beaver Office, Napanee.

McALISTER & CO.,
Popular Clothiers and Furnishers.

LEADING

TORONTO DAILY & WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS

Always on sale at The TRIBUNE Office, Deseronto.

Invention has revolutionized during the last half century. Not least among wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; and one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

To the Public.

THE TRIBUNE

OFFICE

Has the best facilities for doing all kinds of

Job : : Printing.

NEW PRESSES,

NEW TYPE,

—AND—

OTHER EQUIPMENTS

Have been lately added to

OUR OUTFIT;

enabling work to be

Promptly and Artistically performed.

EVERYBODY

should call on us before leaving orders elsewhere.

Deseronto News Co.,

(LIMITED),

DESERONTO, ONT.

BETHEL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Rev. Mr. Shrimpton, of Pennsylvania, is paying his sister, Mrs. John Robinson, a visit.

Mrs. Reid has returned after a few weeks very pleasantly spent with friends in Belleville.

Isaac Gorsline is home for his vacation.

Our school is closed, teacher gone, and scholars running wild.

Berry picking is now the order of the day and is being indulged in by a great many with good results; the recent rain is producing a fine crop.

Myer Allison is home from Rochester, sick with rheumatism. Myer finds Dad's a very good place to go when he is sick.

Farmers are sowing immense quantities of buckwheat since the rain; feed will be very scarce.

Farmers are now in the midst of barley harvest which is not a very heavy job. Barley crop this year is something like the Irish man said by his hay, when told that the hay was very short. He said "yes it's short, but its thin."

Mrs. McMullen, of Toronto, is renewing old acquaintances here for a few days past.

A hen party at Mr. N. Wood's Tuesday afternoon.

Two or three fine showers of late have had a very beneficial effect upon growing crops, although it was long in coming it will do a great amount of good yet. Potatoes are growing very rapidly, I guess there will be a chance for an Irishman this winter, but fruit of all kinds will be scarce unless it is wild raspberries which seem to be very abundant.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE

From Our Own Correspondent.

The ancient order of Pow-Wowers hold frequent meetings. They have determined to take a hand in the approaching election. Their influence, which is increasing, will turn the scales.

Canvassers are frequently pouring over blue covered literature, well thumbed copies of the "Blue Book" are being anxiously read to find out if possible, follies of the present council. Some have discovered that the "sundry disbursements" are too numerous.

We regret to say that Maggie, daughter of Isaac P. Brant, has been seriously ill for some time, with little hope of recovery.

Joseph I. Brant's house is getting on fairly.

The Rev. Messrs. Forneri and Geen officiated at All Saint's Church on Sunday afternoon. The former preached an excellent sermon.

Isaac D. Green is building a small house by the road side west of Green creek.

Haying is nearly done, not one third of a crop, a poor look out for the already half starved cattle.

The ferry business is very poor at this season, the "Prince Edward" will probably have the run for a few weeks yet.

NORTHPORT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

This town is booming now since it has received its new dock, and since THE TRIBUNE reporter has awakened.

There was a marriage recorded in favor of Northport. One of the citizens had the knot tied on the 23rd May and have commenced housekeeping. Look out for a little less love there in a few years.

The managers of Quinte cheese factory have made a bad hit on the sales this season. They held on too long and got severely bit on June cheese. Look out Ira or there will be war at the annual meeting in November.

The Provincial Milk Inspector was here and tested the patrons' milk which stood the test well and showed the honesty of all parties sending milk to above factory.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brooks, who have lately returned from Denver, being there about six months, are about starting on another tour of the St. Lawrence in a row boat having a complete outfit, sails, tent, bed, etc., etc., in fact everything constituting a camping outfit.

NOTES FROM STURGEON POINT CAMP.

A most enjoyable time was spent by Mr. Duffus' camping party on Sandy Point and their many visitors were very hospitably entertained. They made angling their chief amusement, and a prize was offered for the party landing the largest quantity of the finny tribe on *Grand Sirnes.* We understand that Miss B. Horkins, of Campbellford, and Miss A. Bain, of Bath, Ont., were the victors, being equal, having caught each a very large fish weighing enormous weight. Not having the figures and wishing to be correct will not say the exact weight.

Sunday in camp is a day hard to decide (with some) how best to be employed. From this camp all but enough to protect the provisions paddled a distance of nine or ten miles to Fenelon Falls to church and back, making a hard trip for such warm weather, as we were having. Immediately on seeing the party from Fenelon Falls appear in sight the home guard at once decamped, making for the boats which were manned by stalwart gondoliers who were previously engaged to propel their canoes to Bobsgeon. On arrival at this picturesque village they at once proceeded to the Rockland House, where a splendid supper was partaken of, this being done in a way that only a camping party can. They took in some of the pretty sights of the village and prepared for their return to camp. Some say the male portion were a little under the influence of tangle leg, but they forget that Bobcageon is under the Scott Act making this impossible. The sidewalks may have been very uneven and some of the spikes in the dock projecting above the planks causing some little mishaps, which otherwise would not have occurred.

As the fleet were already for the signal to cast off they were cautioned by the captain of one of our largest steamers to keep well to the north shore.—

"Try the lake, the old man said,

Dare you're the tempest o'er head,

A voice replied far up the lake

Our camp to-night we have to make."

Our camp to-night we have to make."

They arrived safely at camp, greatly to the relief of their comrades there, who feared they had gone to "Davey Jones' Locker." Camp was broken up on the following Wednesday and all returned to Lindsay having greatly enjoyed themselves, but minus a parcel of linen which however, if marked, will no doubt be restored to the owners.

This Camp was fortunate in rescuing a gentleman of Lindsay from a watery grave, his perilous position being first seen by the ladies who ably assisted at the rescue.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

The Indian Empire the Wonder of the Age.

The Indian Empire is not a miracle in the rhetorician's sense, but in the theologian's sense. It is a thing which exists and is alive, but cannot be accounted for by any process of reasoning founded on experience. It is a miracle as a floating island of granite would be a miracle, or a bird of brass which flew and sang and lived on in mid-air. It is a structure built on nothing, without foundations, without buttresses, held in its place by some force the origin of which is undiscoverable and the nature of which has never been explained. For eighty years at least writers by the score have endeavored to bring home to Englishmen the vastness of India, but, so far as can be perceived, they have all failed. The Briton reads what they say, learns up their figures, tries to understand their descriptions, but fails, for all his labour, to realise what it is—a continent large as Europe west of the Vistula, with 30,000,000 more people, fuller of ancient nations, of great cities, of varieties of civilisation, of armies, nobilities, priesthoods, organisations for every conceivable purpose from the spreading of great religions down to systematic murder. These are twice as many Bengalees as there are Frenchmen; the Hindostanees, properly so called, outnumber the whites in the United States of the Marhattas would fill Spain, the people of the Punjab with Scinde are double the population of Turkey, and I have named but four of the more salient divisions. Everything is on the same bewildering scale. The fighting peoples of India, whose males are as big as ourselves, as brave as ourselves, and more regardless of death than ourselves, number at least a hundred and twenty millions, equal to Gibbon's calculation of the population of the Roman Empire. There are four hundred thousand trained brown soldiers in native service, of whom we hear perhaps once in ten years, and at least two millions of men who think their proper profession is arms, who would live by arms if they could, and of whom we in England never hear a word. If the Prussian conscription were applied in India, we should, without counting reserves or Landwehr or any force not summoned in time of peace, have two and a half millions of soldiers actually in barracks, with 500,000 recruits coming up every year—a force with which, not only Asia, but the world, might be subdued. There are tens of millions of prosperous peasants whose hoardings make of India the grand absorbent of the precious metals; tens of millions of peasants beside whose poverty Fellahs or Sicilians or Connaught men are rich; millions of artisans, ranging from the men who build palaces to the men who, nearly naked and almost without tools, do the humblest work of the potter. Every occupation which exists in Europe exists also in India. The industry of the vast continent never ceases, for India, with all her teeming multitudes, with a population in places packed beyond European precedent, imports no thing either to eat or drink, and, but for the Europeans, would require nothing whatever. She is sufficient to herself for every thing save silver. Amidst these varied masses, these two hundred and fifty millions whose mere descriptions would fill volumes, the tide of life flows as vigorously as in Europe. There is as much labour, as much contention, as much ambition, as much crime, as much variey of careers, hopes, fears, and hatreds. It is still possible to a moneyless Indian to become Vizier of a dynasty older than history, or Finance Minister of a new one, to found a personal fortune in hard cash is double that of the late Emperor William, or abbot of a monastery richer than Glastonbury ever was, owner of an estate that covers a county, head of a firm whose transactions may vie with those of the Barings or Bleichroders. One man, Jutee Pershad by name, fed and transported the army which conquered the Punjab.

Words.

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer raindrops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard;
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word bang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred
(Never, never more to slumber),
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of Summer air;
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

A Plague of Crickets.

Swarms of crickets have been ravaging Algeria this year. They fly in clouds so thick as to obscure the sun. When they alight they destroy every trace of vegetation. Sometimes they fall exhausted to the ground in such numbers as to completely cover it with dead bodies, from which unhealthy exhalations arise. The Algerian Government has expended $150,000 in the effort to exterminate the pest, and has set aside $200,000 in al for the work. Long trenches are dug at right angles to the march of the advancing crickets, and on the further sides high fences of cloth are stretched. The insects, striking against these, fall into the trenches, and are covered with lime and killed.

Yellow pine and oak are the best woods to resist the action of steam with the least amount of warping.

Evicted Crow.

It is a truly logical mind which succeeds in rightly apportioning praise and blame. Even the engine of the law is not always able to crush the real culprit, when there is another person who can be put forward to shield the actual offender. The crow of India is both knowing and impudent, and of him the author of "Turbans and Tails" tells the following story.

I once incurred a crow's displeasure, and I do not wish to do it again. There was a pandanus tree near my veranda, and in this a pair of crows determined to build. At first I offered no objections, but when the task was finished, the cock-bird found his energies—aroused by the task of building—suddenly deprived of direction. He therefore occupied his leisure moments by digging with his strong beak at the pandanus shoots.

Now this was a piece of the most wanton mischief, and one which threatened the tree's life. I expostulated with the bird; he would desist from his work and listen, with mock gravity, and the moment I had finished would dig out a fresh piece of the plant and throw it down at me.

Then I gave my servants orders to remove the nest from the tree altogether. This was done, and the servant remained in favour, while I was visited by the most serious displeasure.

Whenever I ventured into the garden, that crow would signal to his friends, and, in an instant, from twenty to fifty others would flock about me, making the most unpleasant remarks.

If I ventured myself on the upper veranda, that offended bird would at once fly to its balustrade, and stretching out his neck, would accuse me of every conceivable enormity, in such deep and sepulchral tones as would be foreboding life miserable.

This rancourous hatred was maintained for a long time, till, finding that his nest was not again molested, his wrath became appeased, and I was once more at liberty to walk in the garden.

In Vain.

BY REV. C. H. COLLIER.

I chased a summer butterfly
O'er grass-grown fields, thro' mossy glade;
My hand outstretched, I'd often try
To grasp it, but each effort made,
I'd see it gayly flutter on,
Then pause a moment, as for rest,
Upon some flower, then begone,
To lead me on in fur her quest.

On, on it flew, and on I pressed;
It will grow weary by-and-by
Then by some gentle wind caressed,
Sink down to rest, this butterfly,
With wings of burnished black, and gold
That glisten in the morning sun.
These many beauties I behold
Must all be mine e'er I am done.

On, on I pressed and on it flew,
Until at last grown tired, no doubt,
It rested where some violets blue
Peeped from a grassy hillock out.
I grasped it then with reckless haste;
I crushed its beauty, could see
But broken wings with gold erased,
As all my pains had brought to me.

This is a picture, you may think;
Turn inward then your mental eyes,
And see if ever you've tried to drink
Of pleasure's cup, and known surprise
To find it bitter to your taste—
A sharp unending burning pain;
Then prayed to have your steps retraced,
And the uncertainty again.

* * * * *

'Tis so in life. Our hopes are best,
For when fulfilled they bring no rest.

Marriages in India.

The reform of marriage customs in India is an event not far off. It has, indeed, actually begun in one section of the country. The chiefs of the numerous small native states of Rajpootana have entered into an agreement to change a custom which their children may marry, and also to curtail the serious expense attending wedding celebrations. No ordinance binding upon others has been passed, the chiefs having simply agreed upon certain restrictions; but it seems probable that their example will be fruitful among their own people, and probably, in time, throughout India. No boy is to be married before he has reached the age of 18 years and a girl must be 14 in order to enter the connubial state. The expenditure upon marriages may be as small as the head of the family desires to make it, but it must not exceed one-fourth in certain cases nor two-thirds in others of the annual income of the family.

Within recent years instances have occurred in Rajpootana in which chiefs have spent the income of a year and a half upon "tyag" alone; that is to say, in gifts to mendicants, bards, minstrels, jugglers and others, whom custom brings together on the occasion of a marriage celebration. This profusion of gratuities is in addition to the marriage expenditure proper. Of course, a reform of this kind cannot take place without an economic change of considerable importance. Bad times are evidently in store for the bards and other hangers-on of Hindoo weddings, and many of them will have to change their occupation. On the other hand, the industrious cultivator will no longer be obliged to mortgage his land and his stock to pay the heavy interest to the money-lender in order to comply with a vicious and ruinous custom.

Breakers of Sad News.

It is said that some of the chief railroads in the country employ special persons to inform the bereaved family when an employee has been killed. Considering that every year a small army of men meet their death on the track the statement is not incredible. An old railroad man at Reading who has discharged this painful office gives the following among other experiences:

It was only a few days ago that I went to a home and found the wife chatting and laughing with a neighbor's wife while she was at work among her rose bushes and flowers. She looked up as I opened the long, first asked whether her husband was at home. She stared at me, became white as a piece of chalk, then shrieked and fell among the plants. I helped to carry her into the house.

"He's dead; my husband is dead. I know he has been killed."

"Who told you?" I asked, when she revived.

"No one. I only thought so. Is it true?"

It was easy then to finish my errand.

I once called on a woman to tell her her husband had been killed by striking against an overhead bridge. This was three years ago, near Philadelphia. The wife curled up her lip and replied:—

"If he's been killed, heaven has revenged me. He abused me long enough. He'll abuse no more women now."

That was the coolest job in my line I ever had. Five minutes later the woman was in hysterics and tears.—[Boston Post.

When it comes to taxes Minnie Mumm is our motto and our star-eyed goddess.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades whether or of the brows of the mind.

That one swallow does not make a Summer may be true, but one mosquito can make it hot enough for anybody.

A FUNERAL AND A DANCE.

Strange Ceremonies at the Pyre of a Hindoo Dignitary.

A correspondent in Bombay writes as follows:—After the Parsee funeral which I described recently we were astonished to receive a little box bearing the addresses of all the foreigners, and upon opening it found three flat wheaten cakes, three pieces of the fresh betel nut of betel, and below, in the Hindostanee language, an invitation to be present at the funeral ceremonies of a high Hindoo dignitary. It being extremely difficult to gain admission to the burning cemetery, we felt very fortunate, and in company with an intelligent native proceeded to the house of death. The dead man was said to be one of the richest natives of India, and his palatial home bore all the evidences of his great wealth, but the funeral expenses certainly did not exceed the amount paid by the family of the humblest citizen of Canada on similar occasions. The body, dressed in very plain white clothing, was laid on a bier in the drawing room of the residence, and we were invited to gaze upon the features of the deceased and, like the rest, sprinkle a few drops of water on it.

Being of a different religion, we were given places on the outside of the building. When the right hand of the corpse had been dipped into a chetty or peculiar shaped vessel filled with water, the liquid was passed around among the friends to partake of, and we lightly moistened our lips with it just for appearance's sake. This ceremony is said to add the participant in retaining the friendship of the deceased when entering into eternal rest.

BURNING THE BODY.

After a little while the body was carried to the Hindoo crematory, situated on the back bay, by eight of his friends and deposited on a platform made of light wood and saturated with petroleum. Two priests, having the three red marks of a high caste on their foreheads, set fire to the pyre, with the everlasting sacred light kept burning in the residence of the deceased, and with the murmur of solemn chanting prayers we watched the body reduced to ashes by forty flames. The widows took charge of the lamp by which the funeral pyre had been ignited and carried it back to her home to return with the company on the following day, when the remaining ceremonies would be performed. I said that an interval of some hours had to take place to allow the bad spirits an opportunity to view the remains of the dead and vent their anger on the yet remaining soul if they wished.

As we were leaving the details of the funeral above described had given such a somber and melancholy cast to the features and conversation of the visitors the observant gentlema who acted as our guide proposed that we return to the hotel, engage the largest drawing-room, and he would see to it that the course of the day thought was changed. His proposal was accepted, and the lighting of the lamps was the signal for a venerable-looking woman to enter armed with a reed instrument in the shape of a clarionet, sending forth a volume of sound that was intense pain for the fair sex prevents me from calling music. She marched around the room, and when again opposite the door which had admitted her, sounded as it were a horrible war-note, and there appeared a dozen damsels, whose liquid eyes were black as death, their long lashes of the same hue, their stature tall and their brows overhung with coins of gold, which glittered against the darkness of their hair.

THE NAUTCH GIRLS OF INDIA.

These damsels, our guide explained, were the celebrated Nautch or dancing girls of India. They formed themselves into a group, taking positions like those in a common quadrille, the musican(?) in the centre, and the dancing commenced. They were all below the age of 20, splendidly formed and arrayed in long flowing robes of high colors. All wore around their arms and lower limbs inch thick silver and brass rings, not less than eight on each leg, causing the movements of their bodies to be accompanied by tinkling sounds as if it were a sleighing party. They performed an allegorical representation of a Hindoo courtship and subsequent marriage with all the incidents and accidents customary among people wounded by Cupid's dart.

The serpent-like elasticity of body which allows these women to float, as it seems, across the floor, and the graceful abandon with which they enter the pantomimic delineation of the play they are performing must be seen to be appreciated, and language appears cold in a description. One of them wore around her neck a rosary, and as it is supposed the women of this class are devoid of all the pure attributes that distinguish the gentler sex in all portions of the globe, to a greater or lesser degree, it caused wonderment among the foreign spectators and investigation became necessary. The rosary spoken of consisted of over 100 small wooden beads the size of a collar button, were made of the holy basil, a low plant sacred to Sita, the wife of Rama.

A HOPE OF REDEMPTION.

We were told that this woman repeated scores of prayers at morning, noon and evening, never less than seventy five at any one time, in a chanting, monotonous tone, which became shrill and piercing at the end of each prayer. For a few golden dollars for each, the article whose intrinsic value was not more than fifty cents, was scornfully refused, and the old hag who supplied the music intimated that sure destruction would befall the band of dancers if the rosary was sold, lost or stolen. This emblem of devotion was believed to contain the only redeeming quality which would entitle the castaway females' claim to the protection of the gods when their race of life had been run.

The home of the dancers was at Benares and they were at Bombay at the special desire of a high English official who had given a company of European noblemen, then in the city, an opportunity to see the Nautch dancers, and we considered ourselves very fortunate in being able to view their peculiar art, the more so as it was claimed that they were the most proficient in India and enjoyed a celebrity in that country equal to the fame of any renowned dancer in Europe.

By the price charged for the performance we came to the conclusion that the feet of Nautch girls are more conducive to the enlargement of a bank account than the brain of a bank clerk, as the latter individual was only paid sixty rupees ($30) a month. Having received an invitation to picnic at Elephanta Island, the place where the most celebrated cave in existence is situated, we returned to our mosquito-infested rooms to dream of the day's excitement.

BREAD.—Sift flour, into which put a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of white sugar and a teaspoonful of lard; boil five or six potatoes, mash and mix in; pour over the boiling water in which they were cooked, let cool and pour in a teacup of yeast; knead thoroughly and let rise; work down again; when light, make into loaves and put in tins to rise; then bake.

Don't Shpoil Dot Leedle Fun.

BY EMILE PICKHARDT.

Dis vorld vas full of pain und care,
As efry von can see;
Ve find der troubles efry vhere
Vot makes much misery.
So ven some peoples sometimes try
To make a shoke or pun,
Yoost laff a leedle—vink your eye—
Don't shpoil dot leedle fun.

Von leedle humer now und den
(Dot vas prescription),
Vas relished by der best of men,
(Und can't poen bought mit gold).
Yah, more as dat, der greatest mea
Vat ever fame hat won
Vas nefer happier as vhen
Dem had dot leedle fun.

I lofs to see der shildren blay
Und make a racket, too;
A leedle romping in der day
Bring sheep der nighd all trough.
Und so, youst let dem make a noise,
Und shout und stump und run.
Dey grow oop shplendid girls und poys—
Don't shpoil deir leedle fun.

Der days of darkness und of strife
Dem shure come soon enough;
Our vay down here ve find trough life
A rocky road und rough.
Den take all pleasures dat innocent,
Und ven your life vas done,
Youst lay you down und die content—
You had your leedle fun.

A Birthday Ode.

BY MATILDA VOORHIS.

I'm forty-four! Strive as I will
I cannot make it less,
Though of that age my sex, 'tis said,
Will oft the truth suppress.
I knew a lady once whose age
For ten years was a score;
When she at last reached twenty-five
She stuck there ten years more.

But oh! if time would in its flight
Stand still at sweet eighteen,
And leafy June be always June,
With all its glow and sheen,
And girls be girls and boys be boys,
Through all the sunny days,
Nor learn that life has rugged paths
And darksome, devious ways!

But then, if girls were always girls
Where would we get our mothers?
And if the boys were always boys
We'd sadly miss our fathers;
And where would our old grandma be,
With specs and easy chair?
And grandpa with his plaid face,
And pipe, and silvery hair?

Though youth is sweet and all too short,
And cares come quite too fast,
Yet life has many sunny days,
Though oft with clouds o'ercast,
And though we all may backward glance
At days that are no more,
Yet life has some delights for us still,
Though we are forty-four.

Common Sense.

BY S. MOORE.

What good to think and then allow
Our gathered thoughts to slumber,
And have our heads, like old cock lofts,
A store for useless lumber?

What signifies philosophy
If we the while abuse it?
Far better have good common sense,
And know well how to use it.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Eighty-seven editors from Massachusetts, wearing linen dusters, diamond studs and overshoes, arrived at Congress Hall, Saratoga, on Thursday afternoon. They were on their way to the Adirondacks and will travel in buckboard waggons through the mountains. At a banquet each of the 87 editors responded to a toast.

Five years ago Lord Winchelsea, a sporting peer, made a bet that he would find thirty misprints in six numbers of The London Times. The stakes were $500, with $50 for every additional blunder, more or less. Six numbers were taken at random and only three misprints discovered. Lord Winchelsea lost much money.

The folding bed is a great convenience. But it receives a set-back from foolishly closing up with an old lady at Fayette, a few nights ago, and holding her a prisoner until morning, when she was released more dead than alive, and in a dangerous condition from the shock. Such tricks as that will bring a very useful article of furniture into disrepute.

A sagacious man, with a diligent regard for the safety of his fellow beings, has invented a grubular rubber tip to go on the points of umbrellas and canes to prevent their improper intrusion into the eyes of human beings. The tips are on the same plan as the rubber guard on a foil. They hurt the appearance of a stick, but on an umbrella they are not so disfigured.

A Terrible Accident.

News of a railway fatality of a peculiarly distressing character come from Jacques Cartier Junction, a short distance out of Montreal. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways meet at that point. On Saturday evening last the little daughter, some nine years of age, of the C.P.R. depot agent there, was playing on the track, and by some means one of her feet became fastened in a "frog." Her cries brought her father to her assistance, but he could not extricate the foot at once, and meantime a train approached at a rapid pace in the near distance. The poor man made frantic efforts to tear his child from the rail in which her foot was so firmly locked, and also motioned the train to stop, but all was unavailing. He was compelled to relinquish the child or lose his own life, and the locomotive and tender passed over the child, killing her instantly, crushing her head and the upper part of her body in a horrible manner immediately under his eyes.

Remarkable Superstition in Germany.

Aix la Chapelle papers state that the exhibition of holy relics, which takes place every seven years in that town, commenced on the 9th of July. The relics consist of a dress of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, cloth of the Lord, and the linen in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped after his decapitation. Persons afflicted with diseases will, upon shewing a recommendation signed and sealed from the parish priest, be allowed to touch the relics with a view to their cure.

Six hundred newsboys were washed, scrubbed, rinsed off, rolled up in flannel and laid out in the sun to dry the other morning at a Bathhouse, on West Madison street, Chicago. It required 14 000 gallons of hot water, as much more of cold, 1,200 of "sahmpoo" and 1,200 towels to do the work.

An Oxford graduate is a street car conductor at Minneapolis. He has any amount of wealthy relations, but the trouble came in when they wanted him to marry the girl he didn't like. To get out of the difficulty he skipped across the ocean. He is a popular conductor, but does not find much time to cultivate the literary tastes acquired at college.

Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature, and we turn more kindly to the object of our idolatry when we find that like ourselves he is mortal and frail.

Exile To Siberia.

Soon after Russia had conquered Siberia, she began to send her criminals and prisoners of war to that country. At first, the exiles who crossed the Urals were few in number, but, as the Empire grew, the number increased rapidly, and it is estimated that since 1754 nearly two million persons have been exiled.

This method of punishing offenders against the Russian law, which originally was simply a rude attempt to settle a new country, and was practised in lieu of the sentence of death, which had been abolished, has long been regarded by humane people as cruel and barbarous.

Sympathy for these convicts, banished from home and friends, has lately been freshly stirred by publications which have called attention to their condition and sufferings.

Although we do not defend the system, especially that most objectionable feature of it, the power held by every village community to condemn any of its members to perpetual exile, provided the district judicial authority approves, it is but just to remind our readers that Russia is not the only country which punishes its convicts by banishing them.

Transportation to the South Seas was, till a comparatively recent time, a common punishment in Great Britain. Moreover, France is still sending thousands of her criminals yearly to New Caledonia, and not a voice is raised in condemnation of the act.

Yet there are features in the French treatment of her transports which are far worse than any in the Russian, and which, if generally known, would justly arouse horror and indignation.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons do, that the Russian possessions in Asia are either wholly ice-bound wastes or arid deserts. On the contrary, there are in Siberia vast tracts of rich land, with a climate like that of our Middle States, and capable of supporting fifty millions of people instead of the few hundred thousand which they now contain.

It is this consideration which may lead the Russian Government to act favorably on the recent strong recommendation of the administrative council of the Penitentiary Department. This is, that transportation to Siberia as a punishment for crime be totally abolished. The recommendation is said to have been made with the previous knowledge and tacit acquiescence of the Czar.

There is probably no richer territory in his dominions than Southwestern Siberia, and, now that the railway has brought it into close connection with Europe, he doubtless feels that the punishment ought no longer to be checked by keeping it a mere vast prison-yard. For the experience of more than a century has proved that neither the political suspect nor common criminal makes a useful colonist.

Another consideration is the necessity for a stricter control over the political prisoners than can be exercised under the present system. According to a very recent official report "fifty per cent. of the exiles could not be traced less than five years after they had crossed the Ural mountains." With the completion of the proposed railway across Siberia, even the very slight control now exercised would be impossible.

Then there can be but little question that the Russian Government is sensitive to the criticisms which have recently been heaped upon its treatment of political offenders. It desires to be freed from the odium which this system has justly brought upon the empire of the White Czar.

The punishment proposed to be substituted for exile is confinement in prisons for common felons, and in fortresses for "political" criminals. The arbitrary power of banishment now enjoyed by communes is to be annulled. Incorrigible criminals are to be sent to the Island of Saghalien, on the eastern coast of Asia.

It is sincerely to be hoped that these reforms will be brought about, and that Siberia, instead of being simply a convict-prison, will become, like Australia, the home of a great, free and prosperous people.

But Russia is a very conservative country, and several previous attempts to abolish exile to Siberia have failed. Only when the Czar has issued his decree, as his father did when he freed the serfs, will the reform be assured.

Girls in the Garden.

If there is any one thing more beautiful than another in a garden of flowers, that thing is a beautiful girl, with a sunbonnet on her head so wide and capacious that you have to get right square before her, and pretty near her, to see the glowing cheeks that are sure to be there if she is at all accustomed to garden walks and works. Physically there can be nothing better for daughters, and, indeed, for many wives, than to take sole charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, snuffing the pure morning air, are freshness and glow of health, brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind and purity of heart. Consequently she must be more cheerful and lovely as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife. If you have not the door-yard ground, then get a dozen pots and plant the seeds of flowers to your taste. The care and attention required to rear and train the growing plants occupies the mind, to the exclusion, oftentimes, of senseless vanity at the time. You listless, pale-faced, fragile thing of a girl, throw off your mock delicacy, put on gloves, if you will, but work in the garden till your cheeks will vie in color with the blush of the rose you cultivate.

Importation of Coal to Russia.

The higher protective duties in Russia are telling against the importation of coal from England, as well as other products. According to the report of Mr. Gerard Murray, British Consul at Odessa, their operation explains the smallness of the import last year. Some of the Odessa factories find it preferable to use English coal, notwithstanding its enhanced price; but those in the country districts are unable to do so, the land carriage, added to the duty, rendering it too costly. In consequence of the blocking of the railway by snow last winter, no Russian coal could be brought to Odessa, and prices rose to a fabulous figure, involving great sufferings to the poor. The English coal imported into Odessa last year was but 47,226 tons, against about 310,000 tons imported as recently as 1883.

There are only forty-five female lawyers in the United States, but they talk like "sixty."

"Don't my room look almost like a bower?" she asked as she moved a poodle from one chair, and a pug from another.

"Yes, dear," answered her friend, "a regular bow-wow-er."

The average supply of water per head afforded by the waterworks throughout England is usually taken at from 30 to 33 gallons daily. Allowing a fifth of that quantity to be used for trade purposes, we still have a domestic daily use of from 14 to 26 gallons per head.

Monody of a Pen.

I'm but a worn-out fountain pen, my useful days are o'er; no badly battered up am I the'ye slung me on the floor. A writer's hand has wielded me for more than half a year, and now that I can mark no more, I'm lying sadly here. The janitor may come, perhaps, and claim me for his own, or with the other waste and truck perhaps I may be thrown, and of the millions in the world, not one of all the men will ever give another thought to the old fountain pen. The man who used to write with me, before he'd start to think, would rudely twist me all apart and chuck me full of ink, and then I'd scratch along and tell of some bright youthful bride, who wed the only man she loved, serene and joyous eyed; and of her dress and of the buds that decked her flowing hair, and of the words the parson said about the "happy pair." And then I'd glide along the page and leave the letters bold, to tell how some one gathered in a wondrous pile of gold, and all the other little things that go to make a day, and now that all my work is done I'm calmly slung away. I've told of births, I've told of deaths, of joy and dark despair; I've told how vagrants are run in, how dudes oil up their hair. I've quoted Latin, French and Greek, bad English I have mixed, I've treated of the loud guffaw and likewise of the groan. I've helped to kick when days were hot, as when they were too cold; I've run in wines from cheese parings and "rot gut" (the knights were bold"; I've told how in some lonely grave the clammy earth was flung, I've shown how some at eve have wept, how some at eve have sung. How Richard Roe got thirty days for going on a drunk, how Paddy won a slugging match because he'd lots of spunk; how some one, smiling, took a gun and aimed it at a friend, and in a jesting, joking way, brought one life to an end. Of how the burning waves of fire with fire with kerosene, and swopped her apron for a robe where fires are never seen; of how some stumbling feet went down toward the burning bars, while others clambered up the road that leads toward the stars. I've told of human misery, and of grief, as well, of musty flasks of ancient wine, and buckets in the well; of gray-haired men and women old, of happy girls and boys, of groans and smiles, of prayers and thanks, of sorrows and of joys; and now my point is sharp as a needle never more, but lie alone, a broken wreck, upon the office floor; and those who've read of all I've told, in all the ranks of men, will give little credit to this busted Fountain Pen.

The Emperor Paul of Russia.

The following paragraph concerning the Emperor Paul, of Russia, appeared in the recently published memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski: "If a poor man, with an old round hat on his head, showed himself in the crowd which witnessed the parades, an aide-de-camp immediately pursued the culprit, who fled to avoid being bastinadoed at the first guard house. The chase was often continued in the streets, to the great amusement of the people who hoped the unhappy man would succeed in making his escape. Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador, was obliged to have a hat of peculiar shape made for him, as he was able to walk about in the morning without contravening the Emperor's orders. Paul drove through the town daily in a sledge or open carriage, accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp. When he met a carriage it stopped, the coachman and footman had to take off their caps, and the persons in the carriage had to alight and made a profound bow to the Emperor, who observed whether it was sufficiently respectful. Sometimes women, with their children trembling with frieght, were shut down suddenly into the snow in a hard frost or into the mud during a thaw, to accomplish this salutation. Paul always thought that people wished to slight him as they did when he was Grand Duke; he liked everywhere to meet with marks of fear and submission. When people went out into the streets in carriages or on foot all took care to avoid meeting their imperial master; they fled at his approach, and went down a side street or hid under a gateway.

Something of a Kick.

"I tell you it's a serious thing," said an Alabama ex-congressman to this writer one evening not long ago, "when one's only daughter begins to be a woman. Young fellows whom you don't remember ever to have seen before, lift their hats to you clean across the street, and the intense politeness of dudes becomes almost unbearable.

"I have a bright, smart, little girl who seems to me a little girl yet, but when I come to think about it I know she's seventeen years old, and one of these days some boy will be coming around, stammering and twisting his hat and asking me for her. I think, however, I'll get a shotgun and shoot him on a plea of self-defense. There ought to be some law to protect a man against the young scamps who want to carry off a man's only daughter.

"Why, it doesn't seem to me longer than yesterday that my little girl was learning A B C, and then we began to get to reading. I could hardly believe it, but fancied she had learned a lot of that stuff, in her little readers, by heart and was reciting it to me by rote. Next I knew she took to painting and playing the piano, and blast me if she hasn't gone to writing poetry, too. This last is the only thing that supports me in the idea of letting one of those youngsters have her when the time comes. Somehow it seems to me that perhaps retributive justice will leak out of the poetry somewhere.

"But, really, 'tis an awful serious thing to raise a girl, bring her through the mumps, measles, whooping-cough, educate her, send her to the best kind of a boarding-school, have her taught music and drawing, spend money like dirt to dress her, and then have some little scamp that you remember only just a few days ago, robbing birds' nests, come around and take her away. It's too bad."

Chastising Natives in the East.

All through the East it seems to be tacitly understood, writes Thomas Stevens, that everybody has a right to strike his inferiors, and that it would be unpardonable presumption in the inferior to strike back or adopt any more self-assertive measure than edging away. As a general thing in Persia blows are given and taken with the bland and childlike philosophy of Kismet. The person who finds himself to be in the wrong on some trifling occasion receives a proportionate amount of chastisement meekly, as being no more than his just desert, even though the party who assumes the role of executioner be a casual stranger, acting on the spur of *prima facie* evidence. What is the concern of one the party directly aggrieved, but the onlookers also are very likely to take a hand thus publicly cuffed feels no sense of disgrace. The whole matter is regarded in a most philosophical: having meted out punishment to an offender, they hob-nob with him again on equal terms at once.

MY FRIEND JIM.

A CAMPING EPISODE.

BY "MALARROW."

For several weeks my brother Ned and I had resolved the notion of invading the Muskoka wilds, taking possession of one of the many islands, pitching our tents, and indulging ourselves in the picatorial sport for which the region is renowned. The scheme had so predominated, so controlled our movements and calculations, that early in the month of August all plans were completed, the necessary equipments secured, while the only thing wanting was the arrival of the reinforcement we had summoned from the State of Ohio.

Jim, or rather James Golden, Attorney at Law, as he was know within professional circles, an old friend and schoolmate of ours, had forwarded the information that he would probably spend some time in Canada, and would certainly pay us a visit. In answer to his letter, we mentioned our scheme, and insisted that he should make one of the party; to which he replied that nothing would please him more, as he wished to see as much of our beautiful Dominion as possible, and thereby find sufficient entertainment to dispel the *ennui* which of late years had threatened to destroy his interest in life.

It seemed strange to us that Jim should have added this last clause. We knew him to be a genial spirit; ambitious, energetic, yet reserved and of a sensitive organism. His whole nature was quick and sympathetic. He was one of those true hearted men upon whom one might deem it safe to lean, in case of weakness, safe to rely, in instances of integrity, or safe to approach in the cause of suffering humanity. We never knew him to complain of anything. He and I had attended the same University together, roomed together, and, candor compels it, paid our addresses to the same demoiselle together, although, in a very short time, I saw clearly that Jim was destined to be the favored one, and therefore carefully withdrew from the contest, that he might have a better vantage ground. Ned shared in the intimacy, albeit he had a room all to himself, and was not interested beyond the limits of friendship in the fair creature who had caused so many sleepless nights for Jim and me.

Jim was like a brother to me, and when his letter came, I wondered what had happened to the dear old fellow during the three years since our separation.

How different then seemed our destinies. He should settle down to a good city practice in Ohio, while I became a sort of nomad in the broad Dominion of Canada. He would probably grow rich and famous, while I should always remain a discontented dependent upon a salary that would never bankrupt the firm with which I was connected, with my candle spluttering away "under a bushel." Ned had accomplished more than I, and was beginning to make himself felt among the business circles of Toronto to such a degree that, according to modern phrocy, he was destined to become a rich man.

The more I thought of Jim, the more I tried to account for the undertone of melancholy which his reference to *ennui* suggested. What could have happened to sadden that genial nature? It was a question I could not answer; therefore, I concluded to wait until his arrival, then ask for an explanation.

In due time he came, but he was not the Jim I once knew. He was far more reserved and there was a look of sadness in his mild blue eyes which pained me to notice. At times he seemed cheerful enough, but often relapsed into a kind of morbid indwelling that was puzzling to us and evidently distressable to himself. I knew there was something wrong; but as I had not the presumption to penetrate his reserve, I would wait until he saw fit to unburden himself, if that time ever came.

Two days after his arrival we started with our camping *impedimenta*, for Muskoka. Jim was delighted with the scenery along lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, but after passing the rugged surroundings of Washago, where the scenery changes from the picturesque to the wierd, he relapsed into his old melancholy, and made very few comments. While passing perhaps the wildest of the panorama, and remembering that half an hour had elapsed by since his last remark, I ventured to ask if anything had gone wrong.

"No," said he, "I was only thinking."

"Thinking!" I exclaimed, with an attempt at raillery. "My dear boy, don't think! It doesn't pay to think. It tires the brain and wears out the constitution. Altogether it is a waste of time. Look at me. I never think."

"No? But I am not surprised. You have nothing to think about. Life is always easy with you. What should you think?"

"Why, Jim, is not life easy with you?" said I, with a feeling of sympathy.

"No," he answered, bitterly. "That is why I cannot help thinking about it now and again."

"Were you thinking in that gloomy strain just now?"

"M—Yes, I believe I was, in a kind of way."

I was on delicate ground, and therefore resorted to caution. Perhaps it was none of my business to meddle, but as he was my best friend, I hoped to discover the cause of his troubles, and render what assistance I could to remove it. In a moment he turned from the car window, and with a faint attempt at a smile, continued:

"Yes, Dick, I often think about the trials and tribulations of life, and when you aroused me just now I was making a comparison."

"Oh, indsed," said I. "But let us have the comparison."

"Certainly. It is this: You perhaps noticed how bright and beautiful—how fresh and green the scenery was along lakes Simcoe and Couchiching?"

"Yes, it was magnificent. But what has this to do with life?"

"Wait and see. You now observe how dark and dreary this Muskoka scenery has become. How devoid it is of beauty and regularity. Look at the strip of pine wood out there. It is so dense that to walk any distance in it would be impossible. As we proceed, mark how wild and desolate everything becomes. Now for the comparison. As I recalled the grandeur of the Simcoe scenery, I thought of Nature in her infancy. There, she was nurtured amid all the primeval luxury that could be gathered together. There, she was loved, petted, until she became fascinating. Our present surroundings remind me of the end of her existence. She has lost herself in this wilderness, and in her age she is helpless. Forsaken and despairing, she is left to die, and no one heeds her disconsolate wailings. To complete the metaphor, permit me to mention myself. This state of nature reminds me of my own prospects. You remember me, Dick, when my hopes were as bright as the grandeur of the Simcoe scenery, you now behold me, when, like our present surroundings, I am lost in a disheveled wilderness of despondency; without ambition, almost without a wish to live."

"Why, Jim," said I, taking him by the hand, to assure him of my deepest sympathy. "What has happened?"

He gave me a look that at first indicated surprise, then changed to that of gratitude. His eyes filled with tears. He pressed my hand tighter, then turned to look out of the window. In a few moments he resumed the conversation.

"Oh, Dick," said he, "had you been there at the time, with your sympathy, your friendship, your advice, perhaps I should have known what to do. You have always been my closest friend, I have no brothers nor sisters. Father, you know, was killed in the late American war, and mother died soon after she heard of his death. But for you and Ned I should feel utterly alone in the world. God bless you, Dick, I have tried your friendship and not found it wanting. You are like a brother to me."

I was deeply moved. I felt a stronger attachment for him now than ever. I asked him in what way I could be of service.

"It is too late, Dick," he answered sadly. "The brightest hope I ever entertained has been rudely obliterated. The only way in which you can possibly help me is by remaining as you ever have been—my friend, my brother."

The train had arrived at Gravenhurst and was moving slowly down to Muskoka wharf, where the steamer lay in waiting. We were soon bustling about gathering up our baggage and for the time being the conversation was of little consequence. Once more Jim was his jolly self, and at once, while we were waiting for the steamer to start, he called my attention to the vapid appearance of the landscape.

"Gloom, gloom, gloom," he remarked pointing in several directions. "How like my life! How often do the brightest hopes end in smoke!"

That was his last melancholy comment until some time after we had been in camp. He enjoyed the scenery. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and he soon forgot his troubles while exploring our surroundings and making havoc among the finny tribe. About the camp fire he was entertaining, and more than once I was glad to recognize in his manner the Jim I had known at college.

We were camped on a beautiful island in Lake Rosseau, from which we made diverse expeditions into the surrounding country. We visited the settler—not to forage, but for the sole purpose of making his acquaintance and learning something of his manner of living. There was not an inland bay or cove in our neighborhood that we did not explore. We picked berries here, we fished there. Nor did we forget the resorts for the entertainment of pleasure seekers who were averse to camping.

Once we planned a trip to Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph. We left camp in a row boat early in the morning, and arrived at our destination at about ten o'clock, just as the stage for Parry Sound was on the point of leaving. As our object was merely sightseeing, Jim and Ned suggested that we go on to Parry Sound. There was room in the stage for but two more passengers. I had been over the route and the scenery was familiar to me. I did not care to see it again, so I told the boys I would remain at Port Cockburn until they returned. In a few moments stage and all were enveloped in a cloud of dust down the road. I climbed the long flight of steps from the wharf to the Summit House, and rested myself on the verandah. I was tired from rowing. The day was warm, and as I had nothing of importance to occupy my mind just then, I gave myself up to the drowsy god and fell asleep. How long I would have slept I know not. Before the lapse of an hour, however, the somnolent spell was broken by the touch of a hand upon my shoulder, and the sound of a well known voice in my ear.

"Mr. Ellsworth," it said, with playful impatience in its tone. "Will you ever wake up. I have already passed you three times, but you still sleep on. Now do wake up, and shake hands with an old friend, whose time is very limited, yet whose desire to surprise you is boundless."

I opened my eyes and started in amazement. Could I believe my stupid senses? I rubbed my misty orbs and looked again. No, it was not delusion. There before me, laughing merrily, was Gertrude Le Dell, the girl who had caused Jim and me so many sleepless nights in Ohio.

"Why, Miss Le Dell!" I exclaimed, springing to her side and taking the proffered hand. "By all that is marvellous! How came you here?"

"Paps and I have been travelling through Canada for the benefit of our health," she answered merrily. "We heard of Muskoka as being a delightful place in which to recreate, so we hurried to the spot as fast as steam would carry us."

"And are you stopping at Port Cockburn?"

"No, we have taken up our quarters at Rosseau. We came here yesterday on a little excursion trip, and will return to Rosseau to day. By the way, I think paps said the steamer would leave at twelve o'clock," she added looking at her watch. "Oh dear, it wants only ten minutes to twelve, now."

"I will walk down with you to the wharf," said I, relieving her of the parcel she carried in a shawl strap.

The time was too short to permit of any but a few commonplace remarks. However, I succeeded in telling her that I was on a camping trip and would probably be in Muskoka several days longer. She kindly invited me to call upon her at Rosseau, which I promised to do at the earliest opportunity. At this moment Colonel Le Dell approached, and my attentions were divided between him and his daughter. Much too soon the steamer's whistle sounded, the passengers went on board, the lines were cast off, and amid the good byes of the people on the wharf, and the waving of handkerchiefs, the steamer plowed its way into the lake and disappeared behind an island. I resumed my old seat on the verandah, this time not to sleep but to think.

Gertrude Le Dell was not one to bring discredit to her sex because of insipidity, or frivolity. She was bright, vivacious, and with a set purpose in life. She was possessed of that genuine sympathy with which the good Samaritain must have been endowed, and her views of life were far more philanthropic than selfish.

How well I remembered her. Col. Le Dell had good reason to be proud of such a daughter. No wonder that since his wife's death, he had made Gertrude his travelling companion wherever he went. He travelled a great deal. His opulence permitted it, his disposition desired it; therefore, he continually sought new scenes and seldom revisited the old. Twice before he had been in Canada, once in British Columbia, once in Nova Scotia. Now he was in Muskoka, and Gertrude was with him. How strange it seemed, and yet, remembering that the region has become so well advertised that each subsequent year brings a larger number of Americans to its summer resorts, I concluded that it was quite natural to find the Colonel and his daughter among the pleasure-seekers, and that the only thing at all remarkable was my good fortune in meeting them.

When the boys returned, the next day, there was much to engage our colloquial powers, and for and hour or more we sat upon the hotel verandah, discussing the trip. I was treated not only to lengthy and gorgeous descriptions of the scenery, but also to many little incidents of personal experience, pertaining to the ludicrous, over which we became hilarious. Jim was running over with jocularity, and his droll witticisms were not without the desired effect. But this kind of entertainment is not usually of long duration. There is always a reaction after mirthfulness, and under its spell of lassitude there are, generally, some very straight faces, and unusually quiet tongues.

It was just here that I mentioned having met Col. Le Dell and his daughter. To my surprise, Jim instantly sprang to his feet, and in a manner that was extremely decisive exclaimed:

"Impossible!"

"And why impossible?" said I, a little indignant that my veracity should be doubted.

"Because," answered Jim, with feeling. "Gerty Le Dell is in no condition to travel. Because, Dick, when I left home, she was a hopeless inmate of an asylum."

"Great heavens, Jim! you don't mean it!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"I certainly do mean it, for the fact is so awfully true that it haunts me night and day," said he, mournfully.

"Oh, Jim," said I, taking his hand. "This, then, is the cause of your trouble."

"Yes, it is the blight of my life; and when I tell you that I love her with all the strength of my passionate nature, that in a few days she would become my wife, you will understand me. There is not much to live for now. Were she dead, it might not be so hard to bear; but a maniac—oh, Dick, it is awful!"

"But, Jim, she has certainly recovered, for as true as I live, I met her here, on this very verandah, yesterday."

"It cannot be possible; and when I tell you why, you will easily see your mistake. Two years ago, Gerty and the Colonel were returning to Ohio from a pleasure trip they had taken to California. When almost home, there occurred a frightful railway accident, in which many passengers were killed outright, and many were seriously injured. Others escaped unhurt. The Colonel was one of the latter, but Gerty received such injuries about the head that her mind was totally destroyed. Since that fatal day she has been a raving maniac. So terrible are her ravings at times, that it is dangerous to be near her. Everything that love, money, and medical skill could do was done, but to no purpose. She was pronounced a hopeless case. For two years she has been confined in the worst ward of an asylum, subject to a life that is worse than death. You now see your mistake."

"Jim," said I, solemnly. "It grieves me deeply to learn of Gerty's sufferings, for she is a very dear friend of mine. But in the face of all you have told me, I positively maintain that I saw her yesterday, at this hotel, in company with her father. Why, Jim, I spoke to them; I was on the wharf with them; I saw them go aboard the steamer; and if you will go with me to Rosseau, I will prove that I was not mistaken."

"Oh, Dick," he exclaimed joyfully, "can it be true? Has she indeed recovered? Will she yet bring sunshine into my unhappy life? But come! Let us go to Rosseau immediately. I must see her. I must know the truth."

We walked rapidly down to the wharf. There was a small propeller, a mere pleasure boat for picnic parties, lying there with steam up, and influenced by the glitter of a ten dollar gold piece, the owner was finally induced to break an engagement and transport us to Rosseau.

It was nearly sundown when we reached our destination. Gertrude had not given me the name of their hotel, and we were puzzled to know just where to go. However, there were but two hotels here, so the search would not long be fruitless. We landed at the wharf near the sawmill, and ran up to the Montieth House, but the Colonel's name was not upon the register. We then walked over to Pratt's where Jim in his impatience, rushed to the register and with trembling hands began turning over the blotted pages.

"Thank God, they are here," he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the Colonel's autograph. "At least, Dick, they registered here two weeks ago. But where are they now?"

We were on our way to find the landlord for the information, when who should accost us but the Colonel himself. The greeting between Jim and his prospective father in law was spontaneous. Jim was greatly excited the Colonel no less delighted.

"Gerty. Where is she?" cried Jim. "Ellsworth tells me he saw her yesterday. Is it true?"

"Quite true, my boy," answered the Colonel. "Thank heaven, it is indeed true. Gerty has fully recovered, and is here with me. And now that you are here, her cup of happiness will be full to overflowing."

"But where is she now? I want to see her. Her recovery has seemed to me so utterly impossible, that I can hardly believe she is here. Where is she? Where is she?"

He was almost savage in his demand. He paced to and fro like a caged hyena. His features were set, stern and pallid. We tried to calm him, but without success, until the Colonel told him that Gerty was no doubt in her sitting room, and that he would see if she would receive him.

"Remember, my boy," he added, "she cannot stand much excitement, and you must allow me to break the news of your presence here as gently as possible."

With this he disappeared in the hallway. Jim grew calmer, but said nothing. His feelings were too deep for words, and while waiting the Colonel's return he was apparently in communion with his innermost self.

Half an hour elapsed before the Colonel appeared. Then taking Jim's arm he conducted him to Gerty's sitting room, and in a few minutes returned to Ned and me, with his face as radiant as a harvest moon. There is no doubt that the meeting between the lovers was affecting, yet no one saw it but the Colonel, and he was not sentimental enough to enter into details. To him it must have been like the restoration of one from the dead. He had utterly despaired of Gerty's recovery, and while she lived the thought of her sufferings, of his own disappointment, had so unmanned him that for two years he had led an aimless life of travel, not caring whether he lived or died. His wife and home had lost trace of him. He wrote to them occasionally, but was so continually on the go that they never knew where a letter would reach him. But all was changed now, and there was a happy prospect before him.

The Colonel's exultation was exuberant. He rubbed his hands gleefully. He smiled benignly, yet twice we saw him wipe the tears away that would flood his eyes in spite of him. He loved his daughter, and rejoiced in her restoration and happiness as only a loving parent can.

"Ah, Ellsworth," said he, "This is the happiest moment of my life, and when I remember how kindly Providence has dealt with me and mine, after all our troubles, I cannot help thanking the Great Almighty with all the fervor of my soul."

Then he told us how Gerty had been restored to him.

"I don't suppose there was any time during my daughter's insanity," said he, "that I did not hope for her recovery. I read medical works, and talked with medical men, but received no encouragement. Nevertheless, I maintained the belief that there was some unnatural pressure of the skull upon the brain, resulting from the injury, which caused the whole derangement. I insisted upon an operation being performed, but my medical advisers informed me that certain death would be the result. I hesitated. One day I happened to pick up a chronological journal in which was an account of an operation having been performed upon a man, who for twenty years had been hopelessly insane. The result of the operation was the finding of a depression of the skull bearing upon the brain in an unnatural manner. The bone was removed, the man recovered and lived to a ripe old age without a single lighter symptoms of insanity ever again presenting themselves. I at once sought my medical friends, showed them the article, and demanded that a similar operation be performed upon my daughter. They again insisted that it was certain death. But I told them that in my opinion the chances of success were great, and that even if the result should prove fatal, I would rather see my child dead than know she was living such a life. After assuring them that I would be responsible for the result, they consented. The operation was performed, and, like the case I had read about, a depression of the skull upon the brain, just above the right ear, was discovered and removed. The operation was successful. My child was restored to me, and ever since has enjoyed the best of health. Her recovery was complete, and now, sir, when you know that three fond hearts have been finally restored to happiness, you will not wonder that I am profuse in my thanks to the God that ruleth all things."

Presently Jim appeared with Gerty leaning fondly upon his arm. I was delighted to see that the transformation from melancholy to happiness was unmistakably expressed in their features, and I extended my warmest congratulations. We spent a delightful evening together at Rosseau, and the next day turned our faces homeward. Jim accompanied Col. Le Dell and Gerty to their home in Ohio. In a few weeks I received a letter from him saying that he and Gerty were married and the happiest couple in the universe. He thought he would never forget Muskoka, and hoped to spend his holidays there every summer in company with his wife. I have been there several times since, and by the picturesque surroundings am frequently reminded of my friend Jim.

It appears that it is thefemale seventeen-year locust that carries the weapon and destroys vegetation. The female mosquito also bears a worse reputation than her mate, so far as a stinging apparatus is concerned. Entomologically speaking, the expression "gentler sex" applies to males.

That dainty lady tripping by,
How light her step, how bright her eye,
How fresh her cheek with healthful glow,
Like roses that in Maytime blow!
And yet few weeks have passed away
Since she was fading, day by day.
The doctor's skill could naught avail;
Weaker she grew, and thin and pale.
At last, while in a hopeless maze,
One day she said, "There is a name
I've often seen—a remedy—
Perhaps 'twill help; I can but try."
And so, according to di ection,
She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,
And every baleful symptom fled,
And she was raised as from the dead.

To make a good hard oil finish, take of linseed oil one pint, rectified spirits four ounces, oil of turpentine half pint, powdered resin one and a half ounce, rose-pink half ounce; mix.

"All other goods by fortune's hand is given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven."

Is your wife changed and your home unhappy? Does she go about with gloom on her face and do you see no more the smile that won you? It is because she is bilious. Bile causes half the misery of the world. Her system is clogged up, her head aches Get her a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and they will give her relief and the atmosphere of home will grow bright again. One tiny sugar coated Granule a dose.

The art of refining sugar was first introduced into Europe by the Venetians, and was practised in Venice some time before it was adopted in any other European country.

A Reward of $500

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties of this remedy are irresistible. 50 cents, by druggists

They who are most weary of life and yet are most unwilling to die are such who have failed to no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out

A baby's life is a constant series of surprises—both to the baby himself and to the people who have him in charge.

People who ar subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Be old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Telegraph editor (to chief)—"This despatch about the woman who threw a pailful of hot water over her husband is too long. What had I better do?"

Chief—"Boil it down."

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumours. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A farmer in Jessup, Ga., has a hairless cow, and it is so evident that her hide is a tough as his boot-sole that he never kick her.

HUB: I CURE CORNS in one minute.

Constant reader: There are several large coin collectors in the United States. Jay Gould is probably the largest.

Look Here.

Do you feel blue and despondent? Do pains rack and tear away at nerve and muscle, and have you been disappointed in finding a remedy that will afford certain and speedy relief. If so, go at once to any drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline never fails to relieve neuralgia, cramps, headache, rheumatism, and all internal or external pains. J. B. Carman, druggist, Morrisburg, writes: "All the parties I supply speak very favorably of Nerviline, and always purchase a second lot." Polson's Nerviline is sold in sample bottles at 10 cents; large size 25 cents—by all druggists and country dealers everywhere. Try a ten cent bottle.

LACTATED FOOD

IS THE BEST

For Young Infants it is a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the invalid or Dyspeptic it is of the greatest value. It is

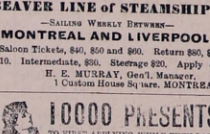
THE FINEST BABY FOOD,
THE BEST INVALID FOOD,
THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

150 Meals for an Infant for $1.00.

A Cabinet photo. of MISS DART'S TRIPLETS—three beautiful children—sent to the mother of any baby born within a year. Also a valuable pamphlet on the Care of Infants and Invalids.

Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. MONTREAL, P.Q.

BEAVER LINE of STEAMSHIPS.
—SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN—
MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL.
Saloon Tickets, $40, $50 and $60. Return $85, $90 $110. Intermediate, $30. Steerage $20. Apply o H. E. MURRAY, Gen'l. Manager.
1 Custom House Square. MONTREAL.



CONROY'S CARRIAGE TOPS.

Have all the latest improvements and are unequalled for durability, style and convenience. The leading Carriage Builders sell them. ASK FOR THEM and BUY NO OTHER.

PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS
BAKING POWDER
BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR
FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST PUREST AND BEST.

Young Men

SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address,
M. V. LUBON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont

Merchants, Butchers AND TRADERS generally.
We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up
CALF SKINS
For us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont U.S.
The Shoe and Leather Reporter N.Y., and Shoe and Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison, the Reporter gives him this endorsement:
"We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country."
And the Review says:
"After a most thorough investigation of Mr. Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight sock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head."
QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices. If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

Stained Glass
FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
M'CAUSLAND & SON,
76 King St. W., Toronto.

Nervous Debility.
DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment nervous debility, and all diseases arising from ocsses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, clogging the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5, or will be se nt by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

Bicycles
OVER 100
Second-Hand Bicycles, Safeties and Tricycles
Send for List and Catalogue.
Agents wanted in every town.
A. T. LANE, MONTREAL

YOUNG MEN
Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the
BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto.
For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary.

Barnum Wire and Iron Works,
WINDSOR, ONT.
Made from 316 Steel Rods, with Heavy Iron Frame and Iron Foundations.
We are offering the Fence at exceptionally low prices.
Iron Fence, Cresting, Stable Fittings, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Work.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FENCE

FOOD FOR THE HOT WEATHER.
T IS WHAT
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

CLAIMS TO BE
When the Appetite Fails, when the Stomach rejects all kinds of food, when the System is run down in cases of Mental and Physical overstraining causing disability,
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF will supply Strong Nourishment that can be retained and thoroughly digested by the weakest stomach. It will give tone to the stomach, restore waste from whatever cause and supply food for Brain, Bone and Muscle.

There are many IMITATIONS of
"Peerless"
MACHINE OIL,
but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLMEN, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by
SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.
Sold by dealers everywhere.

Confederation Life ASSOCIATION.
Capital and Funds now over $3,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Ont
A Home Company, Established October, 1871.

To this date, October 31st, 1887, there has been returned:

To the heir of Policy-holders (death claims)	$649,249 00
To the holders of matured Endowment Policies	38,492 63
To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	86,856 00
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	432,544 09
To holders of Annuity Bonds	16,967 84
Loaned to Policy-holders on the Security of their Policies	82,264 93
	$1,306,174 47

Policies in Force over 10,000. Amount over $15,000,000.
PRESIDENT—HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—WILLIAM ELLIOTT, ESQ.; EDWARD HOOPER, ESQ.
J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.
Policies Non-forfeitable after 2 years and Indestructible after 5 years.

The Tribune

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888.

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS.

DESERONTO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The semi annual examinations for entrance to the Second, Third, and Fourth Classes were held in the Public School Building, on Thursday and Friday, June 28th and 29th. The following is the list of successful candidates, arranged in order of merit, with the teachers and the marks obtained by each.

FROM PART II TO SECOND CLASS.

Emma Solmes, Teacher.
Maximum 826; Minimum 163.

Aggie Fields	283
Eddie Smith	202
Emma Fretts	181

Lily Dingman, Teacher.

Willie Cole	264
Emma Anderson	255
Dora Hubbs	202
Willie Carter	199
Gussie Smith	198
Jessie Taylor	196
Willie Wilddrington	188
Grace Pallie	164

FROM SECOND TO THIRD CLASS

Jessie Porter, Teacher.
Maximum 646; Minimum 323.

Lillie Prickett	495
Violet Smith	488
Virginia Houle	483
Marjory Barrow	479
Freddie McKee	433
Willie Butler	430
Fanny Maxwell	406
Allie Vandervoort	400
Arna Foster	394
Alvin Parnham	393
Mabel Knapp	379
Frank Evans	374
Willie Kenney	372

Fifteen wrote for admission.

Mary Cassidy, Teacher.

Maud Cooke	463
Gordon Rayburn	460
Edith Taylor	452
Fred Kimmerly	434
Hattie Cooke	409
Lina Parnham	408
George Egar	383
Tottie Washburn	383
Fred Richardson	380
Frank Young	372
Clementina Mackie	363
Addie Scott	356
Alethia Jamieson	354
Mary Blake	344
Nellie Gowan	323

Eigteen tried the examination.

FROM THIRD TO FOURTH

Mary Cassidy, Teacher
Maximum 756; Minimum 378.

Jessie Mackie	420
Minnie Pallie	410
Stella Vandervoort	385

Twelve wrote for admission.

Jane Porter, Teacher.

Frank Vance	565
Charlie Walker	548
Delbert Cook	522
George Edwards	501
Flora Carter	493
Frank Butler	475
Wilbert Woodcock	453
Alman Stover	443

Ten wrote for entrance to Fourth book.

FRIDAY EVENING CONCERT.

The Rathbun Company Band will play the following programme at the Band Stand, corner of Centre and Main streets this evening commencing at 8 o'clock, under Bandmaster Hoople:

Grand March...Nahant....W.H.Thomas
Schottische.....Linma....Pettee
Selection...Pleasant Dreams..Ripley
Sacred March..Helping Hand..Ripley
Galop.....War Eagle....G. Southwell.
Selection...Airs of Scotland..Warren
Q. S. "Minor-vs ."Major"...G. Southwell.
Overture..Crown of Victory..Ripley
Capiscolus.....Quickstep....Pettee
Waltz.....Wedding Eve...G. Southwell
The $500 Q. S.....G. Southwell

God Save the Queen.

THE METHODIST PICNIC.

Early on Wednesday morning the streets were astir with joyous children and their no less happy seniors, all in holiday attire and carrying capacious baskets wending their way with eager expectation to the steam boat dock. The occasion was the annual picnic of the congregation and Sabbath school of the Methodist Church which proved a complete and gratifying success. The spacious decks of the Quinte were soon crowded with fully five hundred excursionists and the good vessel presented a fine spectacle as she started off for Massassaga Park the scene of the day's pleasant events. The sail up was vastly enjoyed and as the Park was approached the sunday school pupils were massed at the bow, and led by Principal Cole, assisted by Rev. D. J. Crossley, they sang with charming effect "Hold the Fort" and other hymns. Immediately after landing preparations for dinner were hurried forward and in little knots scattered all over the park, with appetites whetted by the cool breezes of Big Bay, our good Methodist friends with the same energy they impart to all their proceedings were busy circumventing cold lamb, toothsome pies, cake, and other delicacies, and washing them down with tea, coffee, lemonade and other harmless fluids. Dinner over the different sports were entered upon and the games keenly contested. Some went out boating and fishing, loving couples smiled in shady groves and bosky dells, and everywhere happiness reigned supreme. Rev. A. Campbell, the pastor of the Church, and Councillor Richardson, Superintendent of the Sunday School, looked happy and proud as they watched their numerous charge enjoy themselves so thoroughly. The whole company express themselves much obliged to the authorities of the Park for many favours. The return trip on the Quinte was pleasant and enjoyable and Deseronto was reached in good time. We give the programme of sports.

THE GAMES.

Boys' Race under six years:—1st Fred Parnham; 2nd Robert Carter.

Girls' race under six years:—1st Lena Richardson; 2nd Ida Robinson.

Boys' race under 8 years:—1st Eddie Brown; 2nd Allie Hubbs.

Girls' race under 8 years:—1st Mabel McCabe; 2nd Jennie Howard.

Boys' race under ten years:—1st Albert Wheeler; 2nd Fred Johnston.

Girls' race under ten years:—1st Nellie Masters; 2nd Jennie Edwards.

Boys' race under 12 years:—1st Frank Young; 2nd J. Hunt.

Girls' race under 12 years:—1st L. Marlow; 2nd Edith Hubbs.

Boys' race under 15 years:—1st John Jamieson; 2nd David Edwards.

Girls' race under 15 years:—1st Jennie Houle; 2nd Myra Bogart.

100 yards race open to all comers;—1st Wm. Stuart; 2nd John Jamieson.

Girls' race open to all comers:—1st Emma Chamberlain; 2nd Ada Scott.

Boot race:—J. Bruyea; 2nd Geo. Edwards.

200 yards race open to members of the Sunday School only:—1st. Wm. Stuart, Competion Cup; 2nd Joseph Campbell 75c; 3rd Wm. J. Bowen, 25c.

A base ball match was played between the Deseronto and Belleville Clubs, won by the latter.

PERSONAL.

Miss Long spent Wednesday in Belleville.

Miss Stoddart is visiting friends in Belleville.

Rev. J. C. Ash, of Adolphustown, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Robert Pierson has been also on the sick list this week.

Master Hubert Nasmith enjoyed a trip to Prescott this week.

Miss Edna Hindhaugh, of Oswego, is the guest of Mr. Rathbun.

Mr. F. S. Rathbun spent last Sunday at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. & Mrs. T. H. Nasmith enjoyed a trip to Kingston on Wednesday.

Mr. John Hart, of the Big Store, has been enjoying a week's vacation.

Mrs. H. B. Sherwood, of Napanee, was in town on Monday visiting friends.

Mr. Thos. Dulmage is suffering from an attack of inflammation of the eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Egar and Master George Egar spent Wednesday in Kingston.

Miss Nellie Johnston, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to Kingston.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Howard Burt, of Auburn, N.Y., are the guests of Mr. E. W. Rathbun.

Miss Wims, of Reed, and Miss Preston, of Stella, are the guests of Miss Preston, Main street.

Miss Northcott, of Belleville, has been in town this week as the guest of Miss Davis, Dundas street.

Mrs. Capt. Anderson and Miss Millie Anderson spent a few days this week in Kingston.

Miss Sophie Anderson, of Christ Church parsonage, has returned home from a visit to Kingston.

Mrs. Albert McWilliams, of Trenton, has been the guest of Mrs. R. Rayburn during the past week.

Dr. Newton, as the result of overwork, was placed on the sick list himself for a few days last week.

Messrs. Frank and Edward Potter, of St. Catherines, are visiting at Mr. T. H. Nasmith's, Centre street.

Mr. J. F. Chapman, of the railway office, has been on the sick list during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Aylsworth have been spending a few days at Newburgh and Harrowsmith.

Mr. S. B. Burdett, M. P., and Miss Burdett, are spending a few weeks at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Miss Ida Lake, of Belleville, has been the guest of Miss Campbell, of the Parsonage, during the past week.

Miss Lily Dalton left on Monday for Osgoode, near Ottawa, where she spends the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stoddart, of Renfrew, arrived in town on Saturday and are the guests of Mr. Wm. Stoddart.

Mr. Graham, of the Trenton *Advocate*, who is enjoying his annual vacation, gave us the pleasure of a call on Saturday.

Miss Mamie O'Connor and Miss Ettie Lally, of Oswego, have been the guests of Miss O'Connor during the past week.

Mrs. E. D. Vandervoort and family are spending a few weeks by a pleasant visit to friends in Tweed, Queensboro, and vicinity.

Mrs. John Perkins and Miss Charlotte Rathbun, of New York City, are the guests of Mr. & Mrs. E. C. French, Centre street.

Master Fred Hubbs, lucky boy, is enjoying a week or two on the stormy main at the guest of Capt. F. McMaster, of the Picton.

Mr. & Mrs. John Macdonald, of Chicago, and other friends from Tamworth are visiting at Mr. Martin Hayes, Thomas street.

Dr. Stephen Smith, Mrs. Smith, and Misses Jaffrey and Lulu Smith are visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mr. E. W. Rathbun.

Mrs. Joseph S. Kenny, of Rochester, N. Y., was in town on Saturday. She is visiting her father, Mr. A. Campbell, of Marysville.

Mrs. L. Hoppins, Miss Bothwick, Miss Maggie Stoddart, Miss Whitton and Miss Frank Whitton, spent Wednesday in Belleville.

Messrs. John Dalton and A. S. Valleau took the Armenia for Gananoque on Monday afternoon on a combined business and pleasure trip.

Dr. A. G. Allen and Mr. Wm. Allen, of Kingston, spent last Friday in town on a visit to their sister, Mrs. Robt. Massey, Mill street.

The Rev. E. H. M. Baker, Rector of Bath, with Mrs. Baker is on a visit for a few days to the Rev. Mr. Forneri, Rector of Adolphustown.

Messrs. Chas. A. Millener and W. D. McRae were again attracted to Glenora last Saturday evening, remaining at that popular resort over Sunday.

Mr. Snarr, one of Toronto's most experienced dry goods men, has accepted a position in the Big Store, and will begin his duties on Tuesday morning last.

Messrs. F. R. Lingham and J. T. Warrington, of Belleville, were in town on Saturday and Sunday, on a visit with their families to the proprietor of the yacht Cosette.

Mr. Fred Baker, son of Rev. E. H. M. Baker, of Bath, after a brilliant course at the Ontario Business College, is now assisting his brother, Mr. G. H. M. Baker, of the Lindsay agency of the Rathbun Company.

On Monday Mrs. James Mackie left for Montreal where she takes the S. S. Sardinian for Glasgow, Scotland, where she spends two months on a visit to her father and friends, in that city. During her absence her two daughters, Jessie and Clementina, are the guests of Mrs. Burgess, Brockville.

Mr. R. G. Hector, of W. R. Brock & Co., of Toronto, was the guest last Sunday of Mr. T. H. Nasmith. Over thirty years ago Mr. Hector, then connected with Ogilvie & Co., of Montreal, visited Deseronto and did business with the late H. B. Rathbun, Esq. He witnesses great changes since that time,

Do you know Dalton is agent for The Dominion, The Karn and The Thomas Organs.

Do you know Dalton is agent for The White, The New Williams and Wanzer sewing machines.

IF YOU WANT A

SEWING MACHINE OR ORGAN,

You can get one better and cheaper from Dalton than any place else.

DALTON'S,

ST. GEORGE STREET, DESERONTO.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of **Ayer's Hair Vigor** is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to *the same shade of brown* it had when I was 25 years of age."

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. *I look ten years younger.*"

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** or of **Ayer's Pills**, in connection with the **Vigor**, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

SALT,

BY Car Load, Barrel or in Bulk, American or Canadian, at lowest market prices. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

FOR -:- SALE
OR TO LET.

THAT desirable property just opposite Deseronto, lately occupied by Mrs. Walmsley. Fine Garden; excellent Orchard; beautiful view. A grand opportunity for some one to open a general store.
Apply to
J. E. WALMSLEY,
Belleville.
or to
W. H. VANBLARICOM,
Deseronto.
May 25, 1888.

IMPORTANT TO ALL

Who are Bald, or have Thin, or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with

DANDRUFF

D. DORENWEND'S

GREAT "HAIR MAGIC" GERMAN

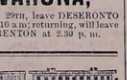
Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

DO NOT DELAY, if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by Geo. W. Egar, W. J. Malley, and all druggists.

A. DORENWEND, Sole Manfr.,
Toronto, Canada.

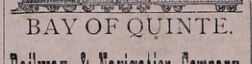
A Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada.



THE FAVORITE

STMR. "VARUNA,"

Will, on and after APRIL 29TH, leave DESERONTO as follows: for PICTON at 10 a.m; returning, will leave BELLEVILLE and TRENTON at 2.30 p. m.
April 27th, 1888



BAY OF QUINTE.

Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS on this road make sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company or all Bay and River ports.

1888. TIME TABLE. 1883.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.

BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. DAILY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY
	NO 1	NO 3	NO 5	NO 7	NO 9	NO 11	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M
Des. lve	2:45	7:45	9:15	11:10	4:45	8:55	12:45
E End, "	2:50	7:50	9:20	11:15	4:50	9:00	12:50
Des. Ju. ar.	3:05	8:05	9:35	11:30	5:05	9:15	10:05

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS	EXP. DAILY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY	MIXED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY	EXP. DAILY
	NO 2	NO. 4	NO. 6	NO. 8	NO. 10	NO. 12	NO 14
	A.M	A.M	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M
Des. J. lve.	3:20	8:20	9:45	11:40	5:20	10:05	12:00
East End	3:45	8:25	10:00	11.55	5:35	10:20	1:23
Des. arrive.	3:50	8:40	10:05	12:00	5:40	10:25	1:40

This Time-Table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible for delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.) Sure connections to and from Bay of Quinte Ports

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

R. C. CARTER,
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

EGAR'S DRUG STORE

—FOR PURE—

Drugs, Chemicals and medicines of all kinds.

Horse, Cattle and Patent Medicines.

WALL PAPER AND STATIONERY.

EVERYTHING AT EGARS'.

DR. NEWTON'S OFFICE.

Canada Life Assurance Co'y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

A. G. RAMSAY, PRESIDENT.
R. HILLS, Secy. ALEX. RAMSEY, Supt.

THIS is the leading Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Assets over 9,000,000 dollars.

Annual Income for year ending April 30th, $1,000,000.

Applications made before April 30th, 1888, will participate in the division of profits in April 1890. For information apply to

S. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Special Agent,
Toronto.
THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Agents,
Deseronto.

THE BAY OF QUINTE
STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

CHANGE OF TIME. NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

Daily to Kingston and 1000 Islands.

The Fast and Elegantly Furnished Steamer

'HERO,"

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSON,

Will on and after Monday, July 30th, sail as follows:

	Mon, Wed. & Friday.	Tues. Thur. & Saturday.
Leave Belleville,	6.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.
" Deseronto,	7.30 a.m.	5.00 "
" Picton,	9.00 a.m.	6.30 "
Arrive Kingston,	1.30 p.m.	11.00 "

Returning leaves Kingston at 3:30 p.m., Deseronto 9 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted) for Belleville.

Connecting every day at Kingston with

STEAMER PRINCESS LOUISE

—FOR—

GANANOQUE, CLAYTON, 1000 ISLAND PARK AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

Through ticket arrangement complete. Sure connections and Best Route.

Passengers and Baggage transferred at Kingston free of charge.

CONNECTIONS —The "Hero" at Kingston with Cape Vincent, Rideau Canal and Lake Steamers; "Princess Louise" at Clayton with R.W. & O. Ry. and Steamers for Alexandria Bay.

On Saturdays the "Hero" will make a Grand Cheap Excursion from all Bay Ports to 1000 Islands on regular time and leaving Kingston at 1.45 p.m.; returning leaves Kingston for Bay Ports at 8:30 p.m. Tickets from Deseronto $1.00, good to return from 1000 Island Park, not Kingston, any Saturday during season.

For information apply to Capt. Nicholson on board or
THE RATHBUN CO., Agents.

DESERONTO

Navigation -:- Company,

(LIMITED.)

RUNNING in connection with the Grand Trunk R. and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

STR. "QUINTE"

Will, until further notice sail daily(Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton	6:00 a.m.	Leave Trenton	1:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:15 "	" Belleville,	3:00 "
" Northport,	8:10 "	" Northport,	4:30 "
" Belleville,	10:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:30 "
Arrive Trenton,	11:30 "	Arrive Picton,	6:15 "

STR. "DESERONTO"

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee,	6:00 a.m.	Leave Picton	3:00 p.m.
" Deseronto,	7:00 "	" Deseronto,	5:00 "
Arrive Picton,	8:30 "	Arrive Napanee,	6:00 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:—

Leave Picton,	9:30 a.m.	Lev. Deseronto,	1:00 p.m.
Arr. Deseronto,	11:00 "	Arrive Picton,	2:30 "

DESERONTO : TO : OSWEGO

—AND—

ALL U. S. POINTS.

THE comfortable and fast sailing Steamers will sail as follows (weather permitting.)

"RESOLUTE."	"RELIANCE."
TUESDAY.	MONDAY.
THURSDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
SATURDAY.	FRIDAY.

Parties for New York and other U. S. points will find it to their advantage to travel by this line.

CHEAP RATES FOR FREIGHT.

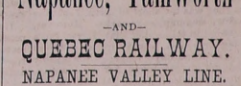
FARES MODERATE.

Purchase your Tickets Reading via. Deseronto Junction.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

May 2nd, 1888.



Napanee, Tamworth

—AND—

QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 13.

IN EFFECT NOV 28TH 1887.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	11 50	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	12 15	5 30
Newburgh	"	12 15	5 30
Thomson's Mills*	"	12 29	5 38
Camden East	"	12 35	5 43
Yarker	"	12 40	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	12 43	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	12 45	6 05
Yarry Lake, (Excursion Ground)		12 50	6 10
Moscow	"	12 55	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	1 03	6 25
Enterprise	"	1 10	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	1 18	6 78
Tamworth	Arrive	1 30	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3 P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 40	30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	40
Enterprise	"	7 00	
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 00
Moscow	"	7 15	3 05
Yarry Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 15
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 17
Yarker	"	7 30	3 20
Camden East	"	7 45	3 35
Thomson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 42
Newburgh	"	7 56	3 50
Napanee Mills	"	8 03	4 00
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 15

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen Manager

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the

Municipal Council

—OF THE—

VILLAGE

—OF—

DESERONTO

In the County of Hastings, after the expiration of three months from the publication of this notice in THE TRIBUNE, of Deseronto, intend to apply for the erection of the Village of Deseronto and a part of the Township of Tyendinaga, adjoining the village on the north side, into a town

—TO BE CALLED—

THE

Town of Deseronto

With boundaries as follows, that is to say:—

Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte at the western limit of township lot number thirty-six (36) in the Third Concession, south of the slash road, of the Township of Tyendinaga, and running thence northerly along the said western limit of said lot thirty-six, and along the western limit of township lot thiriy-six (36) in the Second Concession south of the slash road of the Township of Tyendinaga aforesaid, eighty-five chains; thence easterly at right angles to the said western limit of said lot thirty-six in the said Second Concession of Tyendinaga, one hundred and four chains, more or less, to the western limit of the boundary road between the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington and the said Township of Tyendinaga; thence southerly along the western limit of said boundary road sixty-five chains, more or less, to the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte; and thence, following the said water's edge westerly to the place of beginning, containing 859 acres, more or less, and including the water frontage in front thereof.

And that the said Town of Deseronto shall be divided into three wards to be called the "Centre Ward," the "East Ward," and the "West Ward," and that the said Wards be constituted as follows, that is to say:—

THE "CENTRE WARD"

shall comprise that part of said town embraced within these boundaries, namely:—Commencing at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, at the western limit of Fourth street, thence northerly along said limit to the north side of Main street, thence westerly along the north side of Main street to the west side of Prince street, thence northerly along the west side of Prince street to Dundas street, and then across Dundas street and northerly along the centre line of township lot thirty-nine to the northern boundary of the town; thence westerly along the north boundary line of the town to the centre line of east half of township lot thirty eight, thence southerly along the last mentioned centre line, and through St. George street to Main street; thence westerly along Main street to Mill street, and thence southerly along Mill street to the water's edge, and thence along the water's edge easterly to the place of beginning, together with the water front in front thereof.

THE "EAST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of the said town which lies east of the Centre Ward, and

THE "WEST WARD"

shall comprise all that part of said town which lies west of Centre Ward.

By order of the Council,

ROBERT N. IRVINE,
Village Clerk.

Deseronto, May 28th, 1888.
June 1st—3mos.